

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY



J.E.WETHERELL



EX LIBRIS
UNIVERSITATIS
ALBERTENSIS

Children's Historical Collection


To Miss Walsh,
with all good wishes,
from
J. E. Wetherell

Toronto,
Dec. 18th., 1928

44

57/

THREE CENTURIES OF
CANADIAN STORY



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2018 with funding from
University of Alberta Libraries



SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN

THREE CENTURIES *of* CANADIAN STORY

From John Cabot to John Franklin

BY

J. E. WETHERELL

AUTHOR OF "FIELDS OF FAME IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND",
"ÆSOP IN VERSE" "STRANGE CORNERS OF THE WORLD", ETC.

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS
BY C. W. JEFFERYS AND OTHERS



TORONTO
THE MUSSON BOOK COMPANY
LIMITED

Copyright, Canada, 1928
THE MUSSON BOOK COMPANY LTD.

Printed and Bound in Canada
THE HUNTER-ROSE CO., LIMITED

PREFACE

AT the beginning of the present century thousands of people in Canada, many of them well educated in most respects, were wont to declare that our country had no interesting history, but only a mass of dry military and political annals. Within the short space of thirty years that false view has almost vanished. He would be a bold and ignorant person who would to-day give expression to opinions so recently wide-spread. The last vestige, it is hoped, of the discredited practice of belittling the story of Canada was swept away by the universal enthusiasm which marked the street pageants of July 1st, 1927, thronged, as they were, with the representations of historical and romantic figures, from the times of Jacques Cartier to the modern era of Confederation. In full chorus, without any discordant notes, the nation now exclaims: "What a remarkable history Canada has!"

The present volume has been written with a view to aid in satisfying the public demand for stories of men and women, both French and British, whose names are inscribed on the bead-roll of fame. These seventy tales begin with the adventures of an Englishman, the mariner of Bristol, and end with those of another Englishman, the mariner of Lincoln. Between Cabot and Franklin a long line of heroes and heroines, mainly French, contribute stories of stirring events and struggles as thrilling as any chapters of fiction.

To acknowledge the sources whence these tales have been drawn would require a list of more than a hundred volumes, some now out of print, and others not accessible to the general reader. In the multitude of authorities and documents consulted three great works must receive particular mention,—the Publications of the Champlain Society, Kingsford's "History

of Canada," and the rich chronicles of Francis Parkman. Without these treasuries of fact and legend no writer could hope to deal adequately with the history and romance of early Canada.

It is needless to say that these stories, with a few exceptions, are not to be found in any school-books. They belong mostly to the by-ways and interspaces of history, but they are not for that reason to be neglected, if the whole scheme of our origins and of our national progress is to be thoroughly understood. The narratives in this book are, it is believed, no insignificant portion of the warp and woof of our nation's history, lending tone and colour to the more sober and enduring strands of the main web.

J. E. W.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 30TH, 1928.

CONTENTS

CHAP.		PAGE
I	THE MARINER OF BRISTOL.....	1
II	CARTIER'S CROSS.....	5
III	HOW THE LORD OF CANADA GAVE AWAY THREE CHILDREN.....	8
IV	DONNACONA'S THREE DEVILS.....	10
V	WHEN CARTIER CAME TO MONTREAL.....	12
VI	THE ISLAND OF THE DEMONS.....	17
VII	THE GOLDEN KNIGHT.....	19
VIII	CHAMPLAIN MEETS THE SAVAGES AT TADOUSSAC	24
IX	STORIES OF SABLE ISLAND.....	27
X	THE ORDER OF GOOD CHEER.....	29
XI	FATHER LE JEUNE.....	32
XII	HOW THE PILOT SAVED CHAMPLAIN.....	35
XIII	HOW CHAMPLAIN DISCOVERED HIS LAKE....	39
XIV	CHAMPLAIN'S FIGHT WITH THE INDIANS.....	41
XV	A FRENCH BOY LOANED TO THE INDIANS....	46
XVI	CHAMPLAIN'S CHILD WIFE.....	49
XVII	THE STRANGE FATE OF FATHER AND SON....	55
XVIII	NICHOLAS THE FALSE.....	61
XIX	CHAMPLAIN GOES TO HURONIA.....	68
XX	CHAMPLAIN ON THE WAR PATH.....	73
XXI	THE ADVENTURES OF ÉTIENNE BRULE.....	78
XXII	LOST IN THE WOODS.....	83
XXIII	CHAMPLAIN'S WINTER IN HURONIA.....	86
XXIV	THREE LITTLE INDIAN GIRLS.....	90
XXV	HOW THREE ENGLISH BROTHERS DROVE CHAMPLAIN FROM CANADA.....	92
XXVI	MARIE HEBERT.....	97
XXVII	THE PASSING OF CHAMPLAIN.....	101
XXVIII	THE HEROINE OF SAINT JOHN.....	106
XXIX	THE BIRTH OF MONTREAL.....	112
XXX	THE FRENCH LAD WHO BECAME A MOHAWK..	116
XXXI	THE FEAST OF EAT-EVERYTHING.....	122
XXXII	YOUNG DAULAC'S AWFUL FIGHT.....	127
XXXIII	THE GREAT CANADIAN EARTHQUAKE.....	133
XXXIV	A SHIPLOAD OF YOUNG BRIDES.....	137

CHAP.		PAGE
XXXV	THE STRANGE JOURNEY OF TWO PRIESTS....	141
XXXVI	A FAMOUS DAY AT THE SAULT.....	146
XXXVII	THE GRAND PAGEANT OF ONONTIO.....	151
XXXVIII	WHEN HENNEPIN SAW NIAGARA FALLS.....	157
XXXIX	THE STORY OF THE GRIFFON.....	161
XL	A 900 MILES JOURNEY FROM FORT TO FORT...	167
XLI	THE PEOPLE OF THE LONG HOUSE.....	172
XLII	THE RUNNERS OF THE WOODS.....	177
XLIII	"THE LITTLE GIANT".....	182
XLIV	NO SURRENDER.....	187
XLV	THE GIRL WHO CALLED, "TO ARMS!".....	191
XLVI	PIERRE LE MOYNE AND THE "PELICAN".....	195
XLVII	THE STRANGE TALE OF JEANNE LE BER.....	199
XLVIII	THE BOSTON ARMADA.....	203
XLIX	THE HERO OF FORT ROUGE AND FORT LA REINE	208
L	ON THE SHORES OF CHEBUCTO.....	213
LI	DRIVEN FROM HOME... <i>Albion</i>	217
LII	WOLFE'S WILL.....	223
LIII	WOLFE'S LITTLE WHITE HOUSE.....	229
LIV	CLIMBING THE HEIGHTS.....	234
LV	PONTIAC'S STRANGE TALE.....	239
LVI	HOW GLADWYN WAS SAVED.....	243
LVII	THE GAME OF BAGGATAWAY.....	248
LVIII	HUNTING FOR COPPER.....	252
LIX	THE LADY MARIA.....	259
LX	A WONDERFUL ESCAPE.....	263
LXI	WHEN THE MOHAWK CHIEF WENT TO ENGLAND	268
LXII	THE GENERAL WHO CHANGED SIDES.....	272
LXIII	WHEN BENJAMIN FRANKLIN CAME TO CANADA.	278
LXIV	THE DESERTED VILLAGE.....	283
LXV	THE FUR TRADERS AT FORT WILLIAM.....	287
LXVI	TO THE REGION OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN.....	290
LXVII	THE SEARCH FOR THE WESTERN SEA.....	295
LXVIII	THE HERO OF BOIS BLANC.....	301
LXIX	THE HEROINE OF UPPER CANADA.....	307
LXX	FROM HALIFAX BACK TO HALIFAX.....	312
LXXI	WHEN TORONTO WAS SACKED.....	318
LXXII	TRANSPLANTING SCOTS IN CANADA.....	325
LXXIII	LOST IN THE REALMS OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN..	329
INDEX	335

**THREE CENTURIES OF
CANADIAN STORY**

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

CHAPTER I

THE MARINER OF BRISTOL

WHO discovered America? We now know that it was *not* Columbus. Five hundred years before the time of Columbus sailors from Norway, coming by way of Iceland and Greenland, reached the shores of Labrador and Nova Scotia. Not once or twice, but many times, did Norsemen voyage to the New World in those early days. The mainland of South America was visited by Columbus in 1498, and the mainland of North America in 1502. So next after the Norsemen of the tenth century it was John Cabot, sailing from England, who first saw the shores of North America. Columbus deserves great credit for his wonderful discoveries, but his ships entered no harbour of the new continent until six years after he sighted that small island in the Bahamas, now known as Watling Island.

Like Columbus, John Cabot was born in the Italian city of Genoa, his real name being *Caboto*. While still a young lad he went to live in Venice. From the far east to that city in those marvellous years came fleets laden with spices and silks and gems. Soon young Cabot, keen to explore, found his way to eastern lands. In Arabia he met many drivers of caravans who told him that still farther east were regions rich beyond their powers to describe. Like most of the travellers of the day, he knew that the earth was round, and he began to dream that he might reach Zipangu (Japan) by sailing west from Europe. Returning to

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

Venice, he made his way to England, where he had heard that great ships were being built. In Bristol, the most important harbour of England, next to London, he lived for a time, making his plans and discussing them with the rich ship-builders there.

In 1491 John Cabot sailed into the West to visit some islands which the maps of that period placed in the ocean some hundreds of miles west of Ireland. These islands he could not find. In 1492 he tried a second time, but again he failed and cursed the map-makers for their errors. Early in 1493 the news of Columbus' first adventure came to Bristol. That shrewd monarch, Henry VII, was not slow in enlisting the services of the Bristol adventurer. He at once issued orders to Cabot "to seek out, discover, and find, whatsoever isles, countries, regions, or provinces, of the heathen and infidels, in what part of the world soever they be, which before this time have been unknown to all Christians."

On May 2nd, 1497, John Cabot sailed forth from Bristol harbour in a little ship named the *Mathew*, with a crew of eighteen. He rounded the south coast of Ireland and then sped, first north-west, and then directly west. After a month he began to wonder whether he would ever reach Zipangu or any other island. Three weeks more passed—weeks of danger and increasing anxiety. Even the stout heart of Cabot began to falter; but on the bright morning of June 24th, 1497, one of the crew on watch cried out, "Land a-hoy!" Within an hour the flag of England was fluttering to the breeze upon a pole planted in the virgin soil.

The exact spot of landing will never be known, for Cabot kept no records. We do know that he sailed north from the coast he had discovered, named a certain cape, St. George's Cape, a group of three small islands, Trinity islands, and then another cape, England's Cape. These are probably Cape Ray (south-west of Newfoundland), the islands of St. Pierre,

THE MARINER OF BRISTOL

Miquelon, and Langley, and Cape Race (south-east of Newfoundland). If this identification is correct, the land he had discovered was the northern extremity of Cape Breton. He saw no people in that new region, but the hunting snares on the beach and the newly made notches in the trees told him that there were men not far away.

Cabot thought he had reached the shores of Asia, perhaps the storied islands of Zipangu, with its gold and silk and gems and spices. The country seemed fertile and fruitful, but the voyagers had to return to England almost empty-handed. On August 6th, they were welcomed back home after an absence of only three months.

King Henry sent at once for the great sailor and heard his story. He gave him ten pounds in gold, equal to about \$1,000 of our money, and he granted him a pension of twenty pounds a year for life. The discoverer of the new continent was now praised and flattered by everyone, so that he became very vain. He bought for himself a beautiful doublet of rich silk; he styled himself "The Admiral"; and he began to make promises to his friends of land and posts of influence in the New World.

Next year, accompanied by his son Sebastian (who probably was with him the year before), he set out on a second voyage to the West. This time he had two large ships and a crew of about 300 men. In due course he landed on the shores of Labrador and then coasted down past Newfoundland as far south as Chesapeake Bay. In more than one place he saw red-men and traded with them; but they had no spices or silks or gems, only a few furs of little value.

Cabot sailed far enough south to realize that he had not reached Asia—that, indeed, a vast continent stood between him and the riches of the Orient. His supplies were running low and the summer was passing; so with heavy heart he reluctantly turned his prow towards home. His reception in Bristol was chilly

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

as compared with the warmth of the greetings of the former year.

John Cabot died in 1499 or 1500, a broken-hearted man. He thought his career a failure, but all the world now knows that it was a glorious success. The riches of the East were not to be his, but he had discovered a land which one day was to become greater and richer than his wildest dreams.

CHAPTER II

CARTIER'S CROSS

ONE day in late July, 1534, strange things happened on the very eastern tip of Canada, in that part of the Province of Quebec now called Gaspé. The great explorer, Jacques Cartier, had landed there some days earlier, driven into a natural harbour by bad weather. On his way to shelter he had passed about forty boats filled with savages, who were fishing with nets for mackerel. On the boats he counted more than two hundred men, women, and children. He invited a few of them to come on board his ship, and he gave them knives, glass beads, combs, and other trinkets, with which they were greatly pleased. When they returned to their boats, they showed their joy by raising their hands towards the sky and by singing and dancing.

Before leaving these savages and setting sail up the Gulf, he made a great cross, thirty feet high, and planted it at the entrance of the sheltering bay. To the cross he fastened a wooden shield, with three *fleurs-de-lys* carved upon it, for that was the royal emblem of his country. Above in large letters were cut in the wood the words: "Vive Le Roy de France," (Long Live the King of France).

The savages closely watched the making and the raising of the cross. When they saw all the Frenchmen kneel before it with clasped hands, and then make signs to them that it pointed towards Heaven, they wondered all the more and looked at one another, and then at the cross, puzzled to know what it all might mean.

When Cartier and his men returned to their ships, the chief of the savages, clad in the skin of a black bear, hurried to them in a boat. Pointing to the cross on the shore, he made a long speech. Then he waved his bare brown arms about in every direction, as much

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY



CARTIER PROCLAIMS FRANCIS I RULER OF CANADA

as to say that the land was all his own and that the French had no right to set up a cross in his country. When his boat approached close to the French ships, several of Cartier's men, leaping down and seizing him, carried him up to their captain. Cartier ordered his men to give the savage chief food and drink and to treat him well. The old chief became more friendly

CARTIER'S CROSS

when he had been told by signs that the cross was put up as a mark to aid the French in finding the harbour if they should return. Two of the chief's sons were in the little boat below and Cartier sent for them and brought them aboard. He begged the old man to allow his sons to go away on the French ships for a time, promising that they would be brought back one day, safe and sound. The chief consented and Cartier dressed the boys in fine raiment—gay shirts, coloured blouses, red caps—hanging bright brass chains about the necks of both. The father and the sons were wonderfully pleased. Cartier then gave a beautiful mitten and some knives to the old chief and sent him back to his people on the shore.

When the savages heard the news about the chief's sons going away, they sent six boat-loads of their men to say good-bye to the boys and to make them a parting gift of fresh mackerel. They said many things that none of the Frenchmen could understand, but they made it quite clear by signs that the great cross would suffer no harm at their hands.

CHAPTER III

HOW THE LORD OF CANADA GAVE AWAY THREE CHILDREN.

DONNACONA, the Lord of Canada, that is, of all the country near Quebec, tried hard to keep Jacques Cartier from going up the Great River of Canada. He wanted to keep Jacques Cartier as his own special friend, and he was afraid that he would become the friend of the Indians at Hochelaga, which was the name of an Indian settlement near where Montreal now is.

To keep Cartier from going on he offered to him a strange bribe. He brought a little girl, ten years old, his sister's child, and he gave her as a present to Cartier on condition that he would not sail farther up the river. The whole tribe gave three great howls as a sign of joy and friendship. Then he presented Cartier with two little boys, younger than the girl. The whole tribe again yelled in approval.

Jacques Cartier told them that he was not willing to accept the three children if they were given in order to persuade him to sail no farther. He had, he said, been ordered by the King of France to go up the river as far as he could, and he intended to obey the King. Then Donnacona declared that he had given him the children as a mark of affection and confidence and he implored him to keep them. Cartier decided to take them on shipboard for a time, and he sent to Donnacona, as gifts in return, two swords, a bowl of brass, and a beautiful hand-basin. Donnacona was greatly pleased and bade his tribe dance and sing.

Donnacona then asked the French captain to fire off a cannon, for he had heard of these big guns from the two Indians that Cartier had brought with him. Cartier then ordered a dozen of his smaller cannon to be loaded with ball and to be fired through the woods

GAVE AWAY THREE CHILDREN

that ran down to the shore. The savage tribe was greatly astonished at the terrible noise and at the crashing of the trees behind them. They thought that the very heavens had fallen upon them, and they yelled and screeched like demons.

CHAPTER IV

DONNACONA'S THREE DEVILS

DONNACONA was so determined to keep Jacques Cartier from going farther west that he invented this queer trick:

Three Indians were dressed like devils, clad in dog-skins of black and white. They had horns the length of a man's arm and their faces were painted as black as coal. The three, thus fitted up, were secretly sent by Donnacona a few miles up the river, with instructions to come back with the tide.

Donnacona then came with all his tribe and hid among the bushes on the shore near to the French captain's ships. In about two hours the Indians came out of their hiding-place and took up their position by the river as near as they could get to the ships. They now, as well as Cartier's men, saw coming down with the tide the canoe which contained the three devils. As the canoe drifted past the French ships, the man in the middle of the canoe made a noisy speech in a strange language. Then the three ran their canoe aground on the shore. Donnacona and his men quickly seized the devils and their canoe and dragged them into the forest. Cartier heard much loud talking among the trees for the space of half an hour and he wondered what mischief was up.

After a while Cartier's two Indians, who had been allowed to go on shore, came forward with clasped hands, their hats under their arms. They made odd gestures and mumbled strange words. Cartier asked them what was the matter and what news they had. They said the news was very bad indeed. They reported that the three devils in the canoe had been sent by a big devil all the way from Hochelaga to warn everybody that the ice and snow in Hochelaga were so deep that no man could live there. Cartier told his

DONNACONA'S THREE DEVILS

two Indians that he was not such a fool as to believe their story, and he ordered them to go right back and tell Donnacona that the tale of the Devils was a pack of lies. It was only the 18th of September and no time to frighten the French with the dangers of snow and ice.

Then Donnacona kept Cartier's two Indians in his camp and refused to let them go on the ship, again, for he was bent on doing everything in his power to prevent Cartier from going to his enemies at Hochelaga.

CHAPTER V

WHEN CARTIER CAME TO MONTREAL

THIS is the story, as told by an early French writer,¹ of Jacques Cartier's arrival at Hochelaga on October 2nd, 1535:

When we arrived at Hochelaga there came out to meet us more than a thousand persons, men, women, and children, who welcomed us warmly as ever father did child, showing very great joy. They all danced wildly, the men in one group, the women in another, and the children in a third.

They brought us a great quantity of fish and some bread made of large grains. Thousands of these grains they threw into our boats till it seemed like a shower from heaven.

Captain Jacques Cartier then went ashore with many of his men. As soon as he had landed, the natives all clustered around him with great rejoicing. The women brought their children in their arms that the French might touch them. Their welcome lasted for half an hour. Our captain (Jacques Cartier) made all the women sit down in rows and he gave them little gifts. To the men he gave bright new knives. Then he returned with his escort to his boats to sup and pass the night. The natives remained on the river bank all night, as near our boats as possible, keeping their fires burning and dancing from time to time. They continued to cry out to us greetings of joy.

Early next morning our captain put on his armour and took a few noblemen and twenty sailors with him to visit the town of the natives, the rest being left to guard the boats. On landing we found the path to the town well beaten as could be, through a fair country like a park. The oaks were as fine as in any

¹ Marc Lescarbot, in his *History of New France*.

WHEN CARTIER CAME TO MONTREAL



CARTIER AT HOCHELAGA

forest of France, and the whole ground beneath them was thick with acorns. When we had gone some distance, we came upon one of the lords of the town with a large company of natives. They made a sign for us to rest there beside a fire which they had lighted in the roadway. This lord began to make a speech to us, welcoming us all. Our captain then gave him two hatchets, two knives, a cross and a crucifix, the last of which he made him kiss and which he made him hang around his neck.

About half a league farther on we came upon ploughed fields and fair large meadows full of their kind of corn, as large as a pea or larger, on which they live as we do on wheat. Amid these fields is situated

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

the town of Hochelaga, stretching up to a mountain which lies beside it. This mountain is well cultivated and most fertile. From the top one can see a great distance. This mountain we called Mount Royal.

The town is built in a circle and surrounded by a wooden palisade in three tiers, like a pyramid. It has but one gate or entry, which has bars. On the gate and at several points along the wall are galleries with ladders ascending to them. These galleries are filled with rocks and stones for hurling at any enemy that may come near.

In the town are about fifty houses, each about fifty paces long and twelve to fifteen broad, built of wood, with roofs and sides made of wood or strips of bark cunningly knotted together. Within the houses are several rooms, large and small. In the midst of each house, on the ground, is a large hall, where they light their fire and live in common. At night they retire to their several chambers. At the top of the houses they have garners where they store their grain, which they call *caraconi*.

They make their bread in the following manner: In a wooden mortar, a vessel like an inverted bell, they beat the corn to powder with wooden mallets. Then they make of this flour a paste, out of which they make cakes and bread. For an oven they heat a stone, placing the paste upon it, and covering the paste with hot pebbles. This corn they also stew. They boil beans and peas also.

In their houses they keep large vats, in which they store their eels and other fish. These fish they smoke in summer for winter use. None of their food has any taste of salt.

The natives sleep on strips of bark laid on the ground, with only skins under and over them. The skins are of many kinds, such as, otter, beaver, marten, fox, wild cat, deer, and others. With these skins they also clothe themselves in the cold winter weather. In

WHEN CARTIER CAME TO MONTREAL

summer they have very little clothing, going nearly naked.

When we at last came to the city, a great multitude came out to meet us and welcome us. Their guides led us to the middle of the town, where there is an open square, a stone's throw in breadth. On a sudden there gathered together all the women and girls of the town, some with babies in their arms. Drawing near, they began to kiss our faces and hands and arms and necks, weeping for joy to see us, and making signs for us to touch the children.

Then the men sent away the women and sat down on the ground in a ring around us, as if about to act a play. In a few minutes several women came back, each carrying a square mat, worked like tapestry, and they spread these on the ground and signed to us to sit down on the mats.

Then ten men came in, carrying the King and Lord of the country, Agouhanna. They set him down on the mats near our captain, Jacques Cartier, making signs to tell us that Agouhanna was their lord. This chief of theirs was about fifty years of age. He was clad like all the others with the exception of a red band, made of hedge-hog skin, which was bound round his head for a crown. We saw that the chief was afflicted with palsy and that his limbs were shrunken. He showed us his arms and legs and begged our captain to touch them and heal them. So Jacques Cartier stroked the old chief's arms and legs with his hands. Then Agouhanna took the red band from his head and gave it to our captain. Many sick natives were then brought to be healed, some blind, some with only one eye, some lame, some very feeble, and some so old that their eyelids hung down upon their cheeks. All these were brought to our captain to be touched and healed, for they thought a god had come among them.

Our captain, seeing their pitiful state and their faith, recited to them the Gospel of St. John, "In the beginning was the Word, etc." Then he made the

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

sign of the cross over the poor sick folk and prayed God to give them knowledge of the Christian faith. Then our captain took a Book of Hours and in a clear voice read to them, word by word, the Passion of our Lord from St. John's Gospel (Chapters 18, 19). While he was reading, all the natives kept silence, looking up to heaven and making the same gestures as they saw us make. Then our captain put all the men in a row on one side, the women on another, and the children on a third. He then gave to the chief men knives and hatchets. To the women he gave beads and other trinkets. Into the square among the eager children he threw some small rings of tin, which they seized with great delight. Then our captain ordered some of his own men to blow trumpets and to play on their musical instruments, whereat the natives were amazed and delighted.

Then we began to take our leave, but the women ran in front of us to block our way, for they had made ready for us a great dinner—broth, fish, beans, bread, and the like. As the food was not to our taste, having no savour of salt, we thanked them and made signs that we had no need of any food.

We were then led by a number of the men and women to the very top of the mountain, which we had before called Mount Royal. When we reached the summit, we could see for more than thirty leagues around. We saw below a goodly district, flat and fertile, through the midst of which we saw the river flow and also a most furious water-fall (Lachine Rapids) impossible for us to pass. As far as the eye could reach we saw the river extend to the south-west, great and broad.

We then withdrew to our boats, being escorted by a great number of the tribe. When some of our men grew tired with walking, the natives would mount them on their shoulders and carry them for a while. When we reached our boats and set off, the natives, very sad, followed us along the shore till we were far down the river.

CHAPTER VI

THE ISLAND OF THE DEMONS

JUST north of Newfoundland there is a little island, now called Fishot, which had once a very bad name. Sailors from France who passed it on their way to the Grand Banks heard strange noises in the air and around the tops of their masts. The noises were like the din of men's voices in some crowded market-place. The few Indians who once dwelt there were so tormented by the demons that they had to flee to the mainland. These imps are shown, on an old map of Newfoundland, as having wings, horns, and tails. For a great many years no one dared go near that dreadful island.

A strange thing once occurred in the Isle of Demons. A French nobleman, named Roberval, was sent to Newfoundland by the King with three ships and two hundred colonists, who were to settle there. He had on board a few women and children, among them was his own niece, Marguerite. There was also on board one of the ships a young man who was in love with Marguerite. Roberval was angry when he saw his young niece and the youth together so much, but he could not keep them apart, even when he placed them on separate ships. One day as the three ships were passing the Isle of Demons, Roberval, in anger, put his niece ashore, along with an old nurse who was to be her companion. He gave them four old hand-guns and a store of powder to defend themselves in case of attack. Then he sailed away and left them alone in a wild forest amid the wilder demons.

The young man, from another of the ships, saw what was happening, and he leaped into the water and swam ashore, with two hand-guns on his back. The story of the lovers is a very sad one. The demons, it is said, tried hard to frighten them away, uttering

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

loud noises night and day. Then they took the form of savage beasts and at all hours buffeted upon the door of the frail hut, howling with rage as they pounded. The lovers prayed to God for help, and an invisible hand always guarded them. Marguerite was the braver of the two and her stout heart bore up during all these trials.

But troubles now came in terribly quick succession. Her lover fell ill and died. The old Norman nurse, feeble with years and anxiety, soon afterwards passed away. So poor Marguerite was left alone, all human companions gone, and the demons still abroad. Her courage, however, never dropped for an instant. She would often fire a gun to keep the demons away. One day, it is told, three demons in the shape of white bears drew near her hut. She first prayed to Heaven and then with her old guns she killed all three.

Twenty-nine months in all she lived in that bleak island, ever looking toward the sea to catch sight of a passing ship, and ever keeping a fire burning to make a column of smoke. One day some fishermen in a little vessel drew near, expecting to see and hear the demons. What was their surprise on seeing a woman in a strange garb, waving signals from the shore?

So Marguerite was rescued and taken back to France. She told her story to a French writer, and what he wrote down may still be seen in a library of France. The sister of the French King, also named Marguerite, heard the tale, which was spread far and wide, and she put it in a little book which she was then writing. Thus the niece of the great Roberval became as well known as her cruel uncle.

CHAPTER VII

THE GOLDEN KNIGHT

WITH a crew of 35, in two very small ships—the “Gabriel” and the “Michael”—each of about 25 tons, accompanied by a pinnace of ten tons, an English sailor set out from Blackwall on the Thames, June 7th, 1576. By way of the Shetland Islands the barks, in stormy weather, within a week reached the Atlantic, bound for North America. On July 11th they saw the snow-capped shores of Greenland. There a gale arose, which sank the pinnace with all on board. When the storm ceased, the “Michael” turned back, leaving the “Gabriel” to pursue her solitary way. But in his single ship Martin Frobisher determined to carry out his intention of visiting lands farther northward and westward than ever man had yet gone.

On July 28th he reached a point at the south-eastern extremity of the present Baffin Island. He called the headland which he saw “Queen Elizabeth’s Foreland”; and the bay north of it, which he entered a few days later, may be found on any map of that region, bearing the discoverer’s name, “Frobisher’s Bay.” He thought that this bay was a strait leading to Asia. After cruising about for a month, going 60 leagues into the “streyte,” he beached his ship for repairs. Some savages appeared, and he took them on board and gave them looking-glasses, bells, and other trinkets, in return for coats of seal and bear-skin. One day five of the sailors ventured to join the natives on their way inland; but they never returned to the ship. After vainly trying to recover his lost men Frobisher sailed for home on August 26th. He reached London on October 9th.

A few months after his return a strange thing was noised abroad. One of the sailors had brought home

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

a piece of black stone—some kind of metal or mineral, he thought. The wife of the man by chance threw it into the fire. When the stone was taken out and cooled in vinegar, it glistened like gold. It was sent to “goldfinders” in London for assay. The test declared that “it held gold very richly!” At once great excitement arose at the Queen’s court and among the London merchants. Good “Queen Bess” lent for another expedition a ship from the royal navy, the “Aide” of 200 tons, and she subscribed a thousand pounds towards the expenses of the venture. Frobisher was appointed as high admiral of all lands and waters which he might discover.

On May 26th, 1577, the “Aide” left Blackwall, accompanied by the “Gabriel” and the “Michael,” with some pinnaces and boats. The company included 120 persons—90 mariners, gunners, and carpenters, and 30 miners, refiners, and merchants. The ships were victualled for seven months.

In a week the voyagers had reached the Orkneys. Soon they were sailing, at the summer solstice, in perpetual sunlight, for they were well within the Arctic Circle. On July 17th they arrived at Hall’s Island, at the mouth of Frobisher Bay.

Frobisher examined both the northern and the southern shore of the bay, going 30 leagues westward. There he found an island, which he called, in honour of one of his patrons, the “Countess of Warwick’s Isle.” From this island he took on board his ships 200 tons of “gold ore” in twenty days’ search. He declared in his report to the Queen that “the ore in the washing helde golde plainly to be seen.” Before leaving these bleak shores he piled up here and there great cairns, as a sign that England owned the territories.

On August 23rd the adventurers turned again towards home. On the way back the “Michael” lost her companion vessels, but she reached Yarmouth safely. The “Gabriel”, too, was driven apart from

THE GOLDEN KNIGHT

the Queen's ship, reaching Bristol in due time. The tall and stately "Aide" slipped into Milford Haven. The three ships had lost only one man in the perils of the four months. The precious ore was taken to Bristowe (Bristol) and locked up in the castle there for a time.

The Queen and the merchants awaited anxiously the reports of a commission selected to test the ore. The reports of the commissioners are very remarkable. Michael Lok, one who had ventured a large fortune in the expedition and who gave his name to an island at the mouth of Frobisher's Bay, assured the government in these terms: "We do very plainly see and find that the ore is very rich and will yield better than £40 a ton, clear of charges." One of the London refiners reported that some black ore yielded ten ounces of gold to the ton and some red ore forty ounces to the ton. To the Queen this message was sent: "The richness of that earth is like to fall out to a good reckoning, and a third voyage should be taken in hand." When one reflects that to-day the ore of "The Rand" yields on an average only £2 to the ton, after paying all charges, it is not surprising that the Queen and her court, as well as the merchants of London, soon prepared to send out a big fleet to bring to England much more of the marvellous ore. The Queen herself, good Latin scholar as she was, gave a classical name to the Arctic territory. "It shall be called Meta Incognita, for it is a bound hitherto unknown." She summoned Frobisher to her side and graciously thanked him for his wonderful discoveries.

On May 31st, 1578, fifteen ships in all left Harwich in Essex for the Arctic gold mines. Before leaving Greenwich Frobisher had been received by the Queen, who had thrown a fine chain of gold about his neck. The fifteen ships included, of course, the three of the former expedition—the "Aide" of the royal navy, and the two barks, the "Gabriel" and the "Michael." In all, 143 persons sailed in this

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

gold-searching fleet—36 officers and gentlemen, 14 miners and refiners, and 93 mariners. At the beginning of the voyage Frobisher drew up rules and regulations to govern the conduct of all under his charge. The first rule in his long schedule ran thus: "To banish swearing, dice, card-playing, and filthy communication, and to serve God twice a day with the ordinary service usuall in Churches of England."

The fleet on August 1st, after many perils from storms and icebergs, reached the Countess of Warwick's Island. At once the mariners were directed to gather ore, which they did to the amazing total of 1,296 tons. The original mine in Warwick Island failed them almost completely, for they could not find much more of the valuable rock which had turned out so well in the former year. After a month's search the return voyage began. Frobisher was loath to leave the "Streyte" bearing his name, for in the glorious days of August he was sure he could have gone on many hundreds of miles farther. "If it had not been for the charge and care of the fleet I both would and could have gone through to the South Sea and dissolved the long doubt of the passage which we seek to find to the rich country of Cathaia." On the last day of August the voyage to England began. It was a tedious and stormy passage, and the vessels were scattered far and wide. They all, however, by the second week of October had reached harbour, some in the west, some in the south, and some in the east of England. The admiral and fifteen captains were skilled navigators, and in ten years' time all their experience and skill were to be needed in repelling the Spanish invasion.

All the "ore" which the ships brought was taken to Dartford, where furnaces were ready to extract the gold. Alas, it was soon evident that from 1,296 tons of rock very little gold would issue. The second voyage, in the former year, had picked up all the ore of

THE GOLDEN KNIGHT

any great value. The third voyage yielded mostly barren stones not worth smelting.

Some writers describe Frobisher's voyages as a fiasco, and would convey the impression that the gold was what is now styled "fool's gold," that is, iron pyrites or copper pyrites. Those shrewd Englishmen of Elizabeth's day, however, were not quite fools. The ore of the second expedition, besides much of the third, was genuine gold. All over the region called to-day the "Canadian Shield" gold-bearing rocks may be picked up which contain so little of the valuable metal that men refuse to waste money in trying to extract it.

Were, then, Frobisher's three voyages of no account? The Queen did not think so. She continued to employ the great admiral in important services in many lands, and when the Spanish Armada came sweeping up towards England in 1588, Frobisher was one of those mentioned with Drake and Hawkins as "men of the greatest experience that this realm hath." For his brilliant conduct on the "Triumph," during the dispersion of the defeated Armada, he was created a knight, "Sir Martin Frobisher." To most of his countrymen he is known to this day, not as one of the conquerors of Spain, but rather as "The Golden Knight," on account of his search for gold in the polar regions of Canada.

CHAPTER VIII

CHAMPLAIN MEETS THE SAVAGES OF CANADA AT TADOUSSAC

(This story follows closely Champlain's own narrative).

IN 1603 Champlain made his first voyage to Canada. When he reached the place where the Saguenay River flows into the St. Lawrence, a little more than a hundred miles below Quebec, he landed at St. Matthew's Point, near Tadoussac. Near the river on a hill he saw an Indian tent or lodge, where the savages were preparing to hold a feast. Now Champlain had brought with him from France several savages of this very tribe, who had been captured and carried off to France by a merchant three or four years before. With one of these Indian prisoners, therefore, and a few companions he ascended the hill and entered the lodge.

The chief, or Grand Sagamore, of the savages received Champlain very well and made him sit down near him. All the other savages, about 100 in number, sat in two rows close together, along both sides of the lodge. The Indian prisoner was then asked by Champlain to get up and make a speech to the men of his tribe. His address was short but it produced a deep impression on his hearers:

"I want to tell you of the kind of reception which the King of France gave me and my companions and of the good things which we had everywhere in beautiful France. You may feel sure that His Majesty wishes you well, for he desires to send many people to dwell in this country, and he wishes to make peace with your enemies, the Iroquois, or else with a great army to help you conquer your enemies. I wish you could all see the grand castles and palaces and houses we have seen, and the friendly folk we have lived with,

CHAMPLAIN MEETS THE SAVAGES

and what lovely manners they have." The savages were very silent all the time he was speaking.

The Grand Sagamore had been the most attentive listener of all, and when the speech was concluded he began to smoke. Then he passed his pipe on to Champlain and the other Frenchmen, who returned it to him. When the great Chief had had a good smoke, he began to speak in a most solemn voice, pausing at times and then beginning again:

"You should be truly glad," he said to the gaping savages, "to have the Great King across the water as your friend." They all yelled with one voice, "Ho, ho, ho!" which is to say, "Yes, yes, yes!"

Continuing his speech, the Chief said: "I am quite content that His Majesty should people our land and make war on our enemies, for there is no nation in the world to whom we wish more good than to the French. You will all understand, I am sure, what great advantage and profit we will all receive from His Majesty, the King of France." When he had finished his speech, his followers repeated their Ho, ho, ho! Then they all departed from the lodge and went on with the preparation for their great feast.

Their *Tabagie*, as they called their meal, was composed of boiled meats of many kinds, the flesh of the moose, tasting like beef, as well as the flesh of the bear and the seal and the beaver, which are their most common meats. They also had wild fowl in large quantities. The meat filled eight or ten kettles, which were set about six paces apart from one another, each on its own fire. The men sat in two rows, each with a porringer made of the bark of a tree. When the meat was cooked, one of the savages distributed it in these dishes, giving every man an equal portion. They ate very greedily and their manners were very bad. When their hands were greasy they rubbed them on their hair, or else on the hair of their dogs, of which they have a large number for hunting.

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

The dogs played a part in a strange ceremony which preceded the meal. While the meat was boiling, one of the savages rose up and took a dog in his arms, with which he went leaping about among the kettles. When he came to the Grand Sagamore, he threw the dog violently upon the ground, and then the savages with one voice cried out: Ho, ho, ho! Having done this, the savage went and sat down in his place. At once another savage rose up and did the same. They continued to do this until the meat was cooked and ready to distribute.

When the savages had ended their *Tabagie*, they began to dance, taking in their hands the scalps of their conquered enemies, which they brought out from the lodge. One or two of them sang rude songs of rejoicing, keeping time by beating their hands upon their knees. When a song ceased, they all bawled out again, Ho, ho, ho! and began to dance once more and continued to do so until quite out of breath.

Their rejoicing was on account of a victory which they had just won over their hated foe, the Iroquois, near the mouth of the Richelieu River, then called the River of the Iroquois. They had slain a hundred, and so every one of the feasting and rejoicing savages had a scalp to show. Champlain was to know much more about these St. Lawrence savages and much more, to his grief, about the cruel Iroquois in the years to come.

CHAPTER IX

STORIES OF SABLE ISLAND

ABOUT a hundred miles south-east of Nova Scotia lies in the Atlantic a small island which has had a very strange history. Sable Island consists of two parallel sand ridges with a lagoon between them. It has been called "The sailor's grave", as it has been the scene of numerous wrecks. The island was once forty miles long, but the sea has washed away a great portion of it, and it is now only twenty miles long.

About twenty years after John Cabot visited the coasts of Canada a Frenchman, Baron de Leri, came to the island to form a settlement there. His voyage from France took so long that when he reached the island he landed all his live stock—cows and pigs—and sailed away. He could not take the animals back to France with him, for they would have died at sea for want of pasture and fresh water.

Eighty years afterwards another Frenchman, the Marquis de la Roche, received a permit from the French king to lead a colony to Canada. As he could not find enough volunteers for the voyage, he took in his small vessel as a crew forty men who had been in prison, some of them desperate criminals. These convicts were very restless during the voyage and caused de la Roche much anxiety.

The first land they saw was the low, sandy coast of Sable Island. A wreck lay stranded on the beach to tell them of the perils of that region. The captain landed the convicts, promising to return in a few weeks. With his more trusty followers he sailed away to explore the mainland to the west. A great storm arose and his little ship had to run before the gale. So far out to sea was he carried by the tempest that he decided to return to France without carrying out his promise to the convicts on Sable Island.

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

The forty waited on the island for many long weeks, straining their eyes towards the ocean, east, west, north, south, for the ship that never came. They wandered among the sand-hills and amid the rank sand-grass, living, for a time, on huckleberries and cranberries. As the autumn approached, they built huts out of the fragments of the wreck found on the beach. They caught fish in the sea, killed seals, and trapped black foxes, with the skins of which they clad themselves. They were very glad to see wild cattle in parts of the island, but they little knew that these cattle were sprung from the animals left on the island by de Leri eighty years before.

As the winter came on they had many quarrels among themselves and several of them were killed. Year followed year and their numbers became smaller. At last, after five years, only a dozen remained alive.

One day the wretched creatures descried a sail in the distant east. Soon a boat's crew landed on the beach and they proved to be fellow-countrymen. Eleven of the original forty reached France alive.

King Henry IV sent for these eleven to hear their strange story from their own lips. They stood before him, says an old writer, like river-gods of yore, for from head to foot they were clad in shaggy walrus skins, and beards of remarkable length streamed down from their swarthy faces. They had been so badly treated that the king was kind to them. He gave them enough money to buy a ship, and they soon sailed away to Canada on their own account. You may be sure that they kept away from the desolate island east of Nova Scotia.

CHAPTER X

THE ORDER OF GOOD CHEER

DURING the winter of 1606-1607 there were gay doings in Port Royal. To pass the long, cold months agreeably Champlain proposed that the fifteen leaders of the colony should form a club, to be called "The Order of Good Cheer." Each member of the Order was to take his turn as Chief Steward for a day, and he was to provide as good a meal as possible for the whole company. Naturally, each member did his very best to surpass all the others, and the meals were, therefore, quite wonderful.

Two days before his turn came to act as leader each man went out hunting or fishing or bargaining for food with the Indians, whose wigwams were in the forest near by. So well was the plan carried out that the Order of Good Cheer kept the little colony well supplied with the best of victuals and made everybody happy and hale all that famous winter.

You can easily imagine the scene which took place every day at noon in that Port Royal dining-hall, a big log-fire burning cheerily. Punctually at twelve o'clock in marched the Master of the Feast, with napkin on his shoulder, and his wand of office in his hand. About his neck was hanging the splendid collar of his office. Behind him came the Brethren of the Order, each carrying a savoury dish. Those dishes contained "fish, flesh, and fowl", of every variety found in that remote corner of the world. The fish were chiefly sturgeon, and salmon, caught by spearing through the ice of the bay. The fowl were ducks, geese, partridges, and bustards. The flesh came from many animals,—moose, caribou, deer, beaver, otter, bear, rabbits, and wild-cats. They often had pies made of these meats, the favourite being moose-pie.

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY



THE "ORDER OF GOOD CHEER"

Wine and bread and biscuits they had brought in great quantities from France.

At these feasts there were usually twenty or thirty savages present, who, as they squatted on the floor,

THE ORDER OF GOOD CHEER

gazed with greedy eyes towards the table. They had to be satisfied with biscuits and slices of bread and fragments of the rich meal. If any of the Indian chiefs came in, as they often did, especially Membertou, a hundred years old, they were given seats of honour at the long table, and they ate and drank like the jolly Frenchmen.

Thus over three hundred years ago in old Port Royal, the modern Annapolis, did those founders of New France keep up their health and spirits indoors while snow and sleet and fog from the vast Atlantic and from Fundy Bay made the outdoor spaces bleak and desolate.

CHAPTER XI

FATHER LE JEUNE

“**J**EUNE” in the French language means “young”, and you will see from this story that Father Le Jeune had a name that suited him well.

He came from France to Canada in the days of the great Champlain. As he was very fond of children, he took into his house in Quebec a little Indian boy in order to teach him. At the same time he had another little pupil in his house—a little negro lad, who had been left in Quebec a year or so before by some English sailors.

Father Le Jeune was very happy with these two boys. He taught them the alphabet, as they sat on each side of him, the brown lad on his right, and the black lad on his left. He told his friends that he would not exchange these two pupils for any others in the world.

When next year Father Le Jeune went to the Indian wigwams and lived with the Indians in order to learn the Indian language, he had a large number of little Indians to teach. One of the chief Indians, greatly to the delight of Father Le Jeune, made him a present of two bright little Indian boys. The kind Father spent many hours every day teaching the brown lads to read. When Spring came on and the weather improved, the number of his pupils greatly increased. He used to stand at the door of his tent and ring a bell to invite the children in. At last he had more than twenty young Indians in his class.

He taught them to repeat after him prayers in Latin; and then when he himself had learned enough Indian words, he composed an Indian prayer for them. He soon turned into Indian rhymes for them some Latin hymns, and the class sang these hymns with great enjoyment. When the lessons and the singing

FATHER LE JEUNE



FATHER LE JEUNE

were over for the day, he rewarded each one in the class by giving him a little dish filled with boiled peas. Of course, the little Indians, who liked boiled peas better than any other food, came running next day to greet the kind Father when he rang his bell in front of his tent.

It gave Father Le Jeune great delight, you may be sure, to hear his little Indian pupils running about in the woods and by the streams, repeating what he had

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

taught them, and singing their little hymns. One morning he passed an Indian wigwam and heard singing inside. He could hardly believe his ears when he heard, loud and clear through the wigwam door, the voices of two or three children, joined with the rich voice of their brown mother, all singing the little hymn which he had himself composed.

Father Le Jeune tried hard, also, to teach the grown-up Indians, but he found them slow to learn, and their time was so taken up with fishing and hunting and, sad to say, with fighting, that he made but little progress with them. With the children, however, he did succeed, and they remembered his lessons and his good advice all their lives. Indeed, Father Le Jeune may be called the first great Canadian school teacher.

CHAPTER XII

HOW THE PILOT SAVED CHAMPLAIN

A FEW days after Champlain's first arrival in Quebec, in July, 1608, he was engaged in planning a garden near the spot where the carpenters were building a storehouse for him. He was interrupted by his pilot, Testu, who came up to him with an anxious face. This man had skilfully conducted Champlain through the dangers of the great river all the way from Tadoussac. He was now about to pilot him amid the sunken rocks of a wicked plot against his life.

"I would speak with you privately, sir," said Testu, "where no one but yourself can hear me".

Champlain agreed to go with him; and the two men were soon alone in the neighbouring forest below the cliff. Then Testu quickly told this amazing story :

"You have among your men, sir, a locksmith named Natel, who has just told me that there is a conspiracy to take your life within four days. The leader of the plotters is another locksmith, named Jean Duval. This Duval first won over three scamps among your men, and they are going around among the others and corrupting them all, by telling them falsehoods and leading them to expect great gain when you are removed. The captains of the Basque ships trading near Tadoussac are to come to Quebec and to seize your ship and stores, and they have promised to reward your men well after you have been killed. Your men have all pledged themselves not to betray one another, and, further, if any man gives you information about the plot, he is to be stabbed to death by the others. They have two or three plans for killing you. One is, to seize you, sir, when you are off your guard and strangle you. Another is, to give a false alarm of fire at night, and to shoot you when you

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

come out of doors. This plot is to be carried out before any of your other vessels come up from Tadousac. The five men who are in charge of your pinnace yonder in the harbour are true to you and know nothing of the plot."

Having heard this alarming tale, Champlain acted swiftly, for there was not a moment to lose. He desired Testu to go at once to Antoine Natel and bring him to the woods. Soon Natel appeared, trembling with fear, for he dreaded the anger of Champlain and a dagger-thrust from his fellow-plotters. He begged Champlain to forgive him and declared that he had told Testu about the plot in the hope that it would fail. Champlain made him repeat the whole story, as told by Testu, and then he assured him that no harm would come to him for giving this information.

"Go back", said Champlain, "to your work. Say nothing; but keep your eyes and ears open".

Then Champlain said to Testu: "Bring in your barque to the shore and anchor there. I will send down to the vessel some bottles of good wine, and will direct the officers to invite the four ring-leaders of the plot on board to share in the good cheer."

The plotters, as you may imagine, easily fell into the trap prepared for them. In the evening they went down to the barque and prepared to have a good time. When the drinking was in progress, Champlain himself appeared, and ordered the arrest of the four guilty ones.

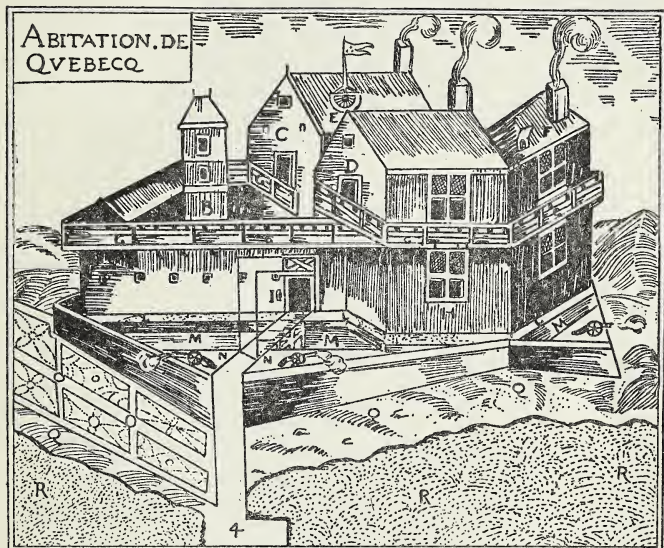
"Lo!" writes Champlain in his account of the affair, "the fine fellows were very much astonished!"

Although it was now nearly eleven o'clock, Champlain returned to the shore and made all his men get out of bed and come to him. He told them that the plot was discovered and that the four ring-leaders had been arrested. He said he would forgive them all if they gave him the whole truth in writing. They all promised to do so, and said they were very glad for

HOW THE PILOT SAVED CHAMPLAIN

themselves as well as for Champlain that the plot had been discovered.

Next morning, in the presence of the pilot and the faithful sailors, they all wrote down their confessions. The same day Champlain had handcuffs made and he bound the four scoundrels securely. Then he got on board the barque with the pilot and the crew and took



CHAMPLAIN'S "HABITATION" AT QUEBEC

From Champlain's Own Drawing.

the prisoners to Tadoussac, where his ships and some of his friends were.

The very next day Champlain returned to Quebec to continue his work of settlement there. A few weeks later the four prisoners were brought back to Quebec for a full trial. Champlain, the captain of the ship which had brought the prisoners back, the master, the mate, the surgeon, and others, formed the Council

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

which tried them. The four prisoners pleaded guilty, and the ringleader admitted that he deserved death. Duval's body, therefore, was soon hanging from a scaffold erected on the highest part of the new fort, so that all might see the fate of a traitor. The other three criminals were sent to France to be tried again there. One report says that they were condemned to serve as convicts in the state galleys.

How narrow an escape had the Father of New France ! But for the confession of Antoine Natel, Champlain would probably have perished, and the development of Canada might have been postponed for a century or more. And Testu, the pilot, deserves a monument to his memory for the splendid part he played on that July day of 1608. He made the office of pilot on the St. Lawrence a noble calling for all time.

CHAPTER XIII

HOW CHAMPLAIN DISCOVERED HIS LAKE

THIS is Champlain's own story of the way in which he discovered the beautiful lake which bears his name. With two of his countrymen he had come up the river Richelieu from the St. Lawrence in canoes, along with a great company of 300 Indians, Hurons and Algonquins, who were on their way south to fight their ancient enemies, the Iroquois.

"On the next day we pursued our way up the river (the Richelieu) as far as the entrance to the lake. In it are many beautiful low islands covered with superb woods and meadows, where there are many wild fowls and animals. Here may be hunted, we are told, stags, fallow deer, fawns, roebucks, bears, and other creatures, which cross from the mainland to these islands. Some of these we were able to catch. We found there, too, many beavers, both in the main river and in several small streams which fall into it.

"On the following day we entered the lake, which is very long, as much as 80 or 100 leagues. I saw there, as we entered the lake, four beautiful islands, between 10 and 15 leagues in length, which, like the shores of the Iroquois River (Richelieu), were once inhabited by savages. But these regions have been abandoned since the time that the savages began to fight one another. Into the lake there flow several rivers, on the banks of which grow a great many beautiful trees of the same species as we have in France, along with an abundance of vines, the finest I have seen anywhere. On the shores of this lake are many chestnut trees, such as I have not seen anywhere before. In the lake we found a great many kinds of fish.

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

“As we moved along the lake on the western side and looked about us in every direction, I saw on the east side of the lake some very high mountains (Green Mountains), on the summit of which there was snow. I learned from the savages in our canoe that the lake reaches close to these mountains, which are about 25 leagues away from us. Towards the south I saw other mountains, quite as high as those to the east, but on these there was no snow.

“The savages of our party told me that we were to meet our enemy near the south of the lake, for the mountains there (the Adirondack Mountains) were thickly inhabited. They also told me that far to the south we had to pass a rapid and that then we should enter another lake (Lake George) some 9 or 10 leagues in length.”

CHAPTER XIV

CHAMPLAIN'S REMARKABLE FIGHT WITH THE INDIANS (JULY, 1609)

THE battle fought under Champlain's leadership in July, 1609, on the western shore of Lake Champlain, was one of the most important in the whole history of Canada, for his victory over the Iroquois stirred up all the evil passions of that warlike nation, and was the beginning, for the French, of a long series of fights with those bloody savages.

In several respects the short struggle on that July morning was the strangest in all the annals of warfare. On one side stood Champlain and two other Frenchmen, armed with muskets and protected by breastplates, helmets, and other defences used by the European soldiers of that day. He was accompanied and supported by about 300 Indians—Hurons, Algonquins, and Montagnais (Mountaineers)—almost naked in the summer heat, and fighting with bows and arrows. On the side of the Iroquois were three chiefs, defended by rude shields, in command of about 200 tall, red savages, stripped almost bare, and shooting their long arrows with a skill never surpassed.

The story is told by the great Frenchman himself, who gained the victory almost single-handed :

"About ten or eleven o'clock, after taking a little walk around our camp, I lay down to rest. While asleep, I dreamed that I saw in the lake, close to a mountain, our enemies, the Iroquois, who were drowning before our very gaze. When I wanted to succour them, my savage allies told me that we must let them drown, as their lives were not worth saving. When I awoke, they did not fail, as usual, to ask me if I had dreamed about anything. I told them, in effect, what I had seen in my dream. This gave them such confidence that they no longer had any doubt as to the good fortune that awaited them.

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

When evening came on, we embarked in our canoes to continue our journey. As we were paddling along very softly, not making any noise, about ten o'clock on the evening of the 29th, we came upon the Iroquois at the point of a cape which juts out into the lake on the western shore. Both they and we began to utter loud cries, as we were getting our arms ready.

"We drew out farther into the lake; but the Iroquois put to shore and arranged all their canoes near one another. They then began to cut down trees with the wretched axes which they had somewhere won in their wars, and with other axes of stone. They then barricaded themselves well.

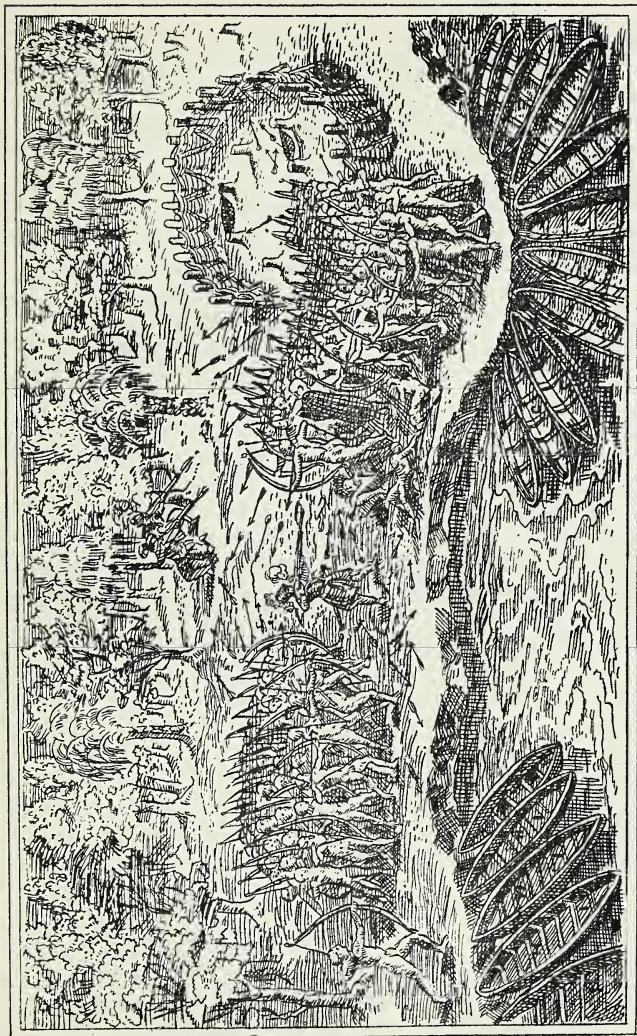
"Now our men kept their canoes all night ranged close to one another, lashed fast with poles in order not to get separated, but to be able to fight together, if there should be need. We stayed on the water within a bowshot of the enemy's barricade.

"When our men were armed and had everything in order, they freed two canoes and sent them to find out from the enemy whether they wished to fight. The enemy replied that they desired nothing else, but on account of the time of night nothing could be clearly seen, and that it would be necessary to wait till daylight in order to see clearly. As soon as the sun rose, they said they would attack us. Our men agreed to this.

"Meanwhile, the whole night was passed in dances and songs, on our side and on theirs, and many insults and other remarks passed to and fro. The enemy declared that our men had but little courage and could neither do anything to them, nor even resist them, and that when daylight came they would find this out to the very brink of ruin. Our side, too, was not lacking in repartee, telling the enemy that they would see deeds of arms such as they had never seen before. There was much other talk, also, such as soldiers are accustomed to in the siege of a city.

"After all the singing and dancing and chattering at one another, daylight came. My two companions

CHAMPLAIN'S FIGHT WITH THE INDIANS



DEFEAT OF THE IROQUOIS AT LAKE CHAMPLAIN

Reprinted from Vol. 11 of Champlain's Works by the courtesy of The Champlain Society.

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

and I were still hidden, for fear the enemy would see us, and we got our fire-arms ready as best we could, each of us being in a separate canoe with a few of the Montagnais savages. After we were equipped in light armour, we each of us took an arquebus (hand-gun) and went ashore.

"I saw the enemy issue from their barricade to the number of 200, strong, robust men, as they appeared. They came slowly to meet us, with a gravity and assurance which filled me with admiration. In front of them were their three chiefs.

"Our men also advanced in the same order; and they told me that those who wore the three large plumes were the chiefs, and that there were only these three, to be recognized by these plumes which were much larger than those of their companions. They begged me to kill these chiefs if I could. I promised them to do all in my power, and I told them that I was very sorry that I could not make them understand me, for I should have liked to give the order of attack upon the enemy, whom we without doubt were going to defeat utterly. I told our men that it would delight me to show them, as soon as the combat began, what courage and zeal I had.

"As soon as we landed, our savages began to run some 200 yards towards the enemy, who stood firm, and who had not yet noticed my two Frenchmen roaming in the woods near by.

Our men now began to call to me with loud shouts. To make a way for me they opened up a passage through their lines, and they placed me ahead of them. I marched forward about twenty yards until I was within thirty yards of the enemy. As soon as the foe caught sight of me, they halted and gazed at me, and so did I at them. When I saw them preparing to draw their bows, I put my arquebus in position and shot straight at one of the three chiefs. At this shot two of them fell to the earth and also one of their

CHAMPLAIN'S FIGHT WITH THE INDIANS

companions was mortally wounded, for I had put four bullets into my arquebus.

"As soon as our men saw this shot, so favourable for them, they began to utter such loud cries that you could not have heard thunder. The arrows meanwhile flew continuously from both sides.

The Iroquois were much astonished that two of their chiefs should have been killed so quickly, although they were defended by shields of wood covered with woven cotton, proof against arrows. What had happened caused them much fear.

"As I was re-loading my gun, one of my two Frenchmen fired a shot from the woods, which astonished them again so much that, seeing their chiefs dead, they lost courage and took to flight, leaving the field and abandoning their fort. They fled into the depths of the forest, whither I pursued them and caused still more of them to fall. Our savages also killed several of them and took ten or twelve prisoners. The rest of the enemy saved themselves by flight, carrying off their wounded. Of our men 15 or 16 were wounded by arrows, but their wounds were soon healed.

"The place of battle was in 43° and some minutes of latitude, and was named the Lake of Champlain."

CHAPTER XV

THE FRENCH BOY WHO WAS LOANED TO THE INDIANS

A FRENCH lad, named Nicholas Marsolet,¹ had come out to Canada with Champlain in 1608. One day in 1610 he told Champlain that he would like to spend a winter with the Indians.—Algonquins and Hurons—in order to learn the Indian language. So Champlain went to see an Indian chief who was very friendly to him, and he asked him if he would take the lad home with him for eight months to live in his camp just like an Indian. Champlain really wanted the boy not only to learn the Indian language but also to find out what the country was like, to see the great lake (Huron), to observe all the rivers, to learn what tribes lived in that country, and to explore the mines of that region and whatever else might be valuable in those parts.

The Indian Chief promised to take the lad and to bring him back to Champlain in the spring of the next year. He said he would treat the boy like his own son, and he was very glad, he said, to have him.

When the chief told the leaders of his tribe what he had agreed to do, they were opposed to the plan. They feared, they said, that some accident might happen to the boy, and that then Champlain would make war on them.

The chief returned to Champlain and told him that he could not take the boy after all, for the leaders of his tribe were afraid.

Champlain then went to talk with the Indian leaders about the matter. He told them it was not friendly on their part to refuse that which their chief had promised and which would be of so much value to everybody. If they took the boy, it would much

¹ Some writers give the name of the lad as Étienne Brûlé, who in the years 1611-1629 often accompanied Champlain as interpreter.

A FRENCH BOY LOANED TO THE INDIANS

increase his friendship towards them, he said; but if they declined to take the boy, he would have a very bad opinion of them and would cease to be their friend. He told them they should not act like little children and break the promise made by their own chief.

Then they told Champlain they were satisfied to take the lad with them, but they were afraid that a French boy might not like the food which Indians ate, or that he might not have enough to eat and might become ill, and then Champlain would be angry with them.

Champlain told them that the lad would soon get used to the usual food of the Indians and to their mode of life. If the boy should suffer from illness or should meet with any accident in war, Champlain promised that he would not be angry with the Indians, for, he said, everybody is liable to meet with misfortunes. But he warned them that they must treat the boy well and guard him from harm as much as possible.

Then the Indians said they were willing to take the lad and to treat him as one of themselves; but they insisted on Champlain taking one of their young men to France with him for the winter. They said they wanted their young man to see all the fine things in France, and then to return and report to them. Champlain agreed to this, and they brought a young Indian and handed him over. He was one of the Huron tribe and he seemed very glad to have the chance of going with Champlain.

The Indians and Champlain then parted with strong expressions of friendship and with promises that they would meet each other again at the foot of the great rapids of Lachine in the month of June of the following year.

About the middle of June, 1611, the Indians and Champlain fulfilled their promises. At the place of meeting there was much rejoicing. Champlain and the Indian who had gone with him to France went in a

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

canoe to meet the tribe in the river, while Champlain's men from their boats fired off their arquebuses and other guns. As the Indians drew near to the French, they began to shout all together, and one of their chiefs came up close to the French and began to praise Champlain greatly for keeping his faith and meeting them where and when he had said he would. Then the Indians gave three more shouts, and Champlain's boats all saluted again with the thunder of their guns. The Indian who had gone to France told his people that he had been well treated; and he gave them an account of the strange things he had seen across the sea.

The little French boy, dressed like an Indian, and grown larger now, was then brought forward. He told Champlain that he also had been very well treated all the time. He said he had lived just as the Indians had lived; and he gave an account of all he had seen, of all he had done, and of all he had learned.

It is sad to relate that eighteen years later, in 1629, this Nicholas Marsolet was one of the men who betrayed Champlain to the English. When Quebec again came into the hands of the French, in 1632, and Champlain returned to govern Canada, Nicholas Marsolet begged his former master to forgive him. Champlain severely blamed him for his conduct and told him he had lost his honour and that God would punish him if he did not live a better life. We are told that Nicholas became a good citizen and that ever afterwards he was loyal to France and most honourable in every way.

CHAPTER XVI

CHAMPLAIN'S CHILD WIFE

IN a dingy little room in Paris, on the evening of December 27, 1610, a group of French people, about twenty in number, had gathered together. The most famous of the group was a good-looking, manly, pleasant gentleman, with the bearing of a soldier. The centre of interest, however, was a beautiful young girl, with fair hair and brown eyes and a manner rather shy. The man was forty years of age, and the maiden was only twelve. He was the great Samuel de Champlain, founder of Quebec, and she was Hélène Boullé, daughter of the secretary of King Henry IV. Champlain and Hélène had met there, with her parents and with many of his friends, to arrange a marriage settlement, according to French usage. As she was too young to be a wife, an agreement was signed which would leave her with her parents for two or three years more. Champlain was so in love with the child that he wished at once to make sure that no other man should have her for a wife.

That scene in the little room should have been painted by some great artist, for it was well worthy of the highest art. There sat the lawyers at the table, in front of them great sheets of parchment, closely written over in a beautiful hand. There lay the large red seals, ready to be affixed to the agreement. There were the father and the mother of Hélène, both Protestants, as were many of the French of that period. Champlain, a devout Catholic, wanted this little lady for a wife, whatever the form of her religion.

The document, which was soon signed by Champlain and Hélène, contained some curious clauses. Hélène's father, Nicholas Boullé, pledged himself to pay to Champlain, on the day before the marriage, 6,000 livres, or francs, ten times as much then as it would be

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

to-day. Champlain, on his part, agreed to give his future wife all his wealth when he died, for it was, of course, expected that he would die first, being so much older than H  l  ne.

Two days later, on December 29th, the bethrothal took place, and December 30th was the bridal day. The French, as you may know, had three separate steps in their marriages, for they rightly regarded marriage as the most important transaction in the lives of men and women.

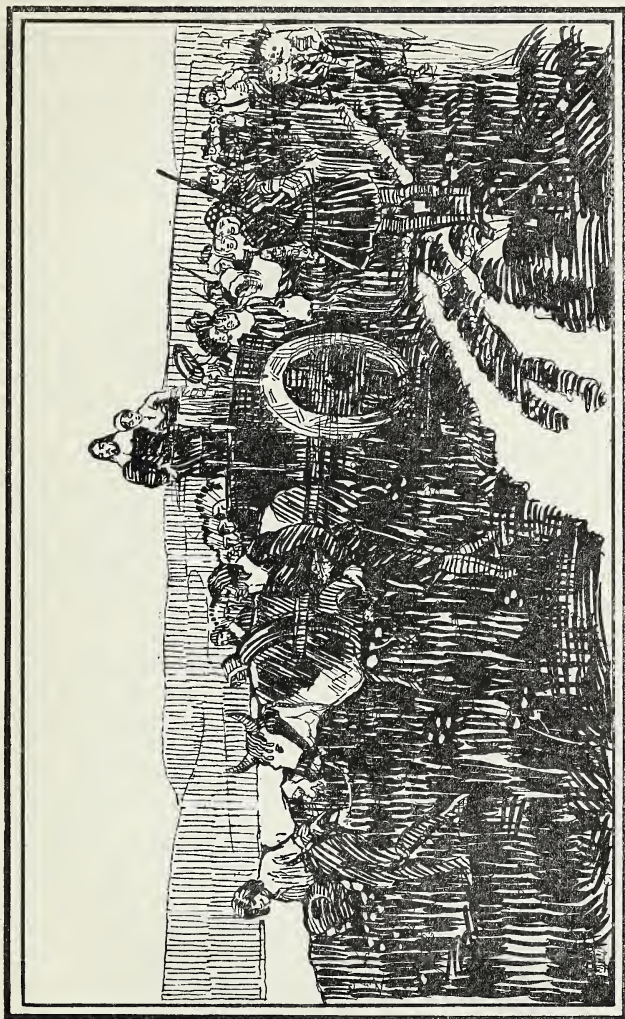
After the ceremony H  l  ne returned to live with her parents and to continue her education. Her famous husband prepared for another voyage to Canada.

On March 1st, 1611, the great sailor bade his child wife goodbye, and began what proved to be the most dangerous journey of his life. His ship was buffeted by violent storms, and as it drew near to Canada, it was locked fast among icebergs for two or three weeks. He did not reach Quebec till the 14th of May, after 74 days on the water.

Almost immediately Champlain left Quebec for Montreal, to meet some Indians there according to a promise made in the preceding years. On arriving at Montreal at the end of May he did a very interesting thing. There is an island in the river, opposite Montreal, and he decided to give it a name. His thoughts naturally turned to his little wife, H  l  ne, and as that was a name which he found also in his Saints' Calendar—the name of the sainted mother of Constantine the Great—he called the island by that lovely name. To this day the French call it the Island of St. H  l  ne, and the English call it "Saint Helen's Isle."

We know very little about Champlain's young wife till she decided to share his dangers in New France. On May 8th, 1620, she sailed with her husband to the west. She took with her a little maid-servant, named Isabel Terrier. They had a long and not very pleasant voyage. At Tadoussac, on July 7th, they were

CHAMPLAIN'S CHILD WIFE



CHAMPLAIN AND HIS YOUNG WIFE

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

greeted by her young brother, Eustache Boullé, 18 years of age, who had come out with Champlain to Canada several years before. Her brother told Hélène that she was very brave indeed to undertake a voyage so long and dangerous. When they at last reached Quebec, the cannon on the river shore boomed a salute to the Lieutenant-General of Canada and his young wife. A service of thanksgiving, too, was held in the little church near by.

Coming fresh from her pleasant life in Paris, she found Quebec a barren and lonely spot. All the houses were in bad repair, and the winds and rains found their way through the cracks in walls and roofs. Champlain's storehouse was falling down, and the yards near his house were filled with a whole year's rubbish. It was indeed a gloomy home-coming for the wife of twenty-two years.

Champlain set out at once to make the place more attractive. He did more—he took measures to protect his young wife from danger. He erected a strong fort on the summit of the cliff, 172 feet above the river, where the citadel stands to-day. No Iroquois or other enemies should molest the dear one, who would have trials enough in this strange land.

The people in Quebec all loved Madame at once. During the long absences of her husband up the river and far inland, she made close friends with the few women who lived near her—Madame Hébert, Madame Couillard, and others of the little colony. Although her rank was much higher than theirs, she, the highest lady in the land, treated the others as sisters. She soon learned the language of the Indians, and began teaching the squaws and young savages the church catechism. They tell a sweet story about her and her Indians. She always wore at her girdle a small mirror, which attracted much attention. The Indian men, who delighted to be in her company, were astonished to see their own faces in Madame's mirror, and they would say: "A lady so beautiful, who

CHAMPLAIN'S CHILD WIFE

cures all diseases, loves us so much that she wears our images near her heart. She must be superior to any human being." They often wanted to worship her rather than the God of whom she was constantly telling them.

Hélène remained in Canada for four years (1620-1624). The winters became more and more severe and she longed for her old home in Paris. The last winter was the hardest of the four. By spring nearly all the food of the colony was exhausted. There were only four barrels of flour left for nearly a hundred people. Most of the poor had nothing to eat but salt pork, smoked eels, and a few garden roots. It was a glad day when, on June 2nd, a ship arrived from France with provisions, just in time to stave off starvation.

Champlain then decided that his young wife, only 26 years old at that time, should not spend another winter in bleak Canada. On August 18th, which happened to be St. Helen's Day, Champlain's beloved Helen left Canada never to return. The voyage home in that warm summer month was, we are told, unusually pleasant, and you may be sure there was one very happy passenger aboard that sailing-ship.

From 1624 till Champlain's death in 1635 Hélène lived in Paris. As Champlain spent about half of his time in France, she no doubt saw him much, but they did not live under the same roof. Under his influence she had become a devoted Catholic, and she at once expressed a strong desire to enter an Ursuline convent in Paris. He told her that notion was only a temporary fancy which she would soon outgrow. So he did not consent to a complete separation from his wife.

In 1633 he bade adieu to Hélène to return once more to Quebec. They little thought that it was the last farewell, for, as it happened, Champlain departed from this life on Christmas Day, 1635, just 25 years after his marriage.

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

Hélène was now free to follow her own religious desires, but for a very long time she hesitated. At last, in 1645, ten years after her celebrated husband's death, she entered the convent of St. Ursula in Paris, under the name of Hélène de St. Augustin.

In 1648, at the age of fifty, she herself founded an Ursuline convent a few miles east of Paris. Six years later Mother Hélène died, leaving for all time the memory of a most saintly life.

CHAPTER XVII

THE STRANGE FATE OF FATHER AND SON

IF you turn to the map of Canada, you will find a great bay in the north-east, called Hudson Bay, and a strait 400 miles long, called Hudson Strait. How this bay and this strait came to be called by the name of Hudson takes us back to a thrilling story of three hundred years ago.

On April 17th, 1610, a famous ship, the *Discoverie*, set sail from London with a crew of twenty men. The master of the ship was that Henry Hudson who had already made three attempts to reach China, the last voyage of the three carrying him to New York and 140 miles up the beautiful river which still bears his name.

Among those who made up the crew on this his fourth voyage was the captain's young son, John. This boy was about fifteen years old. He had served his father well as cabin boy on all three of the earlier voyages—in 1607 to Greenland, in 1608 to Nova Zembla, and in 1609 to New York. No English boy, therefore, had seen so much of the strange places of the world as this John Hudson. Whether his mother was living and whether he had brothers or sisters, no one knows. He had probably no near relatives alive but his sea-going father.

The mate of the *Discoverie* was that Robert Juet who had accompanied Hudson to Nova Zembla and to New York, and who was therefore a very skilful sailor. The captain's secretary was Henry Greene, who was a good penman but who knew nothing whatever about the sea. Hudson had picked him up one day in distress on a London street, and had been so moved by his wretched state and his sad story that he took him to his own home and treated him like a son.

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

His plan of reforming Greene and making a worthy man of him by taking him on a long voyage did not, as we shall see, turn out very well. Some of the other men on board the *Discoverie* had been forced to sail against their will, for in those days any man between 18 and 55 who appeared to be idle might be seized and obliged to become a soldier or a sailor. It was a strange crew which set out with Henry Hudson on that strange voyage.

Within a week there was grumbling on board. Hudson did not tell his men, not even his mate, where he was going. At first it was believed that the *Discoverie* was bound for pleasant lands in the west—Virginia, or New York, or perhaps Newfoundland. When it became clear that the ship was headed for Greenland, even the mate frowned and cursed.

By the first of July, Hudson had entered the strait that now bears his name—the most dangerous strait in all the world. Even at midsummer it is choked with ice-floes, and this frail wooden vessel was many times nearly broken to pieces. The “overfall,” as sailors call it, of a thirty-foot tide, pouring into the strait from the ocean, and meeting the out-going ice, was something new for the brave captain, and tried his seamanship every hour for a long month.

North of Ungava Bay one day a huge island of ice toppled over and churned the waters so violently that the *Discoverie* was nearly engulfed. Some of the sailors came to the captain and begged him to turn back. Just at that moment, however, the ice-fields opened up a passage and a breeze arose which carried the ship onwards towards the west.

When they reached the western end of the strait, and the *Discoverie* moved freely in the great open bay, Hudson thought that at last he had found the great western sea and the way to China. He began to dream dreams of riches and high fame. He proudly paced the deck, and even the mate and the sailors ceased for a time to complain.

THE STRANGE FATE OF FATHER AND SON

Onward sailed the gallant vessel towards the south. It was mid-summer and the way was clear. A brilliant panorama thrilled these pioneers for 500 miles, as they passed innumerable islands and headlands, finally entering what is now the spacious gulf called James Bay.

It was now plain that this was not an open ocean but a vast land-locked sea. When September came, everyone asked: "Can we get back through the strait before it freezes up?" If they should fail to get back, their provisions would not keep them alive till June of the next year. And the bitter cold of the coming winter would be an added horror. Soon a spirit of discontent and mutiny seized nearly all the crew. The records of the voyage tell us nothing about the boy, John Hudson, who must have been at his father's side and given him much comfort during all these trials.

When Hudson at last grew weary of Juet's constant complaints, he put a more loyal man, Robert Bylot, in his place. Then he tried to find a way out of James Bay, but he found it a "labyrinth without end." On the first of November they hauled their ship up on the shore and made preparations to spend the winter there, at an inlet to-day called "Rupert Bay."

There was plenty of wood along the shore to keep their fires burning. Aboard ship they built fire-places of stone, and at night they all took to their berths pans full of red-hot shot. Partridges and ducks and geese were abundant in the woods, and so the ship's provisions lasted through the winter. Indeed, if it had not been for the partridges they would all have starved before April. No fewer than 1,200 of these birds fell before their guns.

By June the discontent of the crew reached a fierce pitch and broke out again and again in many forms. The deposed mate, Juet, was the ringleader in the mutiny. One day, too, the carpenter flatly refused to build a house on the shore. Another day Greene,

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

the secretary, turned upon his captain with a threat. The situation became more alarming every day. Only a few men remained loyal to their chief.

The ice began to show signs of breaking up in the bay and the return voyage to England must soon begin. But everyone knew that the provisions had run low and that in a fortnight there would probably be nothing left. The mutinous members of the crew now began to make plans of seizing the ship and sailing away. They would desert the captain, leaving him and his son and all the sick men behind to look after themselves as best they could.

On June 18th, 1611, the *Discoverie* was ready to sail. Her seams had been well tarred and her hull well caulked, and now with ragged sails fluttering she was impatient to be off. Hudson with tears in his eyes handed out all the bread and cheese that were left in his private locker, except a week's reserve.

For three days the ship moved slowly north through floating ice. By that time it was clear that their short rations would not keep twenty people alive for many days, even if they had luck in securing fish and gamebirds. The ring-leaders now decided to get rid of half the crew in order to save the lives of the other half. They got together on the night of June 21st and swore a solemn oath of comradeship. "It is better" they all said, "to run the risk of hanging at home than of starving here. Let us end the business in the morning."

At dawn, as soon as Hudson stepped out of his cabin, three of the mutineers seized him and bound him. The sick and those who had been lamed by frost-bite, along with Hudson and his young son—twelve in all—were placed in the ship's shallop. As the *Discoverie* crept forward, with the little boat in tow, someone threw to the castaways, before they were left to drift alone, a carpenter's tool box, a gun, some powder and shot, and a bag of meal. The shallop, when the



Picture by Collier.

HUDSON'S LAST HOURS

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

lines that held her were cut, feebly tried to follow the big ship, but she was soon far behind.

There are many traditions about Hudson's fate. No one knows what happened to the castaways. Did they survive the perils of the ice-floes? Were they destroyed by hostile natives? Or did they, as legend reports, live with a tribe of Eskimos who rescued them? One story would have it that a few hundred red-haired Eskimos who to-day live near Hudson Bay are the descendants of Henry Hudson and his ten loyal followers. As Hudson himself was up in years (we really do not know his age), and as the invalid crew were in bad condition, young John had the best chance of surviving. So if the legend of the red-haired Eskimos has any foundation, it is barely possible that John Hudson was the founder of this race.

The mutineers, on their way to the strait, began to quarrel with one another, for they missed their master's skill in navigation. The villain Greene and three others were killed by Eskimos on the north shore of Hudson Strait, where they had landed to get food. The others suffered untold agonies on their way to Ireland. Juet, the guilty mate, died of starvation near the end of the voyage. Only three men reached port with the battered *Discoverie* in September. Among these were Bylot, the mate, and Prickett, who afterwards wrote the story of the voyage. In a week the three survivors were in Plymouth jail, awaiting trial for their mutiny. They were soon released, as all the ring-leaders had already perished.

One of the three, Robert Bylot, in 1615, as captain of the *Discoverie*, made a voyage to Hudson Bay, with William Baffin as his pilot. But no trace whatever was found of Hudson and his fellows in those desolate seas.

CHAPTER XVIII

NICHOLAS THE FALSE

A YOUNG man named Nicholas de Vignau met Champlain in Paris in 1612 and told him a wonderful tale. "Two years ago I was in Canada," he said, "and I went up the Ottawa River with a party of Indians. I found a great lake and a river flowing northward out of it. I went down that river and reached the shores of a sea. There I saw the wreck of an English ship, the crew of which, after escaping inland, were killed by Indians. In seventeen days you can go to this sea from the Rapids of the St. Lawrence and back again. I have made a map of my journey, which will show you where I went."

Champlain was much excited by this simple story. He believed it was true because he knew that the great Henry Hudson had gone from England on a voyage to the northern seas two years before and rumours of what had happened to Hudson were at that very time coming to Paris. He was inclined to think that Nicholas had reached this northern sea by way of Canada, and he was at once eager to follow the same route, and perhaps in the end to find the long-sought way to China.

Early in 1613 Champlain crossed the Atlantic and began to make preparations for a journey up the Ottawa and to the strange sea of Vignau's tale. On May 27th in two small canoes he left St. Helen's Island, opposite Montreal, accompanied by Nicholas Vignau, three other Frenchmen, and one Indian. By June 1st they reached the Long Sault on the Ottawa—a series of rapids about twelve miles long, where to-day one sees the Carillon and Grenville Canals. Here Champlain nearly lost his life. As the woods were too dense for portaging, it was necessary to tow the

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

two canoes up the stream by means of cords. Champlain's canoe turned broadside into a whirlpool and he was nearly dragged in. Luckily he was caught between two rocks, but the cord pulled so hard that it nearly cut his hand off. The canoe was soon sent back to him by an eddy and he was able to go on.

On the 4th of June they came to that point in the river where the Gatineau flows in from the north and the Rideau from the south. Champlain little guessed that on the high cliff, near the Rideau Falls, would rise one day the beautiful city of Ottawa—the capital of a Canada vaster and richer than his wildest dreams could fashion.

A few miles beyond this point he saw and marvelled at the Chaudière Falls. He tells us that the water whirls around to such an extent that the Indians call it "The Boiler"—which is what "Chaudière" really means. The fall of the water, he declares, could be heard two leagues away.

When they were passing the site of the modern L'Orignal, they met fifteen canoes filled with Algonquin Indians on their way South. As Champlain had only one Indian in his party, he exchanged one of his Frenchmen for an expert Algonquin guide. Thereafter he had with him, besides Nicholas, two Frenchmen and two Indians.

Day after day they continued their journey, passing rapid after rapid, till they came to Chats Falls. Parkman gives a wonderful description of this region about "The Falls of the Chats," as seen by Champlain on that June day of long ago—its cataracts, its cliffs, its beautiful forests, its birds and beasts.¹

Disputes now began between Nicholas and the two Indians as to the best route to follow. Nicholas wished to push on up the Ottawa straight north; but the Indians declared that Nicholas was deceiving his leader. As Champlain had more than once noticed that Nicholas did not know the way very well, he

¹ "Pioneers of France in the New World", Chapter XII.

NICHOLAS THE FALSE

followed the advice of the Indians. It was lucky he did so, for Nicholas, as he afterwards confessed, wanted either to destroy his leader or to disgust him with the whole business. So the party turned westward overland. Champlain tells us that he himself had to carry over this long portage three arquebuses, three paddles, his overcoat, and several small articles.¹ His five associates, of course, carried even heavier loads.

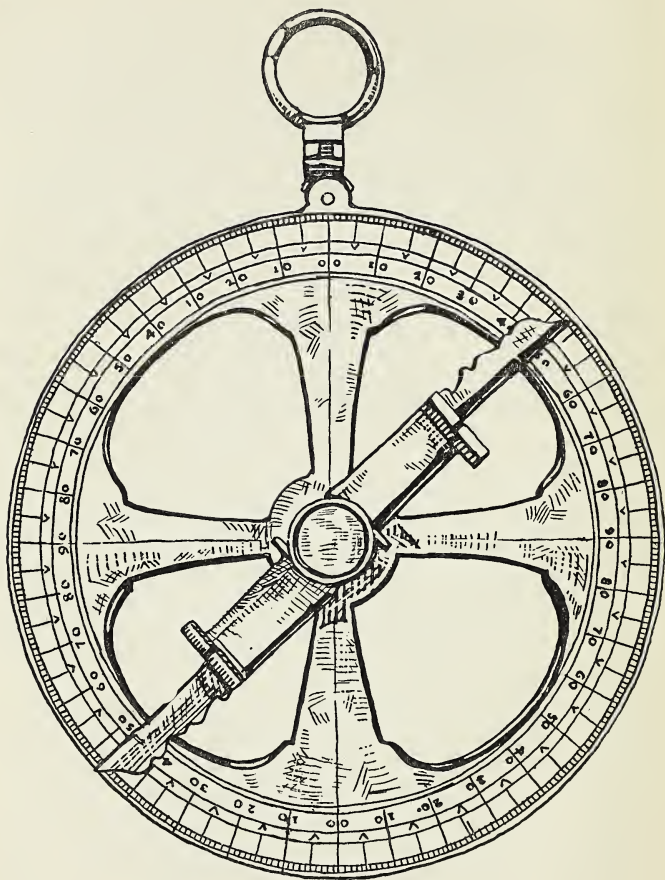
When they reached that chain of ponds which is distant a few miles from the modern town of Renfrew, they turned in a north-westerly direction. The mosquitoes in this district were so bad that they had to light a fire to drive them off. Their journey led them a hard march through a pine forest where a recent tornado had torn up the trees and piled them in a vast tangle of trunks and roots and branches. At last they came to Muskrat Lake, where there was an Indian settlement, the seat of the principal tribes called Algonquins.

The chief, Nibachis, came with his men to view the travellers. He offered Champlain the pipe-of-peace and thus addressed his own Indian companions: "These people must have fallen from the clouds, for I do not know how they could come here when we who live in the country find the trails with such difficulty. This French chief can do anything, and all we have heard about him must be true."

Nibachis gave Champlain an escort on his way north. There were, as they advanced, many pathways through the forest. These led, after eight leagues, to the clearings and the cabins of other Indians, whose chief was called Tessouat. This tribe lived near the shore of a large lake, called Lower Allumette. The going had been easy, along beaten trails, as they drew near to Tessouat's encampment. When Tessouat

¹ Just before Champlain reached Nibachis's camp on Muskrat Lake, at a point about ten miles north of the present town of Renfrew, he lost one of his "small articles", his astrolabe, an instrument of brass, six inches in diameter, for measuring latitude. This instrument was ploughed up in a field by a boy of fourteen in the very summer of the birth of the Dominion of Canada, 1867.

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY



CHAMPLAIN'S ASTROLABE, DATED 1603, LOST IN 1613 AND
RECOVERED IN 1867

By the courtesy of The Champlain Society.

NICHOLAS THE FALSE

first saw Champlain, he exclaimed: "He is a ghost; I cannot believe my eyes!"

Next the travellers crossed the lake to an island (called to-day, Morrison Island, opposite the town of Pembroke). Here were many badly-made bark wigwams among the oaks, pines, and elms. Here, too, there was a cemetery which excited Champlain's wonder, as the graves were well cared for, and the wooden tombs had on them rude carvings of shields, swords, clubs, and bows and arrows.

Tessouat gave a great feast in honour of Champlain. After the feast, Champlain explained, through his interpreter, that the object of his journey was to assure the Indians of his love for them, and to see their lakes and rivers as well as the great sea which he had been told he could reach if he continued on his journey north. He said he also wished to visit a tribe called the Nipissings in that far region. He begged them to let him have canoes and guides for this purpose. Pointing to Nicholas de Vignau, he said: "This young man has been in the country of the Nipissings and he has told me much about them."

The Indians all looked at Nicholas in amazement. The old chief, Tessouat, exclaimed- "Is it true, Nicholas, that you have said you have been among the Nipissings?"

Nicholas, after a long pause, answered: "Yes, I have been there."

At once all the Indians were angry and shouted loudly and rushed towards Nicholas, as if to tear him to pieces.

"You are a liar!" broke from Tessouat. "You know that every night that winter you slept beside me and my children and rose every morning in my tent. If you visited the Nipissings, it was in your sleep. Why have you lied thus to your chief and risked his life amid so many dangers? You ought to be killed with tortures more cruel than those we inflict on an enemy."

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

Nicholas remained silent and would say nothing. Champlain led him out of the cabin and implored him to reveal the truth. "If you have visited this sea you tell me about, the promised reward shall be yours. If you have not seen it, you must tell me so at once and give me no more worry."

Once more, this time with solemn oaths, he declared that all he had told was true. Champlain then took him back to the Indians in the cabin, and told them that Nicholas had really visited the far north and had really viewed the sea and the broken fragments of an English ship.

On hearing this story about the sea and the ships the Indians cried out more loudly than before that Nicholas was a liar. With one voice they shouted that he ought to be put to death.

Then Champlain showed the Indians the map which Nicholas had made for him, and the Indians asked the young man many questions about the map. He showed his guilt by his answers, and then he became silent and sullen.

Champlain once more then took Nicholas aside and told him to declare the whole truth, for, if he continued to lie further, no mercy would be shown to him.

Then Nicholas fell upon his knees and implored Champlain to forgive him. He admitted that he had lied when they were in Paris, because he wanted to be brought back to Canada. He ended by confessing that he had never gone farther than Tessouat's village.

Champlain, a man remarkable for an even temper, flew into a violent rage, and ordered Nicholas to leave his presence forever.

When the Indians heard from Champlain that Nicholas had confessed in full, they shouted: "This wicked liar must die! Give him to us and we promise he will tell no more lies."

When Champlain saw the Indians, men, women, and children, rushing with loud howls to get at Nicholas in order to destroy him, he called out that no harm

NICHOLAS THE FALSE

must be done to the liar, as he intended to take him back to the Rapids of the St. Lawrence, where he would decide what to do with him. As Champlain had no reason now for continuing his journey north, he turned back, taking Nicholas with him. The Indians, in 40 canoes, accompanied them to the St. Lawrence for purposes of trade. During the week of their progress southward, the Indians more than once tried to secure Nicholas, but in vain. Champlain guarded the liar from the awful fate which threatened him. As far as Champlain was concerned, Nicholas de Vignau was never punished, and here history drops forever that strange young man who by his lies has given us one of the most interesting chapters in the life of the Father of New France.

CHAPTER XIX

CHAMPLAIN GOES TO HURONIA

THE northern part of the County of Simcoe, Ontario, claims the honour of being that corner of the Province which first attracted the French explorers of three centuries ago. In Champlain's day and for long after the region was called Huronia, because in that territory dwelt 30,000 Indians of the Huron tribe in eighteen villages. This famous haunt of that warlike race stretched from the Severn River on the north to the Nottawasaga River on the south and from the western shore of Georgian Bay to the waters of Lake Simcoe. To-day this district of old Huronia includes the flourishing towns of Barrie, Orillia, Midland, and Penetanguishene.

In April, 1615, Champlain left France on his fifth voyage to Canada. With him came four Récollet priests—one of them the noted Joseph Le Caron. When Quebec was reached, it was agreed that three of these priests should remain in or near Quebec, but Le Caron was to go at once to the wilds of Huronia. The story of Le Caron's journey to his distant mission field is told in his letters to his friends, which are still preserved. The story of Champlain's own journey, begun only a few days later than Le Caron's, will prove more interesting to us. Le Caron set out on July 6th with a large party of Huron Indians who had come to Montreal to trade. Champlain preferred a smaller company, selected by himself. On July 9th, in two canoes, he followed on the track of Le Caron, accompanied only by ten Indians, Étienne Brulé, his interpreter, and one other Frenchman.

Two years before this time Champlain had gone up the Ottawa with that liar, Vignau, who had told him about a great sea situated in the northland. Therefore he knew the route as far as the Allumette Lakes,

CHAMPLAIN GOES TO HURONIA

near the modern town of Pembroke. Beyond those lakes there is a straight stretch of the river for twenty miles between hilly shores. Then there were rapids to pass by means of portages till they arrived at the mouth of the Mattawa River. There the thirteen travellers turned to the west and ascended the little stream for 45 miles. This brought them to a well travelled portage, leading directly to Lake Nipissing. The summer was at its height and the little lake was never more beautiful, with its green shores and fairy islands. At the western edge of the lake they came upon a village of the Nipissings, its bark lodges almost hidden by the forest which fringed the bay. Here Champlain and his party rested for two days, feasted by that strange band. He found that the lake, called for more than a century "The Lake of the Sorcerers," had an outlet in a river flowing south-west, called to-day French River. The canoes now went down stream instead of up.

Champlain tells us that he nearly starved at this stage of his long journey. His ten Indians—gluttons all—had eaten almost all the food which had been provided, with the result that the whole party had to subsist for days on blueberries and raspberries, just beginning to ripen beneath the sun of late July.

Near the mouth of the French River they met a band of 300 savages, whose hair was dressed in a startling fashion. Champlain nicknamed them "The High-haired Men," and he records that no French fops in all Paris could take more pains in dressing their locks. Though they cared for their long hair with such great pains, they wore no scrap of clothing on their brown bodies, which were tattooed and painted. They were armed with bows and arrows and had shields of bison-hide. These Indians, called Ottawas, were very friendly, and went on with their occupation of gathering blueberries, paying little attention to the thirteen strange travellers.

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY



CHAMPLAIN'S FIRST SIGHT OF GEORGIAN BAY

CHAMPLAIN GOES TO HURONIA

At the mouth of the French River Champlain looked out upon the fresh-water sea of Georgian Bay—then regarded as part of Lake Huron, which it really is. Down the eastern shore his canoes glided under the glare of the midsummer sun, past those bays now called Byng Inlet, Franklin Inlet, and Parry sound. When they reached the deep bay of Matchedash, they paddled south to the southern end of Penetanguishene Bay and landed at a point probably not far from the modern harbour of Penetanguishene.

An Indian trail guided Champlain inland through a delightful country of woods and meadows and tinkling streams. Many of the meadows were cultivated fields where corn and pumpkins were flourishing. He had reached the Huron village of Otoucha. It was protected by palisades of tree-trunks. The lodges were made of poles and bark, each large enough to hold several families. And Otoucha was only one of nearly thirty such villages within the bounds of Huronia.

After a feast had been held in his honour, Champlain moved on to visit other villages of the Hurons. At length he came to Carhagouha, about five miles west of the bay where he had landed. Here he found Le Caron, building a bark lodge in the forest. The two men embraced like brothers. Then the friar, clad in his rude robe of grey cloth, girt at the waist with a cord, put on his priestly vestments and stood before a simple altar, soon erected. His twelve Frenchmen and Champlain's two were summoned to draw near. The worshippers knelt and then the primeval forest carried back and forth the echoes of their hymn of praise, *Te Deum Laudamus*.

We cannot here follow the career of the brave Le Caron during the next fourteen years of his life in Canada. The story of Champlain, however, is to enlist our attention further. Especially we shall wish to follow him on his daring journey with the Hurons into the very centre of the Iroquois country south of

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

Lake Ontario, where he was wounded in battle; and thence to accompany him back to Huronia. How he spent among the Hurons those five severe winter months of 1615-16 is a thrilling tale. In all these adventures we cannot but admire the wonderful courage and endurance and noble purposes of this greatest of Canadian heroes.

CHAPTER XX

CHAMPLAIN ON THE WAR PATH

ON the railway, between Barrie and Orillia, Ontario, lies the little village of Hawkstone. In the village, or very near to it, one may view the site of the ancient Huron capital, Cahiagué. During the last days of August, 1615, might have been seen here a remarkable assemblage of Indians and Frenchmen. Two hundred lodges of dusky braves, with their squaws and children, were welcoming the arrival of Champlain, for the great French chief, to fulfil a hasty promise of a former year, was about to accompany the Hurons on a long march, and Cahiagué was the meeting place of the tribes. The town swarmed with the gathering warriors, all eager to be on the war path, as soon as the accustomed feasts and war-dances were completed.

The expedition set out on September 8th. The canoes first moved north, where they were joined, on the shores of Lake Couchiching, by a tardy tribe for whom they had waited. The fleet then glided down Lake Simcoe to a point near modern Beaverton. A long portage of thirty miles brought the party to Sturgeon Lake. Thence they advanced along the chain of lakes leading to the River Trent, passing those fertile tracts which long centuries afterwards were to become populous centres of the British race—such as the modern Lindsay and Peterboro.

Champlain was greatly pleased at all he saw on this journey to Lake Ontario. It was September, and the early morning frosts and sunny noons thrilled the great adventurer. His own words ran thus:

“The region is very delightful. The trees seem to have been set out for ornament in many places, as if these regions had been inhabited in former days. Vines and walnut trees are common. Grapes ripen

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

well, but they are rather tart. These beautiful places, when cleared up, will be very pleasant to live in."

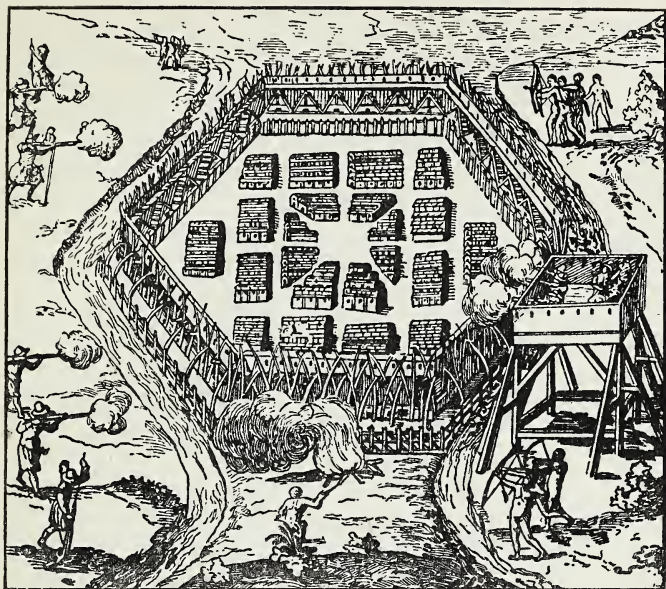
The canoes soon issued from the mouth of the River Trent into the spacious Bay of Quinte. The modern towns of Trenton, Belleville, and Picton, lie on or near the route of this hostile excursion of the Hurons against their Iroquois foes in the south.

The war-party crossed Lake Ontario and landed at a point not far from the modern Oswego. They carefully hid their canoes in the woods and started south along the shore of the lake. They then threaded the dense forest in single file, passed Lake Oneida on their left, and after four days reached the very heart of the enemy's country.

On a pond, a few miles south-east of Oneida Lake, they came upon the stronghold of the Onondagas. These Iroquois were at work in the fields. It was the 10th of October and the ripe corn and pumpkins were being gathered. The Hurons welcomed this fine opportunity, screamed their war-cry, and rushed upon the harvesters. The Iroquois, always alert, had brought their weapons to the harvest field, and they quickly drove back the invaders, killing and wounding several of them. Champlain and his Frenchmen, who had held back when the attack was made, now from the edge of the clearing fired their guns to stop the pursuit of the enemy. The Iroquois withdrew to their fort, carrying off their wounded.

This stronghold of the Ononadgas was really a fortified town. Champlain's drawing of the fort shows us how well it was constructed. Rows of palisades, thirty feet high, formed of tree-trunks, had been planted aslant in the ground, forming four large concentric circles. These trunks met together near the top to support a kind of gallery, containing gutters of wood for holding water in case of fire. Water for drinking was led by sluices into the fort from the pond that washed one side of the palisades. The gallery, already

CHAMPLAIN ON THE WAR PATH



CHAMPLAIN'S TOWER ATTACKING THE IROQUOIS VILLAGE

mentioned, was well stocked with stones of all sizes for hurling at an enemy.

On the night after the first attack Champlain scolded the Hurons rather severely for their rashness and lack of discipline. He then gave them some lessons in the art of fighting.

Next morning Champlain's twelve Frenchmen showed the Hurons how to make a large tower, high enough to overlook the fort, and big enough to hold several musketeers. Large movable defences, like gigantic shields, were also made, such as the Romans often used in besieging cities. The Hurons all worked hard at these structures, and in four hours they were ready for a new assault upon the foe.

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

It took 200 warriors to push forward the great tower and to station it at the very edge of the palisades. Three Frenchmen with arquebuses then mounted the tower and began their deadly fire. The great gallery of the fort was filled with naked Iroquois, and the bullets worked havoc among them. If the Hurons had obeyed Champlain's instructions, all might have gone well with them; but they could not be kept back behind their wooden shields. They soon swarmed out into the open, shouting and leaping, and shrieking their war-cries, firing their arrows as they advanced. The Iroquois from above replied with stones and arrows. A few Hurons then rushed forward with firebrands to set the palisades in a blaze. Others aided them with dry sticks to spread the flames. But lo! down from the gutters above came torrents of water, collected there for just such an emergency; and soon all the fires were out.

The attack of the Hurons lasted for about three hours; but it did not succeed in driving the defenders from their posts. With nearly a score of wounded the assailants fell back and fortified themselves. Champlain had been in the thick of the fight and had received two wounds in the leg. He tried to persuade the Hurons to renew the attack, but they were disheartened and said they would wait for 500 more men, their allies, who lived three days' distance to the southwest. After waiting in vain five days for these reinforcements, the Hurons thought it best to retreat.

On the march towards Lake Ontario they placed their wounded for safety in the centre of little groups, Champlain among them. As the Hurons withdrew, the Iroquois showered arrows upon them for a time but did not pursue them.

Champlain tells us that he was doubled up and strapped on the back of a strong warrior in such a way that he could not stir. The pain of his wound in the knee was for several days extreme. Indeed, he says that never in his life had he suffered so much torture

CHAMPLAIN ON THE WAR PATH

of body and mind. After a few days he could stand his pinioning no longer, and he insisted on walking, however much his wound might hurt him. The retreat was by forced marches for 70 or 80 miles.

Champlain's misery was partly due, no doubt, to the fact that this was the first defeat of his 48 years of life. Moreover, he had greatly fallen in the opinion of the Indians, who had looked upon him as a sort of deity. Hereafter he was to be little more among them than a common mortal.

On October 18th the dusky band reached the place where they had hidden their canoes, on the south-eastern shore of Lake Ontario. After they had recrossed the lake, Champlain reminded the Hurons of their promise to give him an escort back to Quebec. None of the tribe would loan his canoe for this service, since all were eager to get back to Huronia. There was, therefore, nothing for Champlain to do but to go back with them. He was ill prepared for spending a winter with the Indians in their distant lodges, but he was forced to accept the situation with all its disappointments and discomforts. The journey from a point near Kingston on Lake Ontario to Georgian Bay, pursued on snow-shoes during the last month, occupied nearly ten weeks and Christmas was only two days off when Cahiagué was finally reached.

CHAPTER XXI

THE ADVENTURES OF ÉTIENNE BRULÉ

IN reading of the remarkable deeds of Champlain we often come upon the name of Étienne Brulé. He was one of that small band of thirty Frenchmen who came up to Quebec with the Father of New France in 1608. He was one of the four young men whom Champlain sent out to live among the Indians in order to learn their language and to observe their customs, Brulé spending nearly a year among the Hurons. He was one of the two Frenchmen who went to the land of the Hurons with Champlain in 1615. He was the man selected by Champlain to go with twelve Indians on an important mission to the country south of Lake Ontario in the autumn of the same year. The story of this last adventure is romantic and exciting.

Champlain left the Georgian Bay country in September to go with the Huron tribe against the Iroquois, who dwelt in what is now the State of New York, south of Lake Ontario. A tribe of Indians, living south of Lake Erie, probably the Andastes, had promised to send five hundred warriors to aid the Hurons against their common enemy. Étienne Brulé and his dozen canoeists were sent to tell the Andastes to hurry upon their march so as to be in time for the coming battle. The meeting-place was named as Lake Oneida.

Brulé and his Indian escort started out one frosty September morning towards Lake Simcoe. Speeding across that little lake, they went up the Holland River, portaged across the country about ten miles, and then went down the Humber to its mouth. Brulé was the first white man who ever saw the great lake into which the Humber flows. We can imagine but faintly the thrill that seized him as he stood on that high point in modern Toronto at the mouth of the Humber

THE ADVENTURES OF ETIENNE BRULÉ

and gazed south upon the shining level of the inland sea he had discovered.

Crossing Lake Ontario in their two canoes, they advanced rapidly through the forest, avoiding the regular trails, for at any moment they might come upon a party of their enemies. Indeed, they had not gone far into the interior when they reached a small clearing, where they saw encamped a half-dozen Iroquois. Brulé and his men at once fell upon their foe, killed four of them, and took two of them prisoners. Reaching Carantouan, the palisaded village of the Andastes, they handed the two prisoners over to be tortured, according to the savage custom of the times,

This Indian village had about 4000 inhabitants, including 800 warriors. It was situated on or near the upper waters of the Susquehanna River. The arrival of Brulé and his twelve companions led to a wild orgy of dances and feasts. Then the promised aid to the Hurons was discussed, but there was no need of hurry, it was thought. At last the 500 warriors started out with Brulé on their three days' march to Lake Oneida. They had delayed too long! On their arrival at the rendezvous they found that Champlain and the Hurons had come, had fought, and had retreated. Brulé's mission had completely failed.

The Andastes, without challenging the Iroquois, returned to their western village. Brulé after his failure was not inclined to face Champlain for a time, so he set out on an exploring tour of his own. He canoed down the Susquehanna to its mouth in Chesapeake Bay, near the modern city of Baltimore. He had many hairbreadth escapes, for the tribes along the banks of the river were at war with one another and always keen for a fight.

In the spring of 1616 he returned to the town of the Andastes. With five or six Indians of that tribe he started to return to Canada. On the way towards Lake Erie they met a strong Iroquois band, which rushed upon them and scattered them. Brulé managed to

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

escape alone, and was soon lost in the dense forest. For four days he wandered, seeking a river or a trail. Quite helpless and hungry, he at length came to a footpath. "Shall I die of hunger, or trust to the mercy of the Iroquois?" he asked himself. Along the well-beaten path he crept and presently saw three Indians ahead of him carrying basketfuls of newly caught fish. He called out in the Huron tongue, with which he was familiar, and the fishermen halted till he came up to them. The language of the Hurons is very like that of the Iroquois, as they were sprung from the same original stock; therefore Brulé at once told the story of his desperate plight. He had flung down his gun to show them he was not an enemy. The Indians lighted their pipes and smoked with him. Then they led him to their lodges and gave him food.

A crowd of dusky men, women and children, flocked about him, touching his face, his arms, his hair. They had never before seen a white man and their wonder was great. "Whence come you?" they called. "Are you not one of those Frenchmen, those men of iron who fight us?"

Brulé replied that he was not, but that he belonged to a race that loved the Iroquois, meaning the English. His captors knew better, and they first laughed, and then they became very angry. They tied him to a tree and began to torture him. They tore out his beard. They branded him with hot stakes. They prodded him with knives. Their chief tried hard to stop this cruelty, but the young braves continued their vile sport.

Brulé endured the agony without flinching, for he knew the Iroquois admired courage. When he could bear his sufferings no longer, as a good Catholic he prepared to die. He wore upon his neck a silver *Agnus Dei*, the figure of a lamb bearing a cross, given to him in his boyhood by his mother. His hand in this hour of doom sought the image, and he began to pray. One of his torturers asked him what the bright little

THE ADVENTURES OF ETIENNE BRULÉ

ornament was, and thrust out his brown arm to seize it. Brulé saw his opportunity and used it.

"Touch it not, or you and all your race will die!" he exclaimed. The Indian touched it, but he dropped it at once, for a very strange thing happened.

The day was very hot, as it was July, and black thunder clouds had gathered. Brulé pointed to the inky sky as he made his threat, and told his foes that God was very angry. Then at once the storm broke in fury—the lightning flashed, the thunder roared, the whirlwind swept the forest floors.

The Iroquois, in superstitious terror, cried out and fled! Brulé was saved, but he was still tied to the tree, smarting with his burns and bleeding from a dozen wounds. The kindly chief soon returned, cut the cords which bound the wretched man, took him to his lodge, and dressed his wounds.

Henceforth Brulé was honoured by his captors. Dancing and feasting took the place of persecution. When he at last wanted to go to Canada, the tribe that had so lately sought his life sent him away under a strong escort, which accompanied him for four days through the wilderness. In August he reached the land of the Hurons in safety, but maimed and marred for life.

Brulé spent the winter of 1616-1617 with the Hurons in their lodges near Georgian Bay. During the summer of 1617 he wandered over the peninsula of western Ontario, through regions where now flourish such cities as Hamilton, Brantford, Woodstock and London. Then he went north and discovered the strait of Sault Ste. Marie and explored the shores of Lake Superior.

In the summer of 1618, after an interval of three years, he again met Champlain, having accompanied a band of Hurons to the Falls of St. Louis on a trading expedition. Champlain was much distressed to see how horribly the Iroquois had treated his trusty interpreter.

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

Brulé's subsequent life was as strange as were these three adventurous years. In 1629 he treacherously piloted the English expedition to Quebec and saw the citadel seized from Champlain, who for twenty years had been his best friend. Champlain met Brulé one day and chided him for his treachery. Brulé declared that he had been forced by the Kirkes, the admirals of the English ships, to aid them, and he begged Champlain for forgiveness. His generous chief, on hearing his excuses and his pleadings, forgave him, but he pointed out to him the dreadful nature of his crime and warned him to live for the future an honourable man.

When Champlain came back to Quebec in 1633, he learned that Brulé had met a sad fate among the Hurons the year before. In a private quarrel with an Indian, near the very spot where he and Champlain had landed on the shore of Georgian Bay in 1615, he lost his life. Several years afterwards the Huron country was visited by a terrible plague, which carried off many hundreds. The Hurons believed that this epidemic had been caused by a sister of Étienne Brulé, whose spirit, they declared, had been seen flying over the Huron lodges, breathing out pestilence and death.

CHAPTER XXII

LOST IN THE WOODS

IN the month of November, 1615, Champlain and several hundred Huron Indians were travelling through the woods not far north of the site of the present city of Kingston, Ontario. They were on their way back to Georgian Bay after an adventure among the Iroquois, who dwelt south of Lake Ontario. They had spent many days in the forest, hunting deer, and they were just preparing to resume their march northwest.

Champlain himself was a keen hunter, and his twelve years in Canada had made him acquainted with most of the beasts and birds which frequented the woods. One day, however, he caught sight of a strange bird which he had never seen before. We do not know whether it was a duck, or a partridge, or a wild turkey, or any other game bird. We do know that it was not a song bird, for no true hunter would shoot a robin, or a grosbeak, or a goldfinch, and, besides, nearly all the song birds had gone south many weeks before. At any rate, the great White Chief, as the Indians called Champlain, pursued the bird for a long distance to get a good look at him and possibly to shoot him. He soon lost sight of his game and then began to retrace his steps towards his dusky companions. It was not long till he began to wonder whether he had lost his way.

As evening drew on and there was no sign of the Indians anywhere, he felt none too comfortable in body or in mind. His wound in the knee, caused by an Iroquois arrow, still troubled him, and the chill of advancing night increased the pain. Then, too, the forest was filled with wild creatures, some of them dangerous beasts of prey. Indeed, the night before a pack of wolves had been heard not far from the Indian camp.

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

Unfortunately he had left his pocket compass behind; and, to make matters worse, the day had been cloudy and he had not been able to find his bearings by the sun. The farther he went the denser the forest became.

Late at night he lay down at the foot of a big tree, cold and hungry and anxious. He was soon asleep, and luckily nothing disturbed him during the long hours of darkness.

He waked in the chilly morning, benumbed and troubled, and he began his wanderings again. In the afternoon he came to a beautiful pond, shining in the sunlight. He shot three water-fowl and thus found food to appease his hunger. With his flint he kindled a fire and then cooked portions of the fowl. After his lonely meal he sank to sleep, thoroughly exhausted. No warm blanket covered his chilled body, and before morning a cold rain made him utterly miserable. He prayed to God for help and guidance, for he doubtless recalled the divine promise given to Moses: "Certainly, I will be with thee."

Another day he explored path after path without success. Again he prayed to be directed. He called aloud again and again. He shot off his fowling-piece. No answer came from the forest avenues. A third night, not so cold and wet, was passed, and his plight began to alarm the stout-hearted explorer.

At dawn he started out once more. And then "Hark!" he said to himself. "What is that sound?" He listened, and heard far off the murmur of falling water. He made haste to draw near to the little brook. It seemed like a thing of life and to say to him: "Follow me and I will lead you forth." He followed the stream in its meanderings—through dense thickets—under fallen tree-trunks—over rocks and brambles—till at last he came to a lake. His hopes began to rise a little when he saw the friendly sheet of water. He went around to the opposite side of the lake, and there he found a much larger stream flowing out into a denser wilderness. It, too, invited him to follow on.

LOST IN THE WOODS

Soon a hoarse, dull sound broke the silence of the woods. It was no tinkling stream: it was certainly a water-fall.

He soon stood in a large meadow, and saw wild animals of several kinds moving about in the open spaces. The stream here entered a large and turbulent river with numerous rapids. He examined the shores with care to see whether Indians had ever travelled that way and carried their canoes past the rapids by portaging. A path was soon found, bearing the marks of mocassins. A glance at some neighbouring hills told him that he had gone through that very region four days before. He kindled a fire and cooked some fowls he had killed. He was now sure that on the morrow he could find his companions, if they had not travelled too fast.

That fourth night in the wilderness was soon over, for deep and dreamless sleep took possession of his tired limbs and care-free mind. At earliest dawn he pushed on along the river bank; and before nine o'clock he caught sight of the smoke from the Huron fires curling in the morning breeze.

The Indians welcomed Champlain, as one risen from the dead; and his own joy, you may be sure, was complete. They told him that all those four days they had never ceased to search and to call for him. One of the chiefs, whose name was Durantal, rejoiced more than any of the others, and he embraced Champlain and told him that never again would the tribe allow him to wander in the forest alone.

They all went out together into the woods to kill deer. What with arrows and spears and the guns of Champlain and his Frenchmen, the hunt was very successful. Next day they held a great feast to celebrate Champlain's escape from the perils of that wilderness which to-day is fertile farmland in the region between Kingston and Sharbot Lake.

CHAPTER XXIII

CHAMPLAIN'S WINTER IN HURONIA

ON their return to Canada, in November, 1615, after their adventures among the Iroquois, the Huron braves turned their faces towards Huronia, 175 miles away. They had promised Champlain, who had accompanied them on their expedition, that when they reached Canada they would furnish him with canoes and a guide in order that he might return to Quebec before the cold weather set in. This promise they broke, in true Huron fashion, and no argument or persuasion could move them. So Champlain had to return again to Huronia along with his dusky associates.

Before going back home the Hurons decided to indulge in a deer-hunt, as the wilderness north of Lake Ontario was at that time a rich hunting-ground for the Indians. More than a month they ranged the forests with their bows and spears and killed in that time no fewer than 120 deer. Not till December 4th, when a severe frost came and turned the rivers and lakes to floors of ice, did the Hurons break up camp and start for Lake Simcoe.

It was a hard march for Champlain, as he could scarcely endure the load which was given him to carry. He did not complain, for every Indian of the party carried three times the weight of his load. The heavy frost was soon followed by a thaw and they had to wade through melted snow up to their knees. Then for many days a north-west wind blew directly in their faces. The journey to the Huron capital, Cahiaagué, took nineteen days, and it was the 23rd of December when they sank to rest before the smoky wigwam fires.

As soon as possible Champlain went west to Carhagouha to greet his old friend Father Le Caron, whom he had left there in August. Several January weeks

CHAMPLAIN'S WINTER IN HURONIA

he spent with the holy friar in his comfortable hermitage, joining him in all his devotions, and picking up bits of the Indian language, which Le Caron was trying hard to learn.

Champlain then persuaded Le Caron to go with him on a journey of about twenty-five miles, to the southern extremity of Nottawasaga Bay, where dwelt the Petun or Tobacco Indians. Within three days they reached the encampment, where they were not very well received. The medicine-men of this savage tribe dreaded the influence of the grey-robed Le Caron; and when he began to teach them his gospel of good tidings, they openly ridiculed him. Champlain and Le Caron visited seven of their villages, scattered over the region between the modern towns of Stayner and Collingwood.

The travellers next passed westward and spent a fortnight among the "High-haired Indians," who dwelt in the district south and west of the present-day towns of Thornbury and Meaford. Champlain had met a band of these Indians in the former July on the shore of Lake Nipissing and had given them the nickname of "High-haired" from the odd fashion they had of dressing their locks. They were wearing clothes now in zero weather, and so they pleased Champlain much more than did their naked brethren of July. This tribe was very friendly and feasted the two travellers nearly every day. Champlain invited them to come down with the Hurons in the summer to trade with the French at Montreal.

It was time now to return to Carhagouha. In that secluded nook of the forest Champlain and Le Caron stayed till late in April, when they started on their long northern journey, by way of Lake Nipissing.

When they reached the country where dwelt the friendly Nipissing tribe, Champlain persuaded them to guide him to the mysterious northern sea of which he had heard so much—probably Lake Superior. Just when arrangements had been completed with the

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

Nipissings for this new adventure, messengers arrived in haste from Huronia, demanding the "White Chief's" immediate return to the south.

A fierce quarrel had broken out between a band of Hurons and a band of Algonquins on account of the murder of an Iroquois prisoner by one of the former and the slaying of the murderer by one of the latter. Champlain was urgently needed to act as umpire in the affair. As the brawl threatened to grow into a tribal war, he gave up, though with great disappointment, his plans for going west to the great sea, and he made his way back to Cahiagué as rapidly as he could go, leaving Le Caron to go on towards Quebec without him. About the middle of May he found himself acting as judge in a great council of the angry bands in Hurnoia.

Witnesses were summoned and examined. The old men of both tribes were consulted. At last, after two days' investigation, Champlain made them all promise to accept his verdict as final and binding. Thus he spoke to them in part:

"You Algonquins, and you Hurons, have up to the present always been good friends. You have lived like brothers side by side. But now you are not acting like reasonable men. . . . On account of the death of one of your number you are going to hazard the lives of 10,000 and to run the risk, after you have weakened each other, of being overcome by your real enemies, the Iroquois, who will welcome the opportunity of crushing you. . . . I beg of you to forget all and never think of this wretched business again. Live good friends as before. If you are not pleased with my advice, send a deputation along with me to Montreal, and there in the presence of all the captains of ships you will, I know, renew your friendship."

The tribes indicated by loud shouts that they accepted Champlain's advice; and he started home much relieved. His journey to Quebec, by way of Lake

CHAMPLAIN'S WINTER IN HURONIA

Simcoe and the Trent Valley, occupied forty days, from May 20th to the end of June.

In Quebec on his arrival Champlain was welcomed by all classes, as one restored from the grave. It was nearly a year since he had left, and no word of any kind had come from him. All October and November they had daily looked up the river for a sight of his canoes. Then the Indians who lived near began to spread reports of his death, and these reports were soon accepted as true. When Champlain appeared at the end of June, the friars held a solemn mass in gratitude to Heaven for his safety. Durant, the Huron chief who had accompanied Champlain to Quebec, was entertained everywhere and heartily thanked for the hospitality he had shown to his guest during the long winter in Huronia.

With him to Quebec Champlain brought back the diary which he had kept during the year and which he published in France four years later. In that volume, *Voyages and Discoveries*, we may still read all the interesting things he has to say about the life of the Hurons—their tribes and villages, their food and clothing, their occupations and amusements, their marriage and burial customs, their forms of government and their superstitions. If he had not spent that winter in Huronia, we should have been deprived of all this precious Indian lore.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE THREE LITTLE INDIAN GIRLS

IN the cold winter of 1628 about thirty Indians, hungry and wretched, came to Champlain's house in Quebec, begging for bread. After he had fed these hungry folk, and had talked to them about their way of living, he patted on the head three pretty little Indian girls, who were enjoying their meal, and he talked kindly to them, for he knew many Indian words.

The Indians begged him to keep the little girls for his very own, so that the lasses would never starve for want of bread. Champlain decided to take the girls and adopt them and treat them as if they were his own daughters. They seemed glad to have a new, white father. They dropped their Indian names, and he called them Faith, Hope, and Charity.

In July of the following year the English seized Quebec, and made Champlain go away with them to England. In making a treaty with the English, Champlain asked that he might be allowed to take with him Hope and Charity. No mention was made of little Faith, for perhaps she had returned to her parents.

The English said that they did not want to take with them the two little savages, as they called them, and that Champlain would have to go without them. Louis Kirke, the good captain of the English, noticing how sad Champlain was at having to leave the little children behind, gave him permission to take them as far as Tadoussac, 120 miles down the river, where most of the English fleet lay at anchor. Champlain expressed his delight at this kindness, and said that, if necessary, he would pay the English a large sum of money, if they would let him take Hope and Charity across the sea with him. He wanted, he told the English, to educate the girls and to try to make good Christians of them.

THREE LITTLE INDIAN GIRLS

David Kirke, the admiral of the English fleet, gave a wonderful dinner at Tadoussac in honour of his victory over the French. Of course, Champlain was invited as a guest to this feast. The dinner was given in a great tent under the beautiful trees on the shore.

When everyone was happy and even Champlain was smiling with the rest, a messenger brought in a letter and handed it to Admiral Kirke. It contained bad news for Champlain and the little girls. It was written by a French interpreter who had been left behind by Champlain in Quebec; and it read to this effect:

"The Indian Chiefs, gathered in council at Three Rivers, have sent word here that they cannot allow Hope and Charity to leave Canada. They wish the English to send back to them the two girls at once."

Champlain ceased to smile when he heard the bad news, and he did not smile again for many days. The little girls, who loved Champlain as a father, begged the Admiral to let them go on to the country over the sea. But as the English wished to live on good terms with the Indians, they sent Hope and Charity back to Quebec. It was a very sad parting when they, from the shore, saw Champlain's ship move slowly down the great river. Up the river they were taken, first to Quebec, and then to Three Rivers.

Nothing more was ever heard of Hope and Charity. When Champlain returned to Quebec four years later, he tried to find out what had become of his adopted children; but they by this time had grown to be young women, and were living somewhere in the forests of Canada with their own people.

CHAPTER XXV

HOW THE THREE ENGLISH BROTHERS DROVE CHAMPLAIN OUT OF CANADA

THREE brothers, David, Louis, and Thomas Kirke, sons of an English father and a French mother, set out from England, in 1628, with the consent of the English king, to take Canada from the French. They had five armed vessels and several hundred sailors. David, as admiral of the fleet, sailed in one ship. Two other ships had as captains Louis and Thomas. It was a bold venture, but they knew that boldness often succeeds.

The little fleet of the three Kirkes in due time reached Newfoundland, entered the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and finally anchored at Tadoussac. There they waited for a French fleet which they heard was coming up the river from Gaspé. This fleet from France was composed of 18 transport vessels, bearing supplies and colonists to Quebec. As the French drew near, the Kirkes opened fire upon them. Although the French transports were not properly armed for a regular fight, they fought bravely for fourteen hours. When at length the Kirkes saw that the French powder was exhausted, they took quiet possession of the great prize they had won.

David Kirke then sent messengers to Quebec to demand from Champlain the surrender of the fortress. Although at the time Champlain had only fifty pounds of powder left in the magazine, and his fort, he knew, would not be able to stand an attack, and although his colony was ill supplied with food, he put on a bold front and sent a courteous refusal to Admiral Kirke. He told the Englishman that he would sternly oppose all attempts to take the place. The English ships were soon on the way to England. The Kirkes were satisfied that they had made a good beginning, for

CHAMPLAIN DRIVEN FROM CANADA

they knew that Quebec would be quite helpless by the following spring, since the colony must face a long and cruel winter, without the usual supplies from France.

That winter of 1628-1629 was for Champlain and his people a period of intense suffering. By spring the distress had reached an alarming pitch. The daily food of each was seven ounces of pounded peas, and by the end of May even this had to cease. Men, women, and children went into the woods to hunt for acorns and to dig for roots, such as those of the plant called Solomon's Seal.

About the middle of July, when no ship had come with help from France, the heart of the great Governor was sick unto despair, for his beloved followers faced utter starvation. At that very time of horror, an Indian came to him to report that three ships were to be seen rounding the Island of Orleans. All Champlain's men were away fishing or hunting for roots. He looked out over the river and caught sight of the English ships. He well knew that the long dreaded day of his doom had come. As his ragged and hungry soldiers came in during the morning one by one, he ordered them, only sixteen in all, to their allotted posts.

The English shallop drew near to the shore, carrying at her mast a white flag. Champlain ordered a similar flag to be flown over the fort. A letter was soon in Champlain's hands, signed by Louis and Thomas Kirke, calling upon him to surrender at once. This letter was written in very polite language and promised the French reasonable terms.

Champlain, knowing that resistance would be useless, decided to surrender, and he drew up articles of capitulation. One of these articles demanded a ship to carry himself, his people, and all their effects to France. The two Kirkes replied that a ship could not be spared for that purpose, but they undertook to convey all the French to England and to give them full freedom there. Champlain finally yielded and began

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY



CHAMPLAIN A CAPTIVE OF THE KIRKE BROTHERS

to prepare for moving the colony. Thus Quebec was taken by the brothers without firing a single shot.

After Louis and Thomas Kirke had taken over the settlement, they promised every kindness and protection to those of the French who might desire to remain in Canada. Champlain advised all those who had comfortable houses and well cultivated gardens

CHAMPLAIN DRIVEN FROM CANADA

to stay behind. He himself, all the priests and about thirty others went on board the English vessel bound for Tadoussac, where Admiral David Kirke was in command of the small English fleet.

At Tadoussac Champlain was well treated by the English. Indeed, the gallant English Admiral more than once persuaded his distinguished prisoner to go out shooting with him.

The English squadron was soon on its way home. After the ships reached Plymouth, Champlain was given his freedom. He went straight to London to see the French Ambassador. Within a few weeks he arrived at his home in Paris. There he was glad to learn that the war between England and France was over, and that a treaty would soon be signed. Accordingly, he had hopes that in a short time he would see again the high cliffs of Quebec and the dear country of his adoption.

It was three years before the expected treaty was signed. Queen Henrietta of England was to have brought to King Charles I. at the time of their marriage a dowry of 800,000 crowns. Only half of that sum had been paid, and King Charles demanded a settlement of the other half before he would sign a treaty with France. So Champlain had to wait patiently in Paris while the slow bargaining went on. At last, in March, 1632, Quebec and the whole of Canada were returned to the French for a sum equivalent to about a quarter of a million dollars.

That year the French Government did not permit Champlain to go back to Canada. Instead, they sent Émery de Caen to take Quebec over from the hands of Thomas Kirke. In the spring of 1633, however, Champlain's desire to resume command at Quebec was gratified. There was great rejoicing, you may be sure, on that bright day in June, when the great Governor of Canada came back to his own people after an absence of four long years.

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

You may find, if you care to do so, in the books written about the career of Champlain, the names of the thirty French people who remained in Quebec under the Kirkes and who welcomed Champlain back in the summer of 1633. The list contains the names of 14 men, 7 women, and nine children. Of two of the men, Nicholas Marsolet, and Étienne Brulé, you may have read strange stories. They had betrayed Champlain to the Kirkes, even acting as pilots and interpreters for the Englishmen. On the return of Champlain the two traitors came humbly to him for pardon. In the remarkable kindness of his heart he forgave them and took them both back into his service.

CHAPTER XXVI

MARIE HÉBERT

IN the city of Quebec, at the corner of the City Hall garden, stands a beautiful monument, seventeen feet high. It bears on its high pedestal the figure of the first colonist of New France,—Louis Hébert, holding in his right hand a sheaf of wheat. At the base of the pedestal you see the brave wife of Louis Hébert,—Marie Rollet. She is surrounded by a group of children, whom she is teaching. Standing at the base of the monument is William Couillard, Hébert's son-in-law. With pride and affection the citizens of Quebec, as they cross this public square to-day, point out to their children the noble features of these pioneers, who lived and moved on this very spot three hundred years ago.

Louis Hébert was a Paris chemist whom Champlain persuaded, in 1617, to come to Quebec, along with his wife and three children. Champlain knew that Louis was a good chemist but he also knew that he was fond of gardening. Within three years the Héberts had a cultivated farm of seven acres on the high ground above the river, and they had built the first stone house to be erected in Canada. Their cattle, their fields of Indian corn and peas, and their new house, excited the wonder and admiration of the other settlers. Champlain took the greatest pleasure in watching the creation of this first real Canadian homestead.

Madame Hébert's home was a sort of haven for all who cared to enjoy its comforts. Champlain and his young wife were entertained under that hospitable roof. The friars from the near-by monastery on the St. Charles frequently called to spend a half-hour in this clean, cheerful French home. Even the Indians were generously treated when they appealed, as they often did, to the charity of Marie Hébert.

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

For ten years life, on the whole, ran smoothly for Louis, Marie, and their children. Then came several years of trouble. In 1627 Louis Hébert had a fall, which caused his death. The two following winters were very severe, and moreover the Quebec colony for two years was almost entirely cut off from its usual supplies from France. Shipwrecks and fights with the English prevented the French ships from reaching Quebec. Worse than all, in July, 1629, Quebec was seized by the English and Champlain was carried away as a prisoner to England. On the same vessel that carried off Champlain there departed all the priests of the colony and most of the French,—men, women, and children.

Louis and Thomas Kirke, the English captains who had taken the fortress, invited the French people to remain if they so desired. Champlain advised those who had lands and houses and families to accept the invitation of the victorious Kirkes and to make the best of the cruel situation. As Marie Hébert had, only two months before, married again, and as her first grandson was only a few months old, she felt that she must stay. Besides all this, her home, her rich acres, her flocks and herds, could not be easily given up on so sudden a call. So she soon told the Kirkes that she really had no choice in the matter of going or staying,—that God in His wisdom had allowed this blow to fall upon her, and she knew well that He would guard her in the coming years.

It was a cruel decision that she had to make. Her twelve years in Canada had rooted her to the soil so strongly that she could not be torn away, although the loss of Champlain and of many of her best friends nearly broke her heart. She feared, too, that her religious life would be under a cloud, as all the priests were leaving Canada and the English conquerors were of another faith.

Marie Hébert, now Marie Hubou, soon gained the respect and affection of the English. She was the

MARIE HEBERT

one woman of the colony whose home welcomed all comers. She spent the three years under the rule of the English as she had spent the earlier years under French rule,—in hard work, in doing all manner of services for others, and in a life of piety, although cut off from the benefits of her church.

When the French returned in 1632, they found the colony in a very bad condition. The wooden houses were falling down; the fort was almost in ruins; and the former spirit of industry was well nigh dead. There was, indeed, one striking exception. Madame Hébert's home and farm had not suffered in the least. As one of the Jesuit Fathers who came to Canada in that year says: "God has given Madame Hébert beautiful children, fine herds of cattle, and rich fields of grain. Hers was the first French family settled in Canada. When they saw the white flags on the masts of our ships, their joy was wonderful to behold. When they found us in their house, and we worshipped together under her roof, tears of gratitude fell from her eyes. We all then sang, *Te Deum Laudamus*."

Marie Hébert in the following year, 1633, welcomed Champlain back. The Father of New France, as he was now called, went from point to point to see what changes had occurred during his four years of absence. Fire and neglect had left their marks in many quarters, but the Hébert homestead was even more prosperous than it had been when last he had seen it.

Marie Hébert lived sixteen years longer,—for fourteen years after the death of Champlain. She left many descendants. Her only daughter, Guillemet, married a carpenter and farmer named Couillard, and became the mother of ten children,—four sons and six daughters. Her son, William Hébert, married Hélène Desportes, and they had three children,—two sons and a daughter. From these thirteen grandchildren of Marie Hébert, were sprung many of the best families of New France. To-day hundreds of prominent

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

French-Canadians can proudly trace their line right back for three hundred years to that remarkable mother of a sturdy race,—Marie Hébert.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE PASSING OF CHAMPLAIN

ON a morning early in October, 1635, near the strong Fort of St. Louis, Quebec, making his way with some difficulty along the steep road leading up from what is to-day called the Lower Town, might have been seen a grey-haired man of distinguished appearance. He was not extremely old, only sixty-five, but his life of hardship, on the seas and amid wildernesses, in battles with Indians and in long canoe voyages of exploration, in strife with selfish men and in trials manifold, had weakened his once strong frame and nerves of steel. On reaching the Fort he hurried to his private room, for he was feeling very tired. He there threw himself down on a couch, and—he knew nothing more for a quarter of an hour. A stroke of paralysis had seized him.

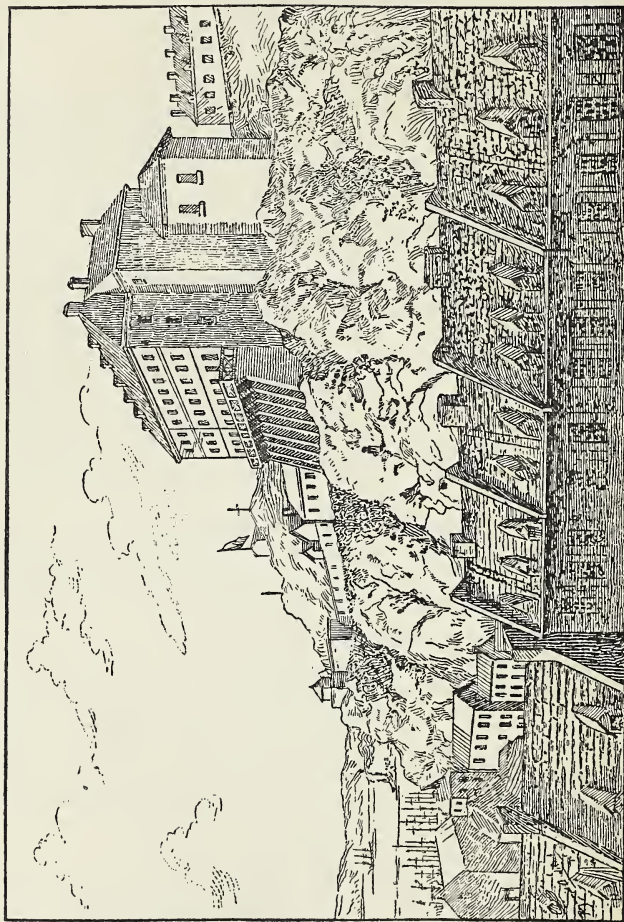
At first the doctor of the colony had hopes of an early recovery. The indomitable spirit of the man was yet shown in his flashing eyes and in his firm vibrant voice. He declared that he had still much work to do for Quebec and for Canada.

His bed was drawn near to the large window of his spacious room so that the sunlight might pour in and so that he could see before him always the broad St. Lawrence and the beautiful Island of Orleans. The maples on the Levis shore day after day became more brilliant with their autumn robes of scarlet and the vines of the wild-grapes grew yellow and crimson over many a league of wild landscape.

November came and the tide of life grew feebler in that precious body. All Quebec became more and more anxious. His friend and Father Confessor, Charles Lalemant, the first parish priest of Quebec,¹

¹ Not to be confounded with Gabriel Lalemant, who was killed in Huronia by the Iroquois in 1649.

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY



CHATEAU ST. LOUIS, QUEBEC

THE PASSING OF CHAMPLAIN

was with him for some hours each day. Father Paul Le Jeune, too, came over frequently from the Jesuit dwelling on the St. Charles to inquire after the great Governor, who loved the Society of Jesus and all their plans. Every day Madame Hébert sent a messenger to bring news from the chateau, for her eighteen years in Quebec had been closely linked with the fortunes of its founder.

When it became clear to Champlain that his life was hanging by a slender thread, he made his last will and testament. The document was locked away in a drawer of his oak cabinet which he had brought from France. Above the cabinet on the wall hung a miniature portrait, on which the sick man often gazed. The picture was that of his wife, Hélène, whom he had married just twenty-five years before, when a girl of twelve years. She had lived four trying years in Canada, but she had not seen Quebec for the last eleven years. We shall be curious to know what the will in the cabinet drawer assigns to Hélène, for in the deed of settlement, dated December 27th, 1610, Champlain had agreed to give to his future wife the benefit of his wealth at his death.

“The time draws near the birth of Christ;
The moon is hid, the night is still;
A single church below the hill
Is pealing, folded in the mist.”

Father Lalemant and Father Le Jeune sit at Champlain's bedside. The sick man knows that the end is very near. His last thoughts are of his colony and of the Indians whom he loves so well. He gives a few brief directions as his life ebbs; utters a few pious wishes; and then turns toward the wall for rest.

On the evening of Christmas Day he lies cold and breathless, in a room of the turreted chateau. Men and women have gathered in the courtyard outside, braving the crisp December air. They ask one another: “What hope?” “None!” is the reply of a man who

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

hastens from the sick room above. "He has already gone." A silence and a sadness overwhelming seizes the shivering folk when they realize that their best friend and the best friend of Canada breathes no more.

"The church below the hill", where the funeral ceremony was held and where his bones were buried, was only two years old. While Champlain had waited in Paris for three long years (1629-1632) in the hope that France would regain Quebec and Canada from the English, he had made a solemn vow that he would erect in Quebec on his return a chapel to the Virgin Mary. When he was permitted to come back in the summer of 1633, he at once proceeded to fulfil his vow. He called the little church Notre Dame de la Recouvrance, in gratitude for the recovery of his beloved colony. Not only was his funeral held in this church, but his bones were also buried in a little shrine of the building.

It was Father Le Jeune who delivered the funeral oration. He has himself given us, not the words of his sermon, but an appreciation of the character of Champlain. In his remarkable tribute he says: "Truly he led a life of great justice, equity, and perfect loyalty to his king and towards the Gentlemen of the Company. At his death he crowned his virtues with sentiments of piety so lofty as to astonish us all. What tears he shed! How ardent became his zeal for the service of God! How great was his love for the families here! He was not taken unawares in the account which he had to render unto God, for he had long ago prepared a general confession of his whole life, which he gave to Father Lalemant, whom he honoured with his friendship. He had a very honourable burial, the funeral procession being formed of the people, the soldiers, the captains, and the churchmen. Father Lalemant officiated at the burial, and I was charged with the funeral oration, for which I did not lack material. He died out of France, but his name will not therefore be less glorious to posterity.'

THE PASSING OF CHAMPLAIN

The little church where he was buried had only a short existence. In 1640 it was burned, and the shrine where his bones had been placed was utterly destroyed. Attempts have been made to show that Champlain's bones lie somewhere in the Upper Town near Cape Diamond, but such attempts are idle. No man can say definitely where the dust of Samuel de Champlain lies.

After the funeral the last will was found and read out. He had left everything to the Virgin Mary! That was naturally interpreted as meaning that the chapel of Notre Dame de la Recouvrance would be the sole recipient of the legacy. His property consisted of his personal chattels; 3,000 livres in the stock of the Company of New France; 900 livres in a private company; and 400 livres from his private purse. This was his whole fortune,—equal to the value of about 5,200 livres, or about 50,000 francs of the present day (about \$2,000).

The will was contested, not by his wife, H  l  ne, who acquiesced in the terms without a word of objection, but by his cousin Marie Camaret of La Rochelle. A famous trial ensued, and the issue was finally settled by the Attorney General of France declaring that the will was illegal and could not stand, because it was contrary to the Deed of Settlement signed by Champlain in 1610 in favour of his wife, H  l  ne. All the property of Champlain, therefore, went to the legal heirs, with the exception of 900 livres, derived from the sale of the personal chattels, which his little chapel in Quebec was allowed to retain.

Like so many other great men, who have thought more of country or of religion than of self, Champlain died comparatively poor. We now know, however, that the riches he bequeathed to the world from the harvest of a busy and self-sacrificing life can never be estimated by the arithmetic of francs or pounds or dollars.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE HEROINE OF SAINT JOHN

IN a little town, Le Mans, about 100 miles southwest of Paris, in the year 1638, there lived a beautiful and clever girl, named Marie Jacquelin. One day there came to her father's house a gentleman from Paris, and he came on a very strange errand. Why he came let his own words, spoken to Marie, tell:

"Through a friend, Mademoiselle, I have heard of you, and with your father's permission I crave a few words with you. It is not for myself I speak, but for a very great man who lives in Acadie, across the Atlantic Ocean. He is the Lieutenant-General of King Louis in that distant land. The name of this gentleman for whom I speak is Charles de la Tour. To make my story short—he has asked me when I return to Acadie to bring back with me a wife for him. He has vast estates, and servants and soldiers, but he desires a help-mate. Will you, Mademoiselle, to-morrow inform me whether you are prepared to become Madame de la Tour, the chief lady in Acadie?"

Marie had had many suitors, and she even had suitors at that very time, but this romantic proposal by proxy shook her more strangely than anything she had ever experienced before.

"Why do you come to me?" she asked.

Desjardin (for that was the envoy's name) replied: "Sieur de la Tour begged me to find someone in France,—but not in Paris—a young lady of beauty, of cleverness, and of courage. The last quality is very necessary, for La Tour has a bitter enemy in Acadie, a villain named Charnisay, who would destroy my friend Charles if he could, in order to rule in his place. These two rivals dwell on opposite sides of a great arm of the sea called Fundy Bay—La Tour at Fort St. John, and Charnisay at Port Royal. The great tides of Fundy

THE HEROINE OF SAINT JOHN

Bay roll between them, but they have both ships and guns, and it is plain that trouble is brewing. So *Sieur de la Tour* wishes a partner who will be brave to meet all dangers, and one who is clever, to give him the right advice. Of course, he insists that his wife should have beauty, which, if I may be allowed to say it, *Mademoiselle*, you have in full measure. May I, dear *Mademoiselle*, call to-morrow for your kind answer?"

"I thank you," said Marie with blushing cheeks and flashing eyes; "I will think about this."

Within three months Marie Jacquelin stood before an altar in Fort Saint John and became *Madame de la Tour*. Her home was a strongly palisaded structure, 180 feet square, having four bastions manned by soldiers of France. All her energy and ability were needed to preside over the great estate of 450 square miles around the mouth of the River St. John. At her command she had scores of labourers and friendly Indians. From the first day she faced her work with confidence. *La Tour* was never weary of thanking his friend *Desjardin* for the wonderful wife he had found for him in France. *Madame de la Tour's* affection for her husband grew stronger day by day as she more and more realized his greatness of soul, his high courage and the dangers of his position.

In her third year at Fort Saint John (then called Fort *la Tour*) *Madame* had her first taste of war. A fight took place on Fundy Bay between her lord and the rascal *Charnisay*. She happened that day to be in her husband's ship, and with him she was seized and carried off by *Charnisay* to Port Royal. The good friars at Port Royal were shocked at *Charnisay's* deed and advised him to release his prisoners at once. He did so, after forcing *La Tour* and his lady to sign a document in which they declared a faithful truce, while the question as to who was to be the chief man in Acadie might be settled by King Louis himself.

Next year came word from France that *Charnisay* was to be henceforth Lieutenant-General of Acadie and

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

that La Tour was to return at once to France. Charnisay himself took this order of the King to Fort Saint John and sent three of his officers ashore to read the decree to the man who had so long opposed him. La Tour in a rage tore the State Paper to ribbons and put the messengers in irons. The La Tours could now expect nothing but trouble, for had they not openly defied the authority of their King?

In the following spring the quarrel became acute. One morning Charnisay with three ships and some smaller craft appeared at the mouth of the Saint John harbour. Soon 500 men were landed and began an assault upon the fort. The struggle lasted for only an hour. The stockade and bastions were too strong for Charnisay's men and they withdrew to the ships and began a blockade of the fort.

Soon a vessel from Rochelle, the *Saint Clement*, manned by 140 Huguenots, and laden with stores and arms for the La Tours, appeared off the harbour. It was, of course, unable to get in, as the way was blocked by hostile ships. Under cover of night, however, La Tour and his wife slipped out in a boat and reached the friendly deck of the *Saint Clement*. By the advice of La Tour the French ship sailed away to Boston to secure help from the English there, who did not love King Louis. In about a month La Tour and his lady were back at Fort Saint John with four armed vessels, manned by crews of both French and English. When Charnisay saw La Tour's little fleet approaching, he fled in a hurry to Port Royal. Thus for a time Fort Saint John was saved.

Madame de la Tour now begged her husband to let her return to France to secure more help, as the English ships had to return to Boston, and the *Saint Clement* alone could not guard the fort. Charnisay, they heard, had already sailed for France to report on the state of the rebellion at Fort Saint John, and to secure a more powerful fleet. Accordingly, in the

THE HEROINE OF SAINT JOHN

spring of 1644 Madame de la Tour set out in the good ship *Saint Clement* for Rochelle.

In France, Charnisay had been busy, and when Madame de la Tour arrived, she found herself charged with sedition against the King. She was not arrested, but she was forbidden to leave France on pain of death. But the brave lady soon escaped to England. By the first ship sailing from London to Boston she took passage. After a long, tedious voyage she was back in America. The captain of the English ship had promised her before they started that he would carry her back to her husband at Fort Saint John; but for some reason he failed to fulfil his promise. She had the captain arrested, and the Boston court forced him to pay Madame 2,000 pounds as damages for breaking his bond. With this money she hired three armed vessels and sailed for Fort Saint John. Her husband was glad indeed to have her back and to see the strong support she had brought him.

A few months later La Tour was forced to make a journey to Boston to secure supplies which were sorely needed. It was not long before Charnisay learned through a spy that Fort Saint John was defended only by a woman. He at once prepared to assault it. When he arrived at the mouth of the river, he sent his lieutenant ashore to demand a surrender. Soon the lieutenant came back to Charnisay with the report that Madame was very angry and that she had behaved "like one possessed of a devil."

Within the fort provisions and powder soon ran low; but the splendid courage of their fair leader kept the small garrison of forty-five men in good spirits. For two months the siege went on. In April La Tour sent a provision ship from Boston, with a letter to his wife, promising to join her soon. This relief ship was seized by Charnisay and the officers and crew were put under arrest.

On the 17th of April, 1645, Charnisay led an attack against the landward and weaker side of the fort.

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

Then he brought his largest ship as close to land as he could, and he summoned Madame to surrender. The answers from the fort were a cannon-shot, a red flag, not a white one, and, according to Charnisay's own report, "a thousand insults and blasphemies."

The defenders for two days fought with desperation, Madame de la Tour going about constantly among them encouraging them to hold out. At last the greatly superior numbers of the enemy prevailed. The fort fell and was pillaged by the invaders. The survivors of the brave garrison were made prisoners. Among the captives were Madame de la Tour and her maid; also her son, a very young child.

Then came the incidents which forever brand Charnisay's evil name. When he saw how small a number of defenders the fort had had, he tore up the document which Madame de la Tour had just signed in surrendering the fort to him. "I have been deceived!" he bellowed; "all these wretches will now hang." He tied a halter round the neck of the lady and forced her to witness the cold-blooded murder of twenty of her loyal men. Notwithstanding all her courage, she swooned in utter horror. To Port Royal the scoundrel then led her, where she fell ill. In his official report to the government in France he declared that the lady's illness was due "to spite and rage." She had not long to endure insults and captivity, for her brave spirit was released within three weeks. With her death ends the most thrilling drama in the history of that province of Canada now called New Brunswick, then a part of Acadie.

For five years Charles de la Tour was a homeless wanderer in New England and along the St. Lawrence valley. One day he learned that the tyrant Charnisay had met with a miserable death, astride of an upturned birch canoe, in a river near Port Royal. He now had hopes of bettering his fortunes. He returned to France and laid his case before the ministers of the new boy King, Louis XIV. When they heard the foul tale of

THE HEROINE OF SAINT JOHN

Charnisay's slanders and malice and cruelty, they re-appointed Charles de la Tour Lieutenant-General of Acadie, and they restored to him his great estates near the River Saint John. When in a few months he returned to Fort la Tour, a great sadness fell upon him; for, although he would never again see the evil face of Charnisay, he would never again be greeted by his beloved Marie, who had fought there so bravely in his cause. It was, however, some consolation to reflect that her deed of heroism had made her immortal.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE BIRTH OF MONTREAL

IT is true that Jacques Cartier in 1565 visited the Indian town of Hochelaga, which lay under the brow of Mount Royal; but that was not the real beginning of Montreal. It is also true that Champlain nearly fifty years later landed at Place Royale and cleared the ground for a new colony; but his plan was never carried out. In 1642, a third great Frenchman, Paul de Chomedey, better known as Sieur de Maisonneuve, on the very spot chosen by Champlain, planted an infant colony, destined within three hundred years to become the home of nearly a million people.

Maisonneuve was a soldier, who was also a devout Christian. When, therefore, he was invited to go to Canada in order to found a Christian mission, he opened his Bible for guidance, and this is the text in St. Mark's gospel which greeted his astonished eyes : "There is no man that hath left house or brethren or sisters or father for my sake, but he shall receive an hundred-fold".

A large sum of money was needed for the expedition, and all over France people of rank and wealth were begged to contribute. Most of the money, we are told, was raised by pious women. Of these women the most remarkable was the beautiful Jeanne Mance, born of a noble family. When very young she had bound herself by a vow to devote her whole life to the service of God and her fellow creatures. When she heard of Maisonneuve's plan to found a mission in Canada, she was eager to go with him, and she hastened to Paris to offer her aid. She had no fears, she said, of the stormy ocean or the lonely wilderness or the cruel Iroquois. As two of the men were taking their wives with them, she would not be the only one of her sex. Her services were gladly accepted, as were

THE BIRTH OF MONTREAL

those of another woman, who at the very last moment escaped from friends who tried to detain her, and took passage with Mademoiselle Mance.

In the month of June, 1641, two small vessels sailed from La Rochelle. One ship bore Maisonneuve and twenty-five men; the other, Mdle. Mance and the rest of the company. This Christian band numbered only forty-five souls. After a long and trying journey they reached Quebec at the end of August, too late for accomplishing much that season.

The Governor of Quebec, Montmagny, did not favour the founding of a new settlement in Canada. He did his best to dissuade Maisonneuve from going on with his plan. He told him that the beautiful Island of Orleans across the water was much better than Montreal, and he tried to frighten him by telling him of the fiendish deeds of the Iroquois. "I have not come here", answered Maisonneuve firmly, "to discuss a new plan, but to carry out one already formed. As for the Iroquois, I would found my colony at Montreal if every tree should turn into a savage".

Accordingly, the Quebec Governor and Maisonneuve, along with Father Vimont, the superior of the Jesuits in Quebec, went up the river and took possession of the Island of Montreal on October 15th, in the name of the "Society of our Lady of Montreal". They returned immediately to Quebec before the river should freeze up. Maisonneuve then began to look around for winter lodgings.

The people of Quebec, only a few hundreds at this time, were, like their Governor, not disposed to be very kind to the newcomers. Fortunately there lived about two miles west of Quebec, near the modern Government House, a generous Christian named Puiseaux, who owned a very large house with many rooms. He invited the colonists to spend the winter with him, and they were indeed happy to accept his plain hospitality.

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

Maisonneuve employed his men during the winter in building boats and in making other necessary preparations for the spring movement up the river. In the month of January there was a violent quarrel between the Governor and Maisonneuve, because the followers of the latter had, in honour of their chief, fired off muskets and cannon on a holiday without securing His Honour's permission. Maisonneuve, of course, took the side of his men, and the Governor became colder than ever to the party of colonists.

On May 8th Maisonneuve and his followers embarked in a pinnace and a barge with sails and two row-boats. With them went a new recruit—that "holy widow", Madame de la Peltrie, who had for three years been the life and stay of the Ursuline nuns at Quebec.

It took nine days to make the distance of 160 miles up the Great River to their destination. When, on May 17th, they saw Mount Royal in the distance, they joined in a hymn of thanks to God for all His mercies. On May 18th, natal day of the city, they landed on the very spot which Champlain had selected as a fit site for a colony. It was a tongue of land formed by the little stream St. Pierre and the Great River St. Lawrence. Maisonneuve was the first to spring ashore and to fall upon his knees. All the others quickly imitated his example. Then their glad voices mingled with those of the summer birds, beneath the forest trees, as they chanted for an hour their hymns of gratitude.

They then set up an altar and Father Vimont consecrated the mission of Ville-Marie. This was not to be a trading-post like Quebec, but rather it was to be the centre of religious life for the Algonquins, and the Hurons, and, with God's grace, for the haughty and hostile Iroquois. A part of Father Vimont's address has been preserved for us :

"You are a grain of mustard seed which shall rise and grow till its branches overshadow the earth. You

THE BIRTH OF MONTREAL

are few, but your work is the work of God. His smile is upon you and your children shall fill the land”.

We all know how completely those prophetic words have been fulfilled in the marvellous growth of Canada's greatest city, from a small colony of forty-five persons to the present vast metropolis.

CHAPTER XXX

THE FRENCH LAD WHO BECAME A MOHAWK

IN the very year in which Champlain died there was born in St. Malo, that famous port of France, a boy named Pierre Radisson. As he grew up he heard tales about the great sailor, Jacques Cartier, who had voyaged from that very port and had discovered Canada. We can imagine his delight when his father one day told him that he was going to Canada and that all the family would go with him. During the summer of 1651, therefore, the boy found himself, at the age of sixteen, in the little village of Three Rivers, between Quebec and Montreal.

One morning in the spring of the next year Pierre and two of his boy friends took their muskets and went along the river bank till they came to Lake St. Pierre. No wonder young Pierre liked to wander along the shores of that lake, for it bore his own name, and its reedy marshes were filled with wild fowl of many kinds. On their way towards the lake a farmer who was just beginning his spring ploughing warned the boys that there were savage Indians farther up and advised them to go back. With all the daring of youth Pierre was now the more eager to go ahead. "You had better return to the fort", said the farmer, "for only yesterday Indians were seen at the foot of yonder hill and they cannot be very far away at this moment". Two of the youths thought it better to go back, but Pierre with a laugh pushed on alone. He spent the whole day shooting ducks and geese and hiding in hollow tree-trunks all the game which he was not able to carry back with him. About four in the afternoon he started for home, now nine miles away. As he came within sight of the fort just before dusk, he stumbled over the bodies of his two companions, whom the Mohawks had slain.

THE FRENCH LAD WHO BECAME A MOHAWK

The boy waited for a minute to think what he should do. Then he ran down toward the shore to hide among the reeds. He stooped low as he fled, but he had gone only a few paces when the noise of the firing of many guns made him halt. As the bullets hissed past him, he turned and fired at the first Indian he saw. Soon he was a prisoner in the hands of fifty Mohawks. He was dragged to the river bank, where a dozen canoes were hidden among the rushes. The Indians decided to spare the boy's life, as he was young and handsome and brave. That night he slept between two Indians under a common blanket, and he slept so soundly that he had to be wakened when the sun rose.

As the Mohawks embarked in their canoes to sail up Lake St. Pierre on their way home, they fired off their guns and shouted their terrible war-whoop so that the people in the fort might hear them. About noon of that day they reached the mouth of the Richelieu River, and began their journey south to Lake Champlain. Within three days Pierre and his captors reached that region south of Lake Ontario where all the Five Nations of the Iroquois lived.

On the journey Pierre had become a favourite with the Indians, and they had taught him how to handle a paddle and how to throw a spear. On one occasion a young Mohawk, a little older than himself, had struck him a blow on the cheek, which he paid back with so stunning a buffet that the Mohawk youth staggered and fell. The Indians of the party praised Pierre for his boldness, for all Indians admire bravery. At another time, near Lake Champlain, an Indian who was sick stumbled under his load, and Pierre sprang forward and took the load on his own shoulders. The Indians now decided to make the French boy one of their own tribe. They shaved the top of his head, painted his face, and gave him a hunting-knife. When one of them handed him a little mirror, and he saw what a queer sight he was, he laughed for a long time.

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

When they reached the Mohawk village, a swarm of old men, and squaws, and brown-faced children, surrounded Pierre with shouts of joy, for they expected, as usual, the fun of torturing the prisoner. They formed themselves in two long lines, between which Pierre had to run while they beat him with clubs and whips as he passed along. The nimble youth ran so swiftly between the two lines that nearly all the blows missed him, and he reached his goal almost without a bruise.

An Indian woman at the very end of the double line rushed up to Pierre and caught him in her arms. She was the wife of one of the Mohawk chiefs, who had lately lost her own son of about the same age as the French lad. She led Pierre to her husband, the stately chief, and begged him to adopt the boy as their son. A Council of the Chiefs was held, and they heard the appeal of the woman, and then a speech from the chief, the woman's husband. When the chief told the Council that the name of his dead son was Orimha, meaning "a stone", and that the French boy's name was Pierre, also meaning "a stone", a great cry of "Ho ! Ho !" rose from the assembled Chiefs, meaning "Yes ! Yes !"

So Pierre Radisson became the adopted son of an Iroquois chief. A great feast was held in his honour, which was attended by three hundred young braves of his own age. At that feast Pierre appeared in a coloured blanket, with feathers on his head, and a belt of wampum around his waist, adorned with beads made of beautiful shells. During the feast the cry arose : "Chagon Orimha !" meaning, "Be merry, Pierre !"

The French boy soon learned the Mohawk language and became a skilful hunter and canoeist. Many a happy day he spent in the woods and along the rivers, tracking wild animals or shooting wild game birds. Often, of course, a feeling of homesickness came over him at the thought of Three Rivers in distant Canada.

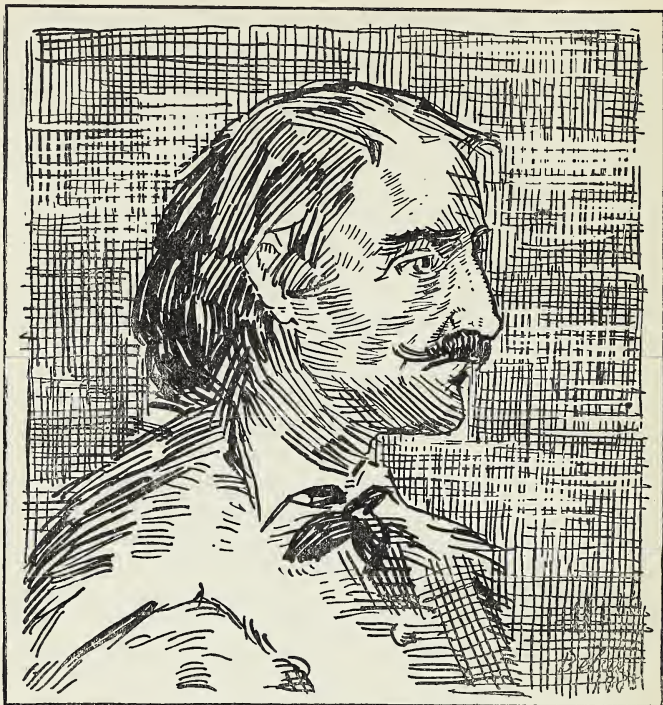
THE FRENCH LAD WHO BECAME A MOHAWK

In the autumn, along with a friendly Indian of the Algonquin tribe, also a captive among the Mohawks, Pierre formed a plan to escape. The two stole away in the night, and by morning they had a good start of about twenty miles. Keeping to the streams, and watching the sun by day and certain stars by night, they reached, in a few days, the Richelieu River. When they were within less than a day's march of Three Rivers, and were paddling in a canoe which they had found on the shore of Lake St. Pierre, they were seen by an Iroquois band which was returning home after a raid upon the French. Indeed, the canoe in which they were moving down the lake belonged to this band. The Indians raised their war-cry, and pursuing the two youths, soon overtook them. The Algonquin lad was killed by a musket shot, and Pierre was seized and taken back as a prisoner.

Again this poor French boy made the long journey up the Richelieu to Lake Champlain, and on from there to the Mohawk lodges. Again the old men, squaws, and children, rushed out in excitement, expecting to share in a game of torture. Pierre's Indian mother rescued him from the cruel mob. When she saw him brought in, she ran to him, calling "Orimha ! Orimha !" and was permitted to take the boy off to her lodge.

The disappointed crowd discussed in angry tones what they should do; and finally they decided to take Pierre away from his Indian mother, for had he not been a traitor to the tribe and run away only a few weeks before ? With hideous shouts they rushed to the chief's lodge and dragged Pierre forth. The torturers did not kill him; but they made him run over hot coals, and they slashed his hands with knives, and they forced him to put his thumb into a large burning tobacco pipe. For three days they brought him out and teased and tortured him. But the pleading of his Indian mother and the speeches of his Indian father before the Great Council saved his life.

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY



PIERRE ESPRIT RADISSON

From an Old Print

For more than a month he could not walk on his branded feet.

All that winter he lived in the Mohawk lodges, and when the spring came, he was obliged to go along with several hundred warriors to fight against the Eries, near the Falls of Niagara. In the autumn of that year he began again to plan how he might escape. He would be more careful this time, for he knew that a second failure would probably mean death.

One frosty morning in October he took a hatchet and went into the forest to cut some firewood for his

THE FRENCH LAD WHO BECAME A MOHAWK

Indian mother. When he had gone about half a mile from the lodges, he began to run toward the east. He had learned to "lope" like the Indians, that is, to run with an easy gait so as not to tire quickly. He ran nearly all day, resting for a few minutes now and then. The Dutch settlement at Fort Orange (now Albany, New York) was the place he wanted to reach. When night came he was still running, but with longer periods of rest. All next day he held on, although he often reeled as if about to faint. Before night he reached Fort Orange and felt at last that he was safe.

At Fort Orange he was treated kindly by a Jesuit priest, Father Poncet, who entertained him there for a week, and then supplied him with money to take him down the Hudson to New York, then called New Amsterdam, and to pay his board till he found something to do.

In the spring of 1654, Pierre sailed to La Rochelle in France, earning his passage by working for the officers as cabin boy. He remained in France only a week, for a fishing vessel was about to sail to the Grand Bank of Newfoundland. After a long voyage the fishermen reached the mouth of the St. Lawrence, where they met some Algonquins who were on their way up the Great River. Pierre was handed over, at his earnest request, to these friendly Indians, and was soon speeding towards his Canadian home. He arrived at Three Rivers just two years after that fateful day when he had been first seized by the Mohawks. He was welcomed by father and mother as one restored from the dead.

Pierre Radisson lived to have many other thrilling adventures quite as strange as this, and to perform in places hundreds of miles apart great services both for France and for England.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE FEAST OF EAT-EVERYTHING !

IT was only seven years since the cruel Iroquois had destroyed the Hurons who had dwelt on the shores of the Georgian Bay, and had even slain the holy Jesuit priests. No Frenchman in Canada had any notion that within so short a time these wild savages would become peaceful and civilized. But strange things sometimes happen. One of these Five Nations, the Onondagas, sent messengers to Quebec to invite the French to send some "Black Robes" among them to teach them about the white man's God. The pious Jesuits told the Governor of Canada that this new opportunity of making Christians among the Indians should not be lost.

Accordingly, on the 17th of May, 1656, a party set out from Quebec, which included, besides others, four Jesuit Fathers, ten soldiers and thirty or forty labourers. They went by way of Lake Ontario—the first white men to go up the St. Lawrence beyond Montreal to the great inland sea. Crossing Lake Ontario, they made for the mouth of the Oswego River. Ascending that river, they soon reached Lake Onondaga, where lived the tribe which had invited them. The Indian village there was the capital not only of the Onondaga tribe, but also of the Five Nations, being the place of meeting of the Great Council.

On the top of a low hill near the lake the French built their mission-house, large and very strong. They also built a group of smaller buildings, and then a strong palisade around all. While they found the Onondagas very friendly, they were not quite sure that they could trust the other four nations of the Iroquois. So they took no chances, but built as if preparing for a siege.

THE FEAST OF EAT-EVERYTHING

For nearly a year this mere handful of about fifty brave Frenchmen lived an anxious life, surrounded by cruel savages on all sides. The priests would often take long journeys among the Mohawks and other Iroquois tribes, in the hope of making Christians of a few of them. At length whispers of danger to the colony became frequent. Christian Indians warned them that the chiefs of all the tribes had met in Council and had planned to kill the foreigners. The "Black Robes" would not listen to these tales of treachery. At last, however, in February, 1657, a terrible plot was clearly revealed. A dying Christian Mohawk told one of the priests that a massacre of the French would be carried out in March. How it would be possible, in all the circumstances, for fifty whites to escape from hundreds of savages, became the chief problem of the little colony.

Among the French was a young man, Pierre Radisson,¹ who only two years before had lived with the Iroquois as the adopted son of one of the Mohawk chiefs. He went to his Indian father, who lived only a few miles away, and asked him whether the report about the coming massacre was true or not. "Only too true", declared the sad old man, "and how can you escape?"

At once the French began to prepare for flight. As frail birch canoes could not be used in ice-jammed rivers and lakes, they began to build two large flat-bottomed boats and some small dugout skiffs. This had to be done secretly, of course, but a large garret in the mission-house was used as a work-shop by the carpenters.

How to get the boats out to the lake and to effect a safe escape, was the next question. Young Radisson said he had thought of a plan, for he knew the Indians well, and all their queer customs and superstitions. He laid his scheme before the priests, who at first declared that they did not like to practise deceit on

¹ See the story, on page 116, of "The Lad Who Became a Mohawk."

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

the Indians. When no other way seemed open to them, they yielded to Radisson's proposal.

There was among these Indians a curious belief. If anyone had a bad dream, the ill effects could be avoided only by holding a "Medicine Feast", at which the guests had to devour everything set before them, or to eat until the person who had had the dream called out to them, "Enough !" Radisson, therefore, went again to his Indian father, and told him that it had been revealed to him in a dream that he must die unless a magic feast were held at once to save him. "Thou art my son", said the chief; "thou shalt not die; a feast of Eat-Everything must be held".

A day was fixed for the Great Feast. The preparations were made on a gigantic scale. The French had more than twenty pigs, and they killed all but one. They brought from their store-houses everything which could please the appetite. They made the most tempting dishes by boiling a vast quantity of venison, game, fish, and corn.

The evening of the feast, March 20th, arrived. The news of the banquet had spread far and wide, and just outside the palisade surrounding the mission-house a huge crowd had gathered. Under the light of blazing pine-knots there were dances and athletic games with prizes. The French provided attractive music, too, with drum and trumpet and violin.

About nine o'clock the eating began. Great kettles were brought out and their steaming contents were ladled into the wooden bowls which the guests had brought with them. Seated in a great ring, the hungry savages held up their bowls. The guests ate greedily at first and kept asking for more. Their bowls were filled again and again and again. When they had gorged themselves after an hour or more, they began to ask : "Is it not enough ?" "Nay !" called out Radisson in the Iroquois tongue, "do you want me to die ? Go on ! Go on ! Eat everything !" Making strange faces and rolling their eyes wildly about, they

THE FEAST OF EAT-EVERYTHING

gulped and stuffed themselves till they were so stiff they could not move. Then the Frenchmen, to complete the feast, brought on some wine.

At last Radisson, seeing them all stupid and harmless, exclaimed, "Skenon !" that is, "Enough !" "You have saved my life. Now sleep where you are. Don't rise early to-morrow". To lull them to complete unconsciousness one of the Frenchmen played soft airs on a violin. Before midnight every Indian was snoring in a dead slumber.

Meanwhile, about a dozen Frenchmen had been busy elsewhere. Amid the din of the feast and the jangle of the music they had succeeded in removing from the loft of the mission-house the two large boats and the skiffs they had made. These and everything needful for a long journey had been taken to the lake near by. Shortly after midnight the priests fastened the doors and windows of the mission-house, while Radisson stuffed some old uniforms with straw, and, adding hats and boots, made them appear like sentries standing at different points in the fort. The chickens were left behind, and the solitary pig. One by one the whole colony stole in the darkness to the boats already launched on the icy waters of the lake. Snow was falling, and all tracks from the mission-house were soon covered.

The fifty Frenchmen were quickly off. The winter's ice had broken up, as the spring was early that year, but a thin coat of new ice had to be broken. The two big boats led the way, and the eight skiffs followed in their wake. Where the ice was troublesome, stakes and hatchets were used upon it to open the way. The fugitives before daybreak had reached the outlet of Lake Onondaga and had begun to row down the Oswega River to Lake Ontario.

When the Indians woke late next morning, they were surprised at the silence that prevailed about the mission-house. Some of them peeped through cracks in the palisade and saw the sham sentries on guard

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

and the hens and the pig. Two or three dogs, also, were barking to get out. An hour or two later the Indians became suspicious and hammered upon the doors. When there was no response, they burst in about noon and found the place deserted. For a time they raged with sullen fury. Then they began to ask one another questions. "How could the French escape without boats? And how else could they escape, for there are no tracks through the forest?" There was only one explanation. It was the work of the Great Spirit. The Black Robes and their followers had flown off through the air! Then a great fear fell upon them, and they made no attempt to pursue their intended victims.

The Frenchmen were now on Lake Ontario, pushing on towards the Thousand Islands. In the Rapids of the Great River one of the skiffs was lost and three men were drowned. All the rest reached Montreal on April 3rd, only two weeks after the time of the Medicine Feast, which had saved them from the awful treachery of the black-hearted Onondagas.

CHAPTER XXXII

YOUNG DAULAC'S FEARFUL FIGHT

"I can see the red men leaping,
See the sword of Daulac sweeping."

Lampman.

THE great city of Montreal was founded by Maisonneuve in 1642, thirty years after Champlain had named the little island opposite Mount Royal after his girl-wife, Hélène. In its earliest days it was known by the name of Ville-Marie de Montreal. The little colony for the first twenty years of its life was in constant peril, for the savage Iroquois often swooped down upon it and attempted to destroy it. The courageous founder of the settlement knew what to expect from these blood-thirsty Indian raiders; but, said he, "it is my duty and honour to found this colony even if every tree were an Iroquois."

In the year of the founding of the city there lived in France a little handsome boy of seven years, named Adam Daulac.¹ We are told that he belonged to a noble family and that it was his boyish ambition to become a soldier. As soon as he was old enough, he entered the French army. Before he was twenty-two he rose to an officer's position. Hearing stories about the Ville-Marie colony and the Iroquois raids, he made up his mind that he would be the knight who would rid Canada of this frightful scourge. He was soon in Ville-Marie, begging the governor to let him form a company of soldiers to fight the savages. Three years later his opportunity came, for by this time he was the Commandant of the little garrison near Mount Royal. The Iroquois were gathering in force for another invasion of the St. Lawrence settlements—Quebec, Three Rivers, and Ville-Marie. They had

¹ His full name was Adam Daulac des Ormeaux. His friends knew him by the more familiar name of Adam Dollard.

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

1,200 warriors ready for the undertaking, more than the three French posts could muster. Indeed, the total French population, men, women, and children, was only 3,000.

In the early spring of 1660 five hundred of the Iroquois were hurrying down the Richelieu in a hundred canoes. They had prepared for this year's campaign by sending 200 braves into Canada in the preceding autumn, to winter in the forests on the banks of the Ottawa.

Daulac secured the governor's consent to lead a band of volunteers up the Ottawa in order to waylay this division of the enemy on their way down to join their comrades at the mouth of the Richelieu. His call to enlist for this dangerous undertaking was answered by only sixteen young men, nearly all of his own age or only slightly older. These seventeen crusaders bound themselves by oath, made their wills, attended a service in the chapel, bade farewell to their kin, and sped away in their canoes.

They crossed the Lake of Two Mountains and advanced up the swift brown current of the Ottawa on their way to the Long Sault, a series of rapids about twelve miles long, the first of which, the Carillon Rapid, is about 40 miles from Montreal.

It so happened that at this very time forty Indians of the Huron tribe, dwelling near Quebec, a remnant of the brave race destroyed by the Iroquois a short time before, had decided to form a war-party of revenge and had come in their canoes as far as Ville-Marie. Here they were joined by four Christian Algonquins. Learning of the departure of Daulac and of his high purpose, these forty-four Indians were soon paddling after him up the ice-blocked river. They came upon the party of young Frenchmen at the foot of the Long Sault.

Daulac knew that the Iroquois who had spent the winter above the Rapids would soon be moving south to join the rest of the tribe near Montreal. He would, therefore, take his stand at a point which they must

YOUNG DAULAC'S FEARFUL FIGHT

pass. Just below the Falls he found a deserted Indian fort. It was in ruins, but it would serve as a beginning for a new stockade. He and his companions had just started work on the new defences when their Hurons and Algonquin allies arrived. Daulac, therefore, was in no great hurry to make his position secure. The Frenchmen and the Indians became good friends. They spoke three different languages, but among them were a few who could interpret. They bivouacked together and prayed together on the ground still covered with melting snow.

In three days several Iroquois canoes were soon coming down the Sault. Daulac's men hid among the bushes where they thought these hostile scouts would land. A volley from the Frenchman's guns killed all the enemy but two. Those who escaped made their way with speed through the woods to the mainbody of 200 higher up the river. A whole fleet of canoes soon appeared on the scene. The Iroquois landed and made an immediate attack on the foe that was blocking their advance. When they did not succeed in driving Daulac's men out of the fort, they withdrew to a safe distance and built a fort of their own in the woods.

Daulac now knew that he must prepare for a long siege, and all his men were quickly at work, planting stakes inside the old palisades to form a double line of protection, and filling up the space between the wooden bulwarks with stones and earth. The defences were six feet high and had twenty loopholes for the sixty marksmen.

Before their operations were completed to their liking the Iroquois came upon them. All the birch canoes of Daulac's party they smashed to splinters and fashioned into torches. These blazing fire-brands were seized by rapid runners, who hastened towards the fort. The deadly fire of the threescore marksmen soon put the Iroquois to rout. Again and again the attack was renewed, but every onset was repelled.

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

Meantime 500 Iroquois had mustered at the mouth of the Richelieu below Montreal. These were the allies whom the foes of Daulac had been on the way to join when they were stopped at the Long Rapids. "If 200 of us," said the Iroquois to one another, "cannot drive these 'iron men' out from their rude wooden fort, 700 will do the business in short order." So they despatched quick messengers to bring up the rest of their warriors at once. There were only a few light skirmishes during the week of waiting.

In that interval a sad thing happened to Daulac. The strength of the French and the Indians within the fort began to ebb, from hunger and thirst and lack of sleep. Daulac held his men to their stern task of defence by his noble spirit and his resolve to hold out. The scarcity of water was the greatest trial, although the roaring river was only a few yards away. Their chief food was crushed corn, and their "hominy" could not be prepared without water. They found it impossible to swallow the corn dry and unboiled. Occasionally one of the imprisoned band would steal down to the shore in the darkness and fetch back a few pints of the precious liquid. One of the Frenchmen was clever enough to suggest the digging of a well within the fort. This proved a help, but the water thus obtained was somewhat muddy.

It so happened that the Iroquois band had a few Huron captives with them. These called to their kin who were fighting with Daulac and told them that a great army of Iroquois would soon arrive, and that they had better leave the fort, which would certainly be destroyed in a few days. So Daulac's two score Hurons, dying with thirst and hunger, and fearing an awful death, began to desert. By twos and threes they leaped over the palisades and ran across to the enemy. Only the old Huron chief remained steady and true. The four Algonquins, to their everlasting credit, continued to fight on with the Frenchmen.

YOUNG DAULAC'S FEARFUL FIGHT

One day the welkin rang with frightful yells, and Daulac was then aware of the alarming fact that he had 700 foes before him. The forest was soon alive with painted savages who were confident that a determined push from the 700 would subdue the enfeebled twenty. The Iroquois no longer fought with bows and arrows, as in Champlain's day. They were well equipped with muskets and knives and pikes. They chanted their war-songs and then rushed furiously forward. The men of the Five Nations never liked the storming of a citadel, but their numbers were now so vastly superior that they feared no reverse.

Daulac's men closely watched the manoeuvres outside, and at the critical moment the twenty loopholes belched a withering fire. The musketoons, bigger than muskets but smaller than cannon, were now skilfully used by the French. These, loaded with scraps of lead and iron, played havoc among the shouting multitude outside. The horde of savages had to take shelter behind the forest trees.

For three days more the fighting went on by fits and starts. The Iroquois chafed at being baulked and again and again tried to discover whether the fighting spirit of the men within the fort was waning. But Daulac's courage seemed to rise as his resources of food and ammunition grew less. Not a man of his gallant band complained; they rather prayed the more and fought the harder. There was but to do and die, and every man resolved to sell his life dearly.

Nearly a hundred Iroquois had fallen and the rest would have gone home but for the disgrace of being foiled by a mere handful of half-starved Frenchmen. They would try once again to break into the fort. They made rough shields with saplings to protect them from the deadly bullets. Behind these shields five or six feet tall, a few selected warriors went forward, followed by a yelling throng. In spite of the French fire many of the assailants reached the fort, and

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

crouching low under the loopholes, they hacked and hewed to make a way through into the inclosure.

Daulac seized a small keg of gunpowder and made a bomb of it by attaching it to a burning fuse. He tried to hurl this over into the mob outside, but his strength had been sapped by hunger and fatigue and the bomb hit the top of one of the palisades and, rebounding, fell among his own men, killing and wounding several of them. Amid the confusion and smoke the rest of the defenders were almost helpless. The Iroquois outside thrust their loaded muskets through the loopholes and began to fire on those within. A breach, too, was now made in the wooden wall, and the end came suddenly.

The horrors of the next quarter of an hour must not be told. Daulac, sword in hand, cutting right and left, was one of the first to fall; but his companions fought on, never dreaming of yielding to so cruel a foe. Soon the sound of the firing ceased and the shouts of the victors no longer resounded through the long lanes of the forest. Not a Frenchman survived to tell the tale of the heroic fight. As for the Huron deserters, they paid the penalty of their treason. With devilish tortures, the Iroquois put them nearly all to death. Only five of the 39 escaped. It was from these that the governor of Montreal afterwards heard the sad and thrilling story. Years afterwards, too, aged Iroquois told the same story to the French.

Montreal had been saved by Daulac's martyrdom. Three Rivers and Quebec had been saved. All the settlements of Canada for many years lived in peace, rid of the daily risk of massacre, for the Iroquois were not eager again to face men who fought like Daulac's devoted band. If 17 men, almost unaided, could hold at bay 700 men for many days, it were better never again to attempt to take a stronghold from foemen so dangerous, especially as the principal forts of these Frenchmen were made, not of perishable wood, but of enduring stone and mortar.

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE GREAT CANADIAN EARTHQUAKE

ON the evening of the last day of February, 1925, all Canada, from the Atlantic to Lake Superior, felt for several minutes a queer trembling of the earth. The centre of the agitation, it was soon learned, was in the region north-west of Murray Bay, in the Province of Quebec. For some months slight tremors of the ground were felt in many districts of that province. The earthquake of 1925, however, was a mere trifling occurrence as compared with the gigantic upheaval of 1663 in the same region and in the same month of the year. An account of that great convulsion has come down to us in the lively story told by Father Lalemant :

About half-past five on the evening of February 5th, when the shades of night were just beginning to fall, and people were preparing to sit down at table, a great roar was heard in every town and village and lonely hamlet of eastern Canada, from the Atlantic to the Ottawa River, and from the Laurentian Hills to New England. Every one in all this vast tract of 200,000 square miles wondered whatever could be the matter. Such a strange noise had never before been heard by anyone. The frightened folk rushed out of doors. What they saw overwhelmed them with a terrible fear. The walls of buildings were tottering and creaking. The very stones of the streets in the towns were moving like living creatures. The roofs of the houses seemed to lean now to the north and now to the south. All the church bells were ringing although no one pulled the ropes. This extraordinary trembling of the ground and of everything above ground continued for ten minutes, which seemed to many a whole hour.

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

Children were everywhere crying, men and women were seized with panic, for they thought the end of all things had come and that a great abyss would presently swallow them up. Many fell upon their knees in the snow and called to heaven for mercy. The very animals were stricken with terror and fled now this way, now that. Dogs bayed or howled. Horses stamped their hooves and neighed piteously.

In the forests a battle seemed to be going on among the giant trees, for great trunks were lifted from their places and fell upon one another. The winter birds, which had just gone to roost, flew hither and thither among the reeling branches. The savages, it is recorded, fell prone upon the earth till the swaying had ceased, and then they agreed that the woods had been drunk !

The hills and mountains opened in great chasms, which sucked in trees and rocks. Along the mighty river St. Lawrence many cliffs broke off from their solid bases and toppled into the boiling current. Sheets of ice, five to six feet thick, which covered all the streams and rivers, were split and ground to fragments, while dense vapours or columns of mud and sand were belched into the air. The river waters turned yellow, or red, or a livid white. New lakes appeared where none before existed. Cascades and rapids were smoothed out, never to be seen again. Many of the rivulets were dried up forever.

In the St. Lawrence valley, on both sides of the river, abysses and clefts in the earth were numerous. In one place a thousand acres of forest disappeared, and a great tract of land, without a tree and ready for the planting of corn, took its place.

After the great quake of February there were lesser quakes for about six months. Near the old colony at Tadoussac the earth trembled two or three times a day till August. No terrifying noises accompanied these later earth-movements.

THE GREAT CANADIAN EARTHQUAKE

Amid all this uproar and terror not one life was lost. While mountains were overturned and rivers changed their courses, no human being perished or was even seriously hurt ! Perhaps this is not so strange as it at first sight appears, for nearly all the 3,000 French settlers of that distant day lived west of the centre of the disturbance. Indeed, the little hamlet of Les Éboulements, which received its name of "Land-slides" at the time of the great earthquake, is about seventy miles east of Quebec.

The emotions which that awful day created led many people who had followed evil ways to change their whole mode of living. The same mighty force which had shaken the hills had also shaken the consciences of hundreds who had forgotten God. Feast days were turned to days of penitence. Public prayers and pilgrimages were more common than ever before throughout all New France. Fasts on bread and water were frequent till the very end of that year. One priest in a small community reported 800 confessions within a week, which obliged him to stay up all night during that time to accomplish his pious duty. Many enemies were reconciled in that time of stress; and family re-unions wiped out old family feuds.

The Great Earthquake was the main theme of conversation in Canada for more than a year. Everyone had a story to tell. A great mass of legends took form in a very short time. These legends depart much farther from actual fact than does the almost incredible story of Father Lalemant, given above.

Blazing serpents, so runs one of these tales, were seen flying through the air, borne on wings of fire.

Above Quebec a great globe of flame lighted up the night and threw out sparks on all sides. This fiery orb appeared also above Montreal, where it seemed to issue from the bosom of the moon, with a noise as loud as cannon or thunder, and after sailing three leagues through the air fell behind Mount Royal.

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

A greater marvel followed. An Algonquin squaw, "innocent, simple and sincere", being seated erect in bed, wide awake, on the night between the 4th and the 5th of February, heard a voice saying: "Strange things will happen to-day; the earth will quake!" In the morning she went out to the forest to cut some wood with her hatchet, when the same voice called to her, and gave her the same message.

Stranger far than this was the tale of a holy nun, Mother Catherine. On the night of February 4th she beheld in a vision four wild demons at the four corners of Quebec, shaking the city with violence. A figure of great beauty and majesty appeared in the midst of them and restrained them just as they were on the point of destroying the city. "Let us keep on shaking", cried the demons, "let us do our best to upset everything. We will frighten the people now, and some other time we will destroy them".

One of the queerest tales came from distant Gaspé. Some sailors saw a mountain "skipping like a ram", after which it spun round several times and then sank out of sight. They also saw some houses sway to and fro till the walls nearly touched the streets, and then righted themselves and stood erect again! These stories of the Gaspé sailors are without doubt the offspring of a merry wit, if they are not due to the cup which clouds man's vision.

CHAPTER XXXIV

A SHIPLOAD OF YOUNG BRIDES

ON a day in the early summer of 1669 a ship lay in the French harbour of La Rochelle, ready to depart for distant Canada. There was much excitement on board and on the wharf, for most of the passengers were young women, called the "King's Girls", since they were sailing to New France by the direction of the King, Louis XIV. Wives were needed in the new colony for the farmers, and also for the soldiers who had recently been disbanded there and had taken up land. From Paris and from Lyons, and from the fields near Dieppe and Rochelle the maidens had gathered. They were all under the care of Madame Bourdon, a pious widow who sought for useful occupation and a home in the New World. It was a great adventure for these 150 girls—how great scarcely any of them could have realized.

As the good ship left port and turned toward the west, the singing of the maidens ceased and their merry laughter was heard no more. They gathered in groups and talked of the past and especially of the unknown future. As the novelty of their situation wore off, and as the ocean began to exhibit signs of unrest, looks of anxiety took the place of smiles on the ruddy faces of these young passengers.

At the very beginning of the voyage rough weather kept the girls below deck most of the time. Then began Madame Bourdon's trials, for her flock was a difficult one to manage. The girls were of all sorts—"mixed goods", as one witty writer describes them; and some of them were rude to Madame when she restrained them or rebuked them. Others were very home-sick and longed to be back in fair France. As usual in mixed crowds of either sex or of any age, the

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY



ARRIVAL OF THE BRIDES AT QUEBEC
From a Water-colour by C. W. Jefferys

A SHIPLOAD OF YOUNG BRIDES

unruly soon appeared to have control of all the others. When after fifty days the ship entered the St. Lawrence, Madame Bourdon was the happiest person on board, for her responsibilities would soon be lessened. In another week Quebec was seen on Diamond Rock, and a new excitement grew.

After landing, the girls proceeded to the three buildings set apart for them, fifty to each building. During the voyage Madame Bourdon had classified them to meet her ideas of fitness, remembering that some were better suited than others for rough, hard work on the farm, and that some were more refined than others and needed husbands of similar tastes. Over each of the three halls a directress was appointed by the Intendant of Canada, all under the supervision of Madame Bourdon.

In a few days the business of finding husbands for the girls began. Those who wanted wives applied to a directress, to whom they made known their occupation and their possessions. They were taken in groups of five or six to be introduced to the girls. After the introduction they soon made up their minds, and "popped the question". Many an applicant was rejected by the girls, as too rough or too awkward, but nearly all found mates in the end, if not in one hall, then in another. It is recorded that if a girl liked the appearance of her peasant or soldier suitor, she usually, before accepting, asked the swain whether he had a house and farm. Within a fortnight there was not a maiden left. Every day the priests and the notaries of Quebec were kept busy. Even the Governor had his share in the transactions, for to each couple he presented an ox, a cow, two pigs, two fowls, two barrels of salted meat, and a small sum of money. If the youth were under twenty, or the maiden under sixteen, a bounty of twenty livres was added, this being called "the king's gift".

Within a month of the arrival of their ship these strong, healthy maidens from old France were scattered

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

along the valley of the St. Lawrence from Tadoussac to Three Rivers, and a few went as far west as Montreal. The marriages, on the whole, turned out well, and Talon, the Intendant, was so well pleased with the results of the experiment that in the following year he brought out 165 more girls, and asked for an additional 200 for the season after. Altogether about 1,000 such marriages were contracted in Canada within eight years, Madame Bourdon welcoming and caring for the successive shiploads summer after summer.

If any of the men of the colony held back from marriage, no mercy was shown by the government. Orders were sent out, just before the arrival of the yearly shiploads of girls, notifying all single men that they must marry within a fortnight after the landing of the maidens. Anyone who failed to find a bride to suit him was forbidden all that year to hunt or fish or to trade with the Indians, or to go into the woods for any purpose whatever. So life was made a grievous burden for the bachelor. If a man absolutely declined marriage, he was excluded from all positions of honour, however humble.

The French regiment of Carignan, sent to Canada in 1665-1666 to conquer the Iroquois, and disbanded after that task had been accomplished, found suitable wives through the methods employed by Talon. The officers of that regiment, by special arrangement, secured helpmates of good birth and breeding. About twenty maidens, who were very well brought up, and who were willing to venture amid the wilds of Canada, came out and found most willing husbands among these officers. These Carignan couples settled mainly along the Richelieu and in other regions where the officers had fought. They became the heads of families still famous in the St. Lawrence valley, which have given to French Canada many statesmen and scholars and leaders in all the professions.

CHAPTER XXXV

THE STRANGE JOURNEY OF TWO PRIESTS

ON the 6th of July, 1669, there set out from Lachine, near Montreal, in seven canoes, a party of twenty-four men. They were bound for Lake Ontario and the regions of the west. The leader of the expedition was the great La Salle, but in the party were two priests of the order of St. Sulpice—Dollier and Galinée. These two fathers had a plan of their own, controlling ten of the party and three of the canoes, but they went with La Salle for greater safety until they should have passed through the districts over which the savage Iroquois were accustomed to roam every summer.

On August 2nd they all reached Lake Ontario, and on August 10th they paddled into a bay on the south shore, named then and still named Irondequoit, not far from the mouth of the Genesee River. Here a number of Iroquois, of the Seneca tribe, met them and invited them to their village, twenty miles inland. Dollier, with most of the men, remained behind to guard the canoes; but Galinée and eight men went with La Salle and the Senecas to the Indian encampment. La Salle thought it prudent not to remain long in the Iroquois country, as he feared treachery. In a few days, therefore, the whole party from Irondequoit Bay paddled westward along the south shore of the lake. When they reached the Niagara River, it would appear that they moved southward a few miles, for Galinée's account of the voyage tells us that they heard the sound of a great cataract in that region.

Late in August they reached what is to-day Burlington Bay, and they landed near the site of the modern city of Hamilton. There an Indian told them he would guide them to his village not far away. On September 24th they reached this Indian village, called

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

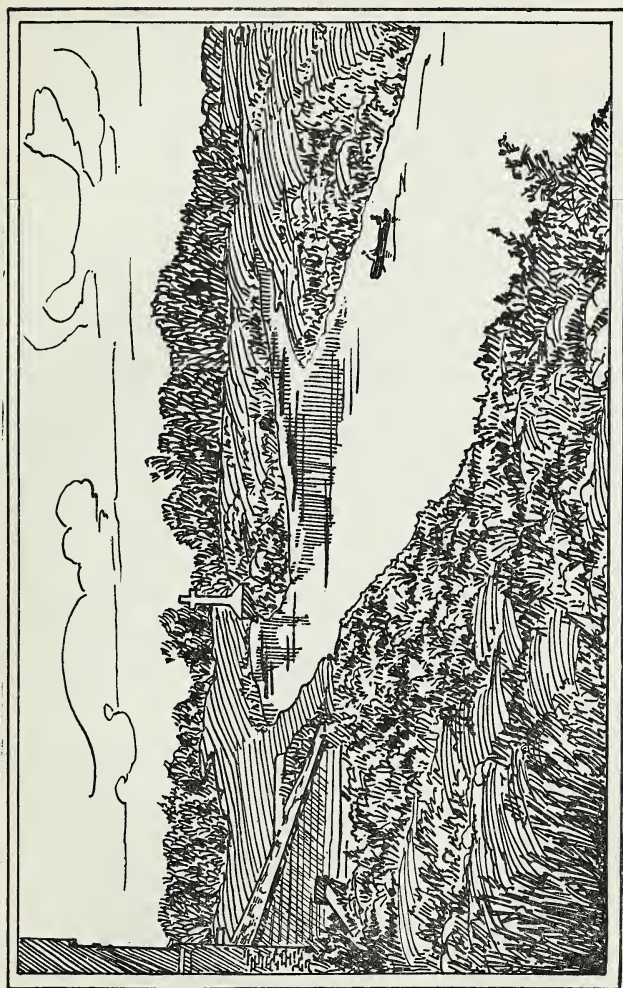
Otinawatawa, a few miles north from where they had landed. At this small settlement, or near it, a strange meeting occurred. Louis Joliet, the explorer, was returning from a journey to Lake Superior, and had just arrived in the village by way of Lake Erie and the Grand River. This meeting with Joliet changed the plans of the two priests, for he told them much about the Indian tribes of the north country, who had never heard the Gospel. He gave them a map of the region so that they could follow the route by which he had returned. As La Salle's goal was the Ohio River, he and his men here parted company with the two Sulpitians.

On September 30th Dollier and Galinée started across country to the Grand River, which they reached by a portage of twelve or fifteen miles. When they had paddled by way of the Grand River to Lake Erie, a great storm came up, and they feared to embark on the angry waters of the lake. For so long a time did the bad weather continue that they at last decided to spend the winter in the woods on the Long Point peninsula (now an island). They gathered from the forest everything which they thought would be good for winter food—chestnuts, and other nuts, wild plums and grapes, and some edible roots. They built a large log cabin for the company of ten.

Accordingly, these two priests from Montreal spent six months on this point of land without being molested by anyone. They shot more game birds in late autumn and early spring than would feed a hundred men; and fish of many kinds were abundant. Therefore at all times their food supplies were ample and varied, and they enjoyed good health.

In April the priests erected a cross, with the arms of France upon it, and took possession of the Lake Erie shore in the name of Louis XIV. They then took up their journey again, paddling along the north shore of the lake. In a few days of rough weather they reached Point Pelée. As they were very tired when

THE STRANGE JOURNEY OF TWO PRIESTS



JUNCTION OF BLACK CREEK AND RIVER LYNN, WHERE GALINEE AND PARTY SPENT THE
WINTER OF 1669-1670.

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

they landed here, they failed to take proper precautions; and a violent storm, as they lay asleep on the shore, swept away a great part of their baggage. What was the consternation of the two fathers when they discovered in the morning that their most precious altar-service was lost. They declared that the malice of Satan had played them this vile trick. So discouraged were they at the loss that they were inclined at first to return at once to Montreal.

Next day with sad hearts they turned their faces westwards. Entering the Detroit River, they soon landed on the site of the present great city of Detroit. There a curious drama was enacted. They found near the shore a large stone, which the Indians, having carved into the figure of a man and then painted, were worshipping as a "manito". The very sight of the heathen image made the good priests angry. Galinée raised an axe and shattered the false deity to splinters. A large piece which would not break and all the small fragments they carried in their canoes to the middle of the river and buried them beneath the water, so that no Indian would ever again worship any portion of the hideous monster. "God rewarded us at once", writes Galinée, "for that same day we killed a deer and a bear". These Sulpitians and their party were probably the first white men to go through the Strait of Detroit, unless indeed Joliet came that way the year before on his return from Lake Superior.

Up the eastern shore of Lake Huron next crawled the three canoes. When at length the priests reached Georgian Bay, they no doubt knew that they were within a hundred miles of the old Huron Mission, which had been destroyed by the Iroquois twenty years before. They had no curiosity to visit the place, and so they pursued a westward, not an eastward, course. For two whole days they paddled past Manitoulin Island with its dangerous rocky coasts. Another day of careful paddling through the narrow waters which link the North Channel and Lake

THE STRANGE JOURNEY OF TWO PRIESTS

Superior brought them to their goal—Ste. Marie du Saut (now Sault Ste. Marie). This was the meeting place of the Ottawas and other Indian tribes on their trading pilgrimages to Montreal.

Dollier and his brother Sulpitian found here two Jesuit fathers, one of them the famous Jacques Marquette, who three years later was to accompany Louis Joliet on that wonderful canoe trip down the Mississippi. As the two Jesuit fathers were none too friendly towards the two priests of another order, the latter decided to make their way home. Within three days they set out, accompanied by a French guide whom the Jesuits gladly loaned to them. Reaching Georgian Bay, they ascended French River to Lake Nipissing. From there by canoe and portage they arrived at the Ottawa. The route to Montreal by the Ottawa River was now well known, for since Champlain had led the way nearly sixty years before, it had become a familiar highway for hundreds of French voyageurs.

So Dollier and Galinée returned to the Island of Montreal within a year after their setting out on their great adventure. During that time their canoes, with very few and very short portages, had glided completely around that part of Canada later to be known as "Upper Canada." It is true, they had made no great discoveries. It must be admitted, too, that they had made no converts among the Indians they had seen. But they had had the most interesting experiences, and they had met several men who were soon to become very famous. One thing of importance Galinée had accomplished—his geographical knowledge had become so extended that he sat down in his room, on his return to Montreal, and worked out a map of the Great Lakes, the earliest ever made. For a hundred years his map was the guide of all who sought to visit the western outposts of Canada.

CHAPTER XXXVI

A FAMOUS DAY AT THE SAULT

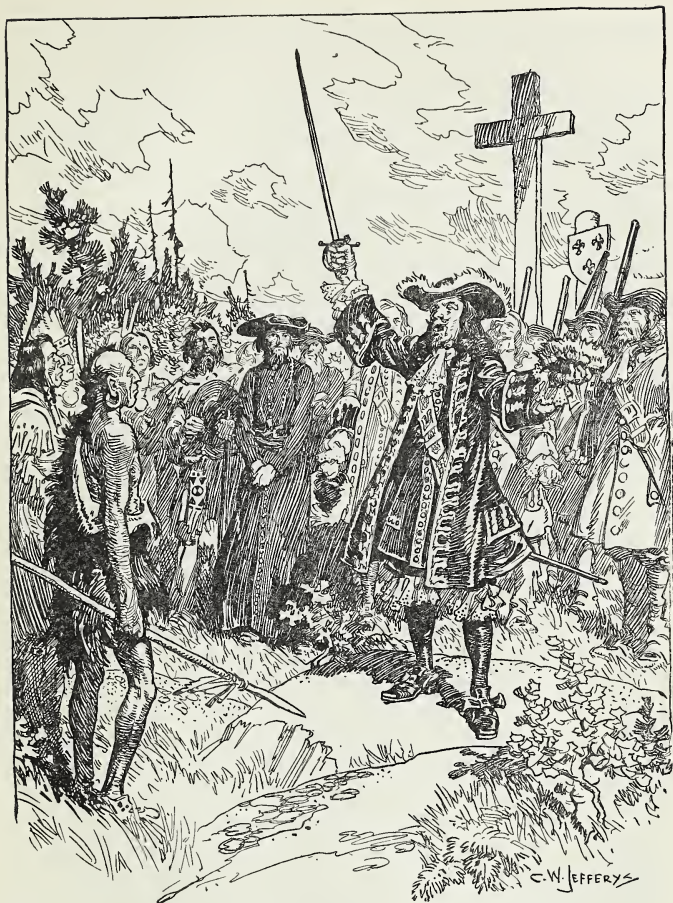
MANY travellers who have visited the modern flourishing city of Sault Ste. Marie, with its great canal, its gigantic steel plant, and its wonderful pulp mill, must have stood on the height north of the city and viewed the magnificent scene below. It is likely, however, that very few visitors know that upon that hill two-and-a-half centuries ago a strange ceremony was carried through on the day when France took formal possession of the whole vast region of which Ste. Marie du Saut was then the trading centre.

In 1670, Jean Talon, Intendant of Canada, ordered Daumont de Saint-Lusson to go to Lake Superior and search for the copper mines of which the Indians of the west were constantly talking. At the same time he instructed Saint-Lusson to take possession of the western domains in the name of the King.

Saint-Lusson on his way west spent the winter on Manitoulin Island and the smaller islands of the district, while his interpreter, Nicholas Perrot, went around among the Indian tribes and invited them to the Sault for a great Council in the spring. In April the tribes began to move from their winter encampments. During the whole of the month of May the rivers and portage paths were alive with the dusky "braves," all bound for the central meeting-place. And besides those who were answering Saint-Lusson's invitation, many Nipissings and Crees and others came in to catch fish in the Rapids. When the representatives of fourteen tribes had assembled, Saint-Lusson made his final preparations for the big meeting.

On June 14th, 1671, all gathered upon the top of the hill overlooking the leaping waters, not far from the strong fort of the Jesuit Mission. From the fort,

A FAMOUS DAY AT THE SAULT



SAINT-LUSSON AT THE SAULT PROCLAIMS LOUIS XIV SOVEREIGN
OF THE LAKE REGIONS

when all was ready, came out the four Jesuit priests, among whom were Father Dablon, the Superior, and Father Allouez, who were both to take a prominent part in the coming ceremony. All around thronged

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

hundreds of Indians, some sitting, some reclining at ease, under the bright light of the summer sun.

A large cross of wood had been prepared for the occasion. After Father Dablon had blessed it, it was reared and planted firmly in the ground, while the Frenchmen uncovered and sang a sacred hymn. Beside the cross a cedar post was placed, with a metal plate attached to it, bearing the royal arms. Then the Frenchmen chanted the 20th Psalm, "The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble." A prayer followed; and then the great business of the Convention began.

Saint-Lusson came forward, a sword in one hand and a sod of earth in the other. In a loud voice he made the proclamation for which this motley host had been brought together:

"In the name of the Most High and Mighty Monarch, Louis, Fourteenth of that name, Most Christian King of France and of Navarre, I take possession of this place, Sainte Marie du Saut, as also of Lakes Huron and Superior, the Island of Manitoulin, and all countries, rivers, lakes, and streams, adjacent thereto—both those which have been discovered and those which may be discovered hereafter, in all their length and breadth—declaring to the nations thereof that from this time forth they are vassals of his Majesty, bound to obey his laws and follow his customs; promising them on his part all succour and protection against the inroads and invasions of their enemies; declaring to all other rulers, princes, sovereigns, and states—to them and to their subjects—that they cannot and are not to seize or settle upon any parts of the aforesaid countries, save only under the good pleasure of His Most Christian Majesty, and of him who may govern in his stead; and all this on pain of incurring his anger and punishment by his armies. *Vive le Roi!*"

The Frenchmen then fired their guns and all shouted *Vive le Roi*. The Indians yelled in their excitement, moved by the sound of the guns and the shouts of the French, for they were not stirred by the words of the

A FAMOUS DAY AT THE SAULT

proclamation, spoken in a language which few of them could understand.

When the uproar had subsided, Father Allouez came forward and using the Algonquin tongue addressed the Indians in the following oration, which Father Dablon reported:

"It is a good work, my brothers, a great work, that has brought us together in council to-day. Look up towards the cross which rises high above your heads. It was on such a cross that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, after making himself a man for the love of men, was nailed and died. He is the Master of our lives, the Ruler of Heaven and Earth. It is He of whom I so often speak to many of you, and whose name and word I have carried through all your country. But look now at this post to which are fixed the arms of the great chief of France, whom we call King. He lives across the wide sea. He is the chief of the greatest chiefs, and upon the earth he has no equal. All the chiefs whom you have ever seen are but children as compared with him. He is like a great tree, and they are but little plants which you can walk over and trample under your feet. You know Onontio, that illustrious chief at Quebec, who is the terror of the Iroquois and whose very name makes them tremble, since he has laid waste their country and burned their towns with fire. Across the great sea there are ten thousand Onontios like him, warriors of the great King of whom I have just told you. When our King says: 'I am going to war,' everybody obeys his commands, and each of these ten thousand chiefs raises a troop of a hundred warriors, some on sea and some on land. Some embark on great ships such as some of you have seen at Quebec. Your canoes carry only four or five men, or, at most, ten or twelve; but our ships carry four or five hundred, and sometimes a thousand. Others go to war by land, and in such numbers that if they stood in a double file they would extend for twenty leagues. When our King attacks his enemies,

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

he is more terrible than the thunder; the earth trembles; the air and the sea are all on fire with the blaze of his cannon; he is seen in the midst of his warriors, covered over with the blood of his enemies. He takes so many prisoners that he holds them of no account, but lets them go where they will, to show that he is not afraid of them. But now nobody in the whole world dares to make war on him. All the nations beyond the seas have yielded to him and begged humbly for peace. Men come from every quarter of the earth to listen to him and to admire him. Everything that is done in the world to-day is decided by him alone. And what shall I say of his riches? You think you are rich when you have ten or twelve sacks of corn, a few hatchets, beads, kettles, and other things of that sort. But he—he has cities of his own, more than there are men in all this country for five hundred leagues around. In each city there are store-houses where there are hatchets enough to cut down all your forests, kettles enough to cook all your moose, and beads enough to fill all your lodges. His house is longer than from here to the top of the Rapids yonder—that is, more than half-a-league—and higher than your tallest trees; and it holds more families than the largest of your towns.”

Father Allouez continued to speak at greater length, but no record of the latter part of his address has been preserved. Soon the most remarkable meeting ever held in this corner of the world came to an end. The Indians, we may suppose, were duly impressed. Saint-Lusson, his public duty performed, proceeded westward, to hunt for the copper mines and to trade with the tribes of Lake Superior. We now know that there is copper in that region, but Saint-Lusson found no trace of the metal. He was more successful in the matter of trade. He carried back to Quebec so many beaver skins that they more than paid all the expenses of the expedition.

CHAPTER XXXVII

THE GRAND PAGEANT OF ONONTIO

ON Lake St. Louis, opposite La Chine, a strange spectacle could have been observed on June 28th, 1673. Here were collected 120 canoes and two large barges, having on board 400 Frenchmen and a score of Huron Indians. The bateaux, armed with small cannon, were painted red and blue and bore many curious devices. In command of the fleet was the new governor of Canada, Louis de Buade, Count Frontenac. He was bound for Lake Ontario, near the outlet of which he had decided to build a strong fort. A few months before he had sent his trusty deputy, La Salle, to the country of the Iroquois to invite the Five Nations to send their chiefs to a conference to be held at Cataragui, the original name of the modern city of Kingston.

It was a difficult journey which Frontenac was undertaking, but he faced the trials, day by day, with courage, and even with enjoyment. Whenever the flatboats and canoes were unable to proceed, on account of the surging rapids, his men shouldered the canoes and trudged through the woods, while thirty of them dragged the flatboats along the shore over sharp stones in water up to their knees. In these labours the dusky Hurons were the most useful of the party. At the Long Sault Rapids a heavy rain fell, and all were drenched to the skin, even the governor, whose heavy cloak had been packed away in a chest. He did not mind the soaking, as the weather was very warm, but he did fear for his supplies of biscuits, for on them depended, he said, in a large degree, the complete success of his expedition.

When they reached the Thousand Islands on July 4th, they were all delighted with the smooth water and with the rare beauty of the scenery. Frontenac's



COUNT FRONTENAC

From the Statue by Philippe Hébert at Quebec.

THE GRAND PAGEANT OF ONONTIO

own diary speaks thus of what he saw there: "On this day we came to the most beautiful piece of country that one can imagine, the river being dotted with islands having admirable soil and noble trees. On the banks of the river the trees are very high and form groves as fine as you could see in France. The meadows are covered with rich grass and a great number of lovely wild flowers."

At length they reached their goal, on the gleaming waters which flow from blue Ontario. Frontenac wished to make a good first impression on the Iroquois, who were already gathered at the meeting-place and were now awaiting him. He set his canoes in order of battle, four divisions in the first line and two in the rear line. In the midst were the two barges, with their dazzling colours and emblems to awe the savages. He himself and his guards and staff followed the bateaux, flanked on one side by skilful paddlers from Three Rivers and on the other by the Hurons. As the flotilla, more gorgeous than any ever before seen in Canada, drew in towards the shore, a canoe approached containing several Iroquois chiefs, gay in their feathers and wampum, who volunteered to act as pilots. Soon Frontenac's party all landed, pitched their tents, lighted their fires, deposited their luggage, and set their sentries. Near them, at the edge of the forest, the numerous cabins of the Iroquois stood.

Next day, July 13th, was a memorable day at Cataraqui. The bugles sounded, the drums beat, and the Frenchmen, at seven A.M., were under arms before the governor's tent. A double line of soldiers stretched from this tent to the very camp of the Iroquois. Along this lane the sixty envoys of the Five Nations advanced to meet Onontio—their title for the Governor of Canada. The military grandeur of the French pleased them much, especially the array of men from the old regiment of Carignan which had chastised their tribes seven years before. When the deputies arrived at the tent of Frontenac, they uttered grunts

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

of astonishment at the bright uniforms of the governor's guard. The ground had been carpeted with the sails from the bateaux. On the carpet the Iroquois squatted in a ring and began, according to their custom, to smoke and plan what to say and do. Frontenac and his staff watched the savages and wondered what they were meditating. Presently an Iroquois chief arose and in a few words thanked Onontio for calling the conference together, and he expressed the admiration of the tribes for the great governor.

Then Frontenac, of majestic figure and proud bearing, clad in the brilliant finery of his vice-regal office, arose to take advantage of this high occasion, for which he had so well prepared. The very first word he uttered showed the restless Iroquois that they were never again to be treated as brothers, but as inferiors:

"Children! Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, and Senecas, I am glad to see you all here, where I have lighted a fire for you to smoke around. I want to talk to you, children. You have done well to obey the command of your father and to come here to meet him. Take courage; for his word is full of peace and tenderness. I have not come for purposes of war. Peace walks by my side, for my mind is full of peace. Courage, children, and have rest and peace."

He then gave them a vast stock of tobacco for their empty pipes, and told them he was sorry he could not address them in their own language, but had to speak through an interpreter. He arranged for a full meeting in council with them in four days, and gave them gifts, such as guns to the men, and prunes and raisins for the wives and children, who were in the lodges near by.

Frontenac used the interval of four days in building his great fort. All his party set to work. Some felled trees; some dug trenches; some squared the timber for the palisades. The business went forward so skilfully and swiftly that the Iroquois, who watched

THE GRAND PAGEANT OF ONONTIO

the proceedings day after day, were greatly astonished. Meanwhile, Frontenac had the Iroquois sachems constantly at his table, feasting them well, and chatting freely with them, through his interpreter, Le Moyne de Longueuil. The squaws, too, were well provided for, and they expressed their delight by dancing before the great White Chief. With the Iroquois children Frontenac played and gave them bread and sweetmeats.

At last Fort Frontenac was completed, and the chiefs were invited to a grand council at eight in the morning. The Governor addressed them in a speech which was broken into parts, and interpreted, part by part. In the first part, in gentle tones he urged the Iroquois to become Christians, especially dwelling on the two great commandments of love to God and love to their fellow men. He then changed his tone to one of authority, and pointing to his officers and soldiers he declared: "If Onontio can come so far with so many men, through rapids so dangerous, on a visit of friendship, what could he not do if you were to rouse his anger and force him to punish you? He is the arbiter of peace and of war. Be careful not to offend him. He not only desires peace between the French and the Five Nations, but he also desires peace among all the Indians under the care of France."

Concluding this part of his speech, he gave to the Iroquois chiefs, fifteen guns, with powder, lead, and gunflints.

In the second part of his address, he told them that he intended to build a storehouse at Fort Frontenac, where they could buy all the goods from France which they might need, without being obliged to go all the way to Montreal or Quebec, and he would see that they got these goods at the lowest possible cost. He then gave twenty-five overcoats to be distributed as they might wish.

In the third part of his speech he chided them bitterly for their cruel treatment of the Hurons and Algonquins, and he warned them that if they did not

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

henceforth live as brothers to the Indians of Canada he would be angry indeed. He then asked them to let a few Iroquois children go to Quebec to learn the French language and to be taught there by the good priests and nuns.

When the whole speech was finished, the assembled Iroquois shouted "Ho! ho!" in approval. Then Frontenac handed out among his squatting hearers 25 shirts, 25 pairs of stockings, 5 packages of glass beads, and 5 coats.

The Iroquois deputies now rose to their feet and tramped round upon the carpet, singing the calumet chant, which is a sign of good will and peace. The chant runs thus:

Heia, Heia, Yonkennonone!

Heia, Heia, Yonkennonone!

The great council was now over. The chiefs seemed much pleased to be called "Children" rather than "Brothers," and they went away to their southern homes greatly delighted with all they had seen and heard and especially with the gifts which Onontio had showered upon them. Next year, too, they sent to Quebec several of their children to be educated—the boys, in the household of the Governor—the girls, among the Ursuline nuns.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

WHEN HENNEPIN SAW NIAGARA FALLS

THE hero of this story is a Franciscan friar, Louis Hennepin, born in Belgium in 1640. In 1675 he came as a missionary to Canada. The superior of his order at Quebec sent him almost immediately to Fort Frontenac in order to establish a Mission there. Arriving at his destination, he set about to build a chapel and to begin his work among the Indians of the district. During the next three years he also visited many of the Iroquois settlements across the lake, travelling in summer by canoe and in winter on snowshoes. He thus early became accustomed to the hardships of frontier life in Canada, and when the great La Salle began to talk of exploring the Mississippi, the adventurous friar begged to be permitted to join him.

It was arranged that La Motte, a close friend of La Salle, with sixteen men, should set out from Fort Frontenac first, and that Father Hennepin should be attached to this party. La Salle and the rest were to follow soon. Accordingly, on a very windy day in late autumn, November 18th, 1678, a little vessel of ten tons spread her sails on Lake Ontario for the west. The water was very rough, and the friar, none too good a sailor, became restless and ill. The ship kept close to the north shore to escape the violence of the north-east gusts which swept the lake.

For a week the frail vessel made her way slowly past regions to-day thickly settled, where such busy towns as Cobourg, Port Hope, Bowmanville, Oshawa, and Whitby, take the place of the primeval forests of that distant November. On the 26th they reached a small island with a good harbour behind it. On the main shore they found a settlement of Indians, who called their village "Teiaigon." This is the earliest recorded name of the great modern city of Toronto.

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

The weather was so stormy that the little ship went up a river (now the Humber) to get shelter from a squall. She was soon held fast in the ice that formed about her. La Motte, who had charge of the party, decided to wait here for better weather. On December 5th the crew cut the vessel free with their axes, and a start was made for Niagara. When they were less than half way over, darkness came on, and the party spent a wretched night, tossing on the angry lake. Next day, in calmer weather, they proceeded to the south shore, and entered the mouth of the Niagara River. They landed on the eastern bank of the river near the site of the modern Fort Niagara. Under the direction of Father Hennepin they sang the *Te Deum* in gratitude for their safe arrival. A band of Senecas came out from their village near by and gazed upon the Frenchmen with wonder and curiosity. To show their friendliness they gave the visitors some white fish which they had just caught through the ice.

Father Hennepin and five others went up the river in a canoe as far as the modern village of Queenston. They landed and climbed the Height where to-day stands the Monument in honour of Isaac Brock. Pushing on through the snow-clad forest, with the roaring river far below on the left, they reached the point where the icy waters were racing in a whirlpool toward the lake. Before them rose, a few miles away, a great cloud of wintry mist. In an hour they stood in silent awe, facing the mighty cataract.

We can easily imagine the appearance of the friar as he stood there on that December day, for we have his own drawing of the scene, which includes his own striking figure. He wore a coarse grey capote, or cloak, and a peaked hood, the cord of St. Francis around his waist, and a crucifix hanging at his side. We have not only the famous drawing of the scene, but also the friar's own description of all he saw, with his estimated measurements of the falling waters. His statements are wildly inaccurate, for he declares

WHEN HENNEPIN SAW NIAGARA FALLS



HENNEPIN AT NIAGARA FALLS

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

that the height of the Falls is 600 feet, instead of the actual 167 feet. He even says that four carriages could pass abreast under the tumbling flood without being wet in the least.

Father Hennepin's style, it should be stated, in his book of travels, is always exaggerated. La Salle knew him well, for he once in a letter shrewdly remarked: "Louis Hennepin writes what he wants to believe to be true, not what he knows to be true." At any rate, the lively Franciscan priest deserves this meed of praise—he was the first European to describe Niagara Falls from personal observation. He did not make his well-known drawing of the cataract on the occasion of his first visit, but when he saw it a second time three years later.

After viewing the magnificent panorama for an hour or two, Hennepin and his associates went on up the river three miles farther till they reached Chippewa Creek. Clearing away from the ground a foot of snow, they kindled a fire and encamped there for the night. In the morning they returned north, pausing for a while to gaze again at the Falls, gleaming in the light of the unclouded sun, and surpassing in splendour the glory of the evening before. They then retraced their steps along the edge of the steep cliff to Queenston. Paddling from there in the canoe, they soon reached the mouth of the river, where La Motte and the others were waiting for them.

Between this visit to the Falls and his next visit Father Hennepin had adventures so numerous and so marvellous that his account of them in his book of travels printed in Paris carried the publication in a few years through twenty editions, in half a dozen languages. His experiences among the Sioux, who held him as a captive for more than a year, are as thrilling as any chapters of fiction. Indeed, most readers of his tales are inclined to believe that the book is largely fiction.

CHAPTER XXXIX

THE STORY OF THE GRIFFON

LATE in January, 1679, at the mouth of a little creek five miles above Niagara Falls thirty men were busy, felling trees. They were a motley band of French, and Flemings, and Italians. The great La Salle was building a ship to carry him into the west. The small vessel which had brought him to the Niagara had been wrecked, through the carelessness of the pilot, on the coast near the mouth of the river; and a new ship must be made at once, although it was the very worst time of the year for such an undertaking.

La Salle's master carpenter knew his job so well that the first bolt was driven into the keel early in February. When the ship-builders were putting up the ribs of the vessel, some Seneca warriors appeared on the scene, and they expressed great displeasure at the work which was going on. One of the savages attacked the blacksmith and tried to kill him. Another threatened to burn the ship on the stocks. La Salle's men, who lodged in bark wigwams, were constantly on guard, night and day, to prevent trouble. During the whole period of building they suffered much from the cold and also from lack of provisions, for the hostile Indians refused to sell them corn. If they had not shot many deer and wild turkeys in the woods, starvation would have faced them.

By May 1st, the ship, of 45 tons burden, was completed and was ready to be launched. Father Hennepin, one of the party, blessed the vessel; all sang the *Te Deum*; cannon were fired; and into the Niagara River slid the *Griffon*—her name derived from the figure of a griffon on the armorial bearings of Count Frontenac, the Governor of Canada. The proud craft was taken up the river to Black Rock. The anchor and cables from the wrecked vessel were brought overland

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY



“THE GRIFFON”, THE FIRST VESSEL OF THE UPPER LAKES

with difficulty and put to service in the new ship. Five small cannon, also saved from the wreck, peeped out from the port-holes of the *Griffon*. The crew had plenty of time to complete the equipment of the ship, for La Salle had gone to Fort Frontenac to procure supplies for his western journey. Indeed, the *Griffon* lay moored near the shore of the river till August, when La Salle appeared. Then everything was declared ready for the start.

On August 7th, 1679, they embarked, singing the *Te Deum* and firing the cannon. A fresh breeze blew and her swelling canvas bore the *Griffon* into the waters of Lake Erie, which had never before seen any craft larger than a canoe. La Salle knew that Lake Erie

THE STORY OF THE GRIFFON

was full of shoals and he cautioned the pilot to go warily. The first night a thick fog settled down, and as there was no moon the ship made little headway. Toward morning the roll of breakers was heard and soundings showed only three fathoms of water. At daybreak, when the fog lifted, they found themselves opposite Long Point, which they named Point St. Francis. In three days they reached the Strait of Detroit. With much trouble they made their way over the shallow waters of the small lake which they named St. Claire, as the day, August 10th, was the anniversary of the feast of St. Claire. At length they came to the rapid current which pours from Lake Huron, near the present town of Sarnia, and the crew had to get out and tow the *Griffon* along the shore into smoother waters. On this day of their voyage they killed several deer and a number of bears, besides numerous wild turkeys. Hennepin in his book of travels speaks thus of this region of Canada: "Those who one day will be so happy as to possess this fertile and pleasant strait will be very much obliged to those who have shown them the way."

On Lake Huron the *Griffon* had to face a wild tempest; and these sailors who had laughed at the violence of Atlantic storms did not at all like the short jumpy waves of this inland sea. At one time it seemed that the end had come; and La Salle called on his followers to commit themselves to Heaven. It is said that all fell on their knees excepting the impious, sullen pilot, Luc, who instead of imploring the saints spent the perilous hours in bitter complaints against La Salle. After twenty-four hours the gale moderated, and the little *Griffon* again plunged ahead. Soon the sun shone out upon the azure surface of the great lake and upon the beautiful wooded islands at the north end of the lake. They saw distant Manitoulin as they turned in towards Bois Blanc and Mackinaw Island. Soon the distressed ship was at rest behind the Point of St.

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY



THE BUILDING OF "THE GRIFFON", 1679

THE STORY OF THE GRIFFON

Ignace. Here was the Jesuit Mission of Michillimackinac behind its tall palisades; and near at hand were the village of the Hurons and the wigwams of the Ottawas.

The *Griffon* fired her cannon, and the Indians all yelled in wonder and admiration. La Salle and his party landed and marched at once to the bark chapel of the Ottawas, where mass was said. The great explorer in a mantle of scarlet, fringed with gold, knelt before the altar, surrounded by sailors and soldiers and artisans. Priests and wandering voyageurs and curious savages joined also in the devout service under the forest trees. The *Griffon* meanwhile lay at anchor in the midst of a hundred bark canoes, filled with astonished Indians of a half-dozen tribes.

Early in September La Salle set sail again into Lake Michigan. He soon reached La Grande Baie, the name of which was later corrupted into the present commonplace, Green Bay. Here he collected a vast store of furs—more than 12,000 pounds. So huge was his prize that he decided to send back the *Griffon*, laden with the precious cargo, in order to pay off some pressing debts in Canada. He had no great confidence in Luc, his pilot, who had proved neither skilful nor obedient; but there was no one to take his place, and the little ship was again committed to his charge. So on September 18th, with a parting shot or two, the *Griffon* set out to return to the place of her birth, on the Niagara shore above the great cataract. La Salle with fourteen men turned to the south in their four canoes, bent on new adventures.

The *Griffon* was unfortunate in the day selected for leaving the safe shelter of St. Ignace. Before noon on that day an autumn storm of fearful violence came up; and the records say that that storm lasted for five perilous days. When last seen the little ship was labouring awkwardly amid the billows of Mackinaw. Never was she seen or heard of again. When after three months it became certain that the vessel had

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

perished, all sorts of stories were invented and spread. One report declared that the Ottawas had boarded and burned her, after killing all the crew. Another report would have it that the faithless pilot, Luc, and his crew had scuttled and sunk her; and this story La Salle himself was always inclined to believe. That the *Griffon* really foundered in that storm on Lake Huron is the most natural solution of the mystery. Even to-day it is not uncommon for gigantic grain-carriers to meet with disaster in these waters during the equinoctial storms. If, then, these modern leviathans cannot always withstand the furies of a lake storm, it is not difficult to believe that the *Griffon*, a small craft of 45 tons, built hurriedly by rude workmen with clumsy tools, broke to pieces in a terrific battle with wind and waves.

CHAPTER XL

A NINE HUNDRED MILES' JOURNEY FROM FORT TO FORT

JACQUES CARTIER was a great explorer. Greater still was Samuel de Champlain. But the palm for sheer pluck and endurance must be given to Robert Cavelier, Sieur de la Salle, of La Chine and Fort Frontenac. A hundred times he faced, with a calm spirit, hunger and cold and death. Nothing daunted him during his twenty years' struggle to extend the territories and to enhance the glory of his country. His famous journey of 900 miles, in the winter of 1680, was, without doubt, the most remarkable of his exploits, and is in many ways the most amazing episode in the annals of New France.

La Salle's ship, the *Griffon*, with her precious cargo of furs, had been lost on Lake Huron, and his plan of exploring the Mississippi was blocked, unless they could get the necessary equipment and supplies from Montreal. Fort Crèvecoeur,¹ on the Illinois River, where he had heard the bad news about the wreck, was about 900 miles from Fort Frontenac, his home. He determined, however, to make the journey to that far-distant goal, and to bring back all that was needed for his expedition to the mouth of the Mississippi.

On March 1st, with his faithful Mohegan hunter, and four Frenchmen, he embarked in two canoes. Up the Illinois, amid drifting ice, he made his difficult way. An hour after leaving the fort the party reached the quiet waters of Peoria Lake, still in early March covered with ice from shore to shore. Carrying their canoes to the bank, they made two rough sledges, on which they placed their canoes, laden with blankets, clothing, snow-shoes, kettles, hatchets, guns, lead,

¹ The name means "heart-breaking", and it was given to the fort by La Salle himself—an unconscious prophecy of the disasters to come.

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

powder, and skins for making mocassins. To the northern end of the lake they dragged their loads, and there they encamped. Next morning they found the river covered with ice, too thin to bear them on its surface, and too thick to break through with their hatchets. So they had to go forward carrying their canoes and luggage through melting snow up to their knees. Then rain fell, and they were glad to take shelter in a deserted hut they found.

Next morning, March 3rd, they dragged their canoes for a distance and then launched them in the river, breaking the ice with stakes and hatchets. Their course up the current was soon barred and they had to take to the woods again. A storm of sleet obliged them to encamp and wait for better weather.

Next day a sharp frost put a crust upon the snow, and they were able to use their snow-shoes. Over the smooth dazzling surface they dragged the sledges for many miles, till they came to the lodges of the Illinois tribe, now absent on a hunting adventure. As the Indians of this tribe were friendly to the French, La Salle's men cut rushes at the edge of the river and made fire to attract the attention of any of the braves who might be near. They also killed a buffalo and smoked the meat so that they might carry it with them. Attracted by the cloud of smoke, three Indians soon appeared, including the chief of the Illinois; and La Salle feasted them and gave them many gifts—a red blanket, a kettle, some knives, and several hatchets.

It was the 15th of March before La Salle's party left the deserted Illinois town. They now had to carry their canoes along the bank of the river past a series of rapids. Launching them again after a while, they pushed through floating ice for two days. Then they hid their canoes on an island and began to tramp across to Lake Michigan.

For four days they plodded through half-melted snow and mud and water, till they reached a small river flowing towards Lake Michigan. By means of

A 900 MILES' JOURNEY

a hastily made raft they tried to make progress on the stream, but they were soon again trudging along the shore. Next day they saw through the woods the shining waters of the great lake, but before they could reach it, they were forced to cross several swollen creeks. On the evening of the 24th they came to Fort St. Joseph, built at this point by themselves the year before.

The little party now pushed on through the wilds of southern Michigan. Within three days their clothes were torn to shreds and their faces covered with bloody scratches from the thorns and brambles through which they had struggled. Then they found open glades in the woods and had less trouble in advancing. At this stage they met with a good many deer and bears and wild turkeys so that they no longer had to carry provisions with them.

On the night of the 28th, while they sat before their camp fire, they were surrounded by Indians of the tribe called Wapoos. Taking the French to be Iroquois, and thinking there were more of them than appeared at the fire, the savages slunk away without shooting a single arrow. In order to keep up the idea that his party was an Iroquois band La Salle stripped the bark from many trees and made charcoal marks on the trunks, as the Iroquois were accustomed to do. He also set fire to the dry grass of the prairie land to destroy the tracks of his party.

On March 30th they found themselves in a great swamp, which was flooded by the spring thaw. They went ahead, with water and mud up to their waists. At night they took off their wet clothes and wrapped themselves in their blankets. On the morning of April 2nd there was so hard a frost that they found their clothes frozen stiff and they had to thaw them out and dry them before a fire. These hardships had an ill effect on two of the men, who on the 4th could not walk a step farther. While the sick men were recovering, their companions made a canoe, for they had now reached

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

the Huron River, which flows into Lake Erie. They were soon floating down stream, but their course was almost at once blocked by great logs which stretched from bank to bank. The sick men now declared that they could manage to walk, and so the party pushed east till they came to the shore of the Lake. At this point La Salle directed two of his men to make a canoe and go north to Michillimackinac with important messages. He himself with the Mohegan and the other two Frenchmen went north-east and paddled over the Detroit on a raft. Then across country for thirty miles they tramped, through sleet and rain till they reached Lake Erie, near Point Pelée. Here one of the Frenchmen and the Mohegan were attacked by fever, and La Salle had only a single helper. The two built another canoe, and placing the invalids on board, they paddled towards Niagara. At last on Easter Monday they arrived at the cabin of logs above the Falls, near which the wrecked *Griffon* had been built the year before.

La Salle now received the worst of news. Several Frenchmen, left there by him last year, confirmed the reports about the loss of the *Griffon* and her cargo worth 10,000 crowns; and they also reported that a ship from France, freighted with goods for La Salle, worth 22,000 livres, had a short time before been wrecked at the mouth of the St. Lawrence.

All La Salle's own men were now unfit for travel, he alone being strong in body and in spirit. He took three fresh men from his Niagara settlement and resumed his journey towards the east. On May 6th, through floods of rain his canoe landed near his seigniory at Fort Frontenac. In sixty-five days he had completed the full journey of about 900 miles from Fort Crève-cœur, accompanied by not a single companion who had set out with him. His frame of iron and his unconquerable spirit had "won through" to his goal.

Even at Fort Frontenac he did not rest. He was within a week in Montreal, where his appearance

A 900 MILES' JOURNEY

caused great astonishment. In a few days he had gained the supplies he required, arranged to pay his creditors as soon as possible, and then started back on his return journey to distant Fort Crèvecoeur.

CHAPTER XLI

THE PEOPLE OF THE LONG HOUSE

THREE hundred years ago, and indeed during the whole period of the French rule in Canada, a traveller might have seen many a Long House in that region south of Lake Ontario which is bounded on the east by the Hudson River and Lake Champlain and on the west by the Genesee. This was the home of the Five Nations—the savage Iroquois—and they lived, not in wigwams or huts, but in very comfortable houses of a peculiar construction. All these Iroquois houses had one feature in common—they were very long. The great Council House of their senators was about 90 feet in length; and some of the Seneca houses were 150 feet long.

While the Long Houses were built for comfort, they were also intended to accommodate as many as possible. The architecture was of the simplest. Two long lines of poles were driven into the ground. These were held firmly in position by a framework of horizontal poles securely fastened to them as well as by the poles of the sloping roof. The walls and the roof were made of several layers of elm bark. The interior of the house had a middle passage, about ten feet wide, running the whole length of it. On each side of the passage were compartments, like the stalls of a stable, each about eight feet by five feet, with a floor raised about a foot above the floor of the central passage for the purpose of avoiding dampness. In these stalls skins of bear and deer were spread out as couches. In cold weather all down the long central passage burned wood fires, one fire for every four families. The smoke from the fires escaped through an opening in the roof, which also served to give light. If the House were 96 feet long, there would be 12 rooms on each side of the passage, to accommodate 24 families, and 6 fires to

THE PEOPLE OF THE LONG HOUSE

keep them all warm. If any of the families were large, two rooms, or even three, were allotted to them. At each end of the Long House were special rooms for storing food and for accommodating visitors.

The Five Nations of the Iroquois took their name of Ho-de-no-sau-nee from the shape of their houses, for they are "The People of the Long House." The name implies more, however, than the fact that all their 300 or more houses, in their 20 palisaded villages, were elongated in shape. Ho-de-no-sau-nee declares that the tribes dwelt in a long line from east to west. The Senecas guarded the western portals; then came the Cayugas; then the central tribe of the Onondagas, having the honour of protecting the great Council House of the League. The Oneidas and the Mohawks completed the national Long House, 200 miles from east to west. When in 1713 the Tuscaroras were admitted to the League, they were wedged in between the Onondagas and the Oneidas.

One of the most remarkable things in the strange history of the Iroquois League is that the tribes never quarrelled with one another. There was always harmony in the national Long House, just as there was always domestic peace among the groups of families collected under the long single roofs in the scattered villages. While the Iroquois were quarrelsome and pugnacious abroad, they were tame and peaceable at home. This contrast in mood is capable of explanation.

Although the Iroquois League was composed of five tribes (and later six) working with a common aim, that was not the whole story. There was another sort of division and another sort of unity, more important for the national welfare, and serving to knit the tribes tightly together. Each tribe was divided into clans, from three to eight in number. Each of these clans took its name from some animal or bird. This beast or bird was represented by a rude picture, which was used as the symbol or device of the clan, in the

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

same way as a coat of arms is used in European countries. These pictures were called *totems*. Everyone was proud of his badge, and some had it tattooed upon their bodies. The totem served as a seal on all written documents.

Among the Iroquois there were eight different totems—the Wolf, the Deer, the Bear, the Beaver, the Turtle, the Hawk, the Snipe, and the Heron. The Mohawks and their next-door neighbours, the Oneidas, had only three totems—the Wolf, the Bear, and the Turtle; but the Senecas, the Cayugas, and the Onondagas, had eight each. As eight was the total number of totems among the Five Nations, it follows that the three tribes last mentioned had the same totems, and that the two eastern tribes had three of the same eight. Therefore there were members of the Wolf clan, for instance, in all the tribes, as also members of the Bear clan and of the Turtle clan. But the clans of the Deer, the Beaver, the Hawk, the Snipe, and the Heron, were found only in three western tribes.

The members of a clan were closer to one another than the members of any of the tribes of the League. Indeed, they regarded one another as brothers and sisters, even if they belonged to tribes far apart. It was the duty of members of the same clan to protect one another; and if a wrong were done to any of their number, in any of the tribes, they were all bound to avenge the wrong. Being regarded as brothers and sisters, the members of the same clan could not marry. A Wolf must not take a Wolf to wife, but he might marry a Bear or a Turtle. A Hawk must seek a Heron or a Snipe or any of the eight creatures but a Hawk.

This system of totems affected the great men, or sachems, of the League in a curious way. The sachems—the aged and wise men who composed the Great Council of the Iroquois—were 50 or 60 in number, ten or twelve for each tribe. The office of sachem was hereditary, and yet a sachem's son was never allowed to succeed him. The reason for this arrangement was

THE PEOPLE OF THE LONG HOUSE

the fact that the sachem's children belonged to the clan of the mother, not the clan of the father, and the honour of being a sachem must be given to a member of the same clan as had always held it. If the sachem were a Wolf and his wife a Bear, all the children were Bears, and the great office passed to the dead sachem's brother, or a married sister's son, who were Wolves.

This odd system of clans and totems kept the Iroquois League closely united. No tribe could break away from the League, for that would tear away Wolf from Wolf, or Deer from Deer, or Beaver from Beaver. Nor could any clan break away from the tribes, for that would tear off a fragment from every tribe in the League. So the whole body of the Iroquois League was woven together in a close fabric of web and woof. When after the American Revolution the Iroquois League broke up, because of the flight to Canada of these swarthy allies of the English, the clans stuck pretty well together, even when the tribes were not quite of one mind.

The many pages in the history of Canada, from the time of Champlain to the passing of New France, which the Five Nations wrote in agony and blood, do not belong to the present theme. But here a word may be added as to the last of all the Iroquois inroads into Canada. In 1782-3, along with the United Empire Loyalists, most of the Iroquois crossed Lake Ontario and the Niagara River to seek new homes under English rule. The Bay of Quinte region and a vast tract along the banks of the Grand River, six miles wide on each side of the river from source to mouth, were allotted to the Six Nations by the English King.

To-day if one visits the Grand River Reservation, he will find there the descendants of those copper-hued patriots of 1782. There are now in that region, engaged in agriculture, milling, and other industries, more than 1,800 Mohawks, 1,100 Cayugas, 350 Onondagas, 200 Senecas, 400 Tuscaroras, 350 Oneidas. The Mohawks of the Quinte region to-day number

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

1,350. In the Thames valley there are more than 1,000 Oneidas.

It must not be supposed that all the Iroquois came to Canada after the American Revolution. Many were induced to remain in their comfortable homes. The Senecas especially clung to their fruitful valleys, south of the modern city of Rochester. The last census gives their present number as 2,750. Of the Oneidas over 2,000 are living today in Wisconsin. A few hundred each of the Onondagas, Tuscaroras, and Oneidas, may be found among the little lakes of New York State, where the French warriors of long ago saw the flashing hatchets and heard the blood-curdling war shouts of the braves of the Long House.

CHAPTER XLII

THE RUNNERS OF THE WOODS

ON an evening in June, during that romantic period when the great Frontenac ruled Canada, a strange sight might have been seen on the streets of Montreal, then a village of 500 inhabitants. A band of young men, about fifty in number, dressed in clothes which were a queer mixture of French and Indian fashions, were roaming up and down, singing French songs and yelling Indian war-shouts. Some of these were clad entirely in Algonquin garb, which at that season was rather scanty, their arms and chests and legs being quite bare. These revellers had all tasted brandy too freely, and some of them were intoxicated. As the night advanced, the din of their merriment increased, and decent people were afraid to walk the streets. It was morning before the village resumed its usual quiet.

These disturbers of the peace were *coureurs de bois*, "Runners of the Woods," who had returned to their old home to sell the furs which they had bought from the Indian tribes of Canada. They had received large sums for their loads of beaver skins, and, like reckless sailors coming to port, they could not keep their money, but must spend it at once in drinking and other jollities.

There had been a time, in Champlain's day, when the Indians once a year brought their furs to the St. Lawrence for barter; but that day had passed. These *coureurs de bois* went out into the wilds and met the Indians on their way to the Great River of Canada. By going out to meet the dusky traders they secured the pick of the pelts, and by means of strong liquors they so fuddled the Indians that the furs were bought for almost nothing.

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY



A COUREUR DE BOIS

THE RUNNERS OF THE WOODS

From the practice of going out a hundred miles or more to meet the incoming bands grew a custom much more important and very embarrassing to those who ruled the French colony. Soon all the young and vigorous men of New France, including the sons of the seigneurs and well-to-do merchants joined these "Runners of the Woods." They were attracted by the freedom which life in the open promised, and their Norman or Breton blood was thrilled by the prospect of a rover's career. Even the dangers of a life which included running the Rapids and fighting with savages appealed to them.

So quickly did the new movement grow that the King of France made very severe laws to check it. He declared that he desired his people to stay in the villages and on the farms near the St. Lawrence, and he forbade the wild rush to the wilderness. It was ordered that no one should go out, even to hunt, until he had secured a license. Hunting permits were granted, but only for three months, from January 15th to April 15th of each year. The holder of a permit could take only one canoe and three men. The punishment for going to the forest without a license was whipping and branding for the first offence, and if the crime were repeated, the guilty one was sentenced to the galleys for life. No one could carry liquor to the Indians under penalty of fines and even corporal punishment.

These orders, although coming from the King himself, could not be enforced. The *coureurs de bois* would rush into a settlement at an unexpected season, sell their furs—for there was always someone to buy them—have a good time for a day or two, and then lose themselves in the wilds again before the officers of the law could muster a force strong enough to seize them. To make matters worse, some of the governors of Montreal became secret partners of the young adventurers and shared their gains. On one occasion Frontenac arrived in Montreal when a band of these

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

wild youth were making merry there. His guard arrested a dozen of them; and the next day, for a warning, one of the dare-devils was hanged in the public square.

The roving life of the *coureurs de bois*, with its lawless activities, and its romantic adventures, quite unfitted them for quiet home-keeping occupations during middle and old age. Once a roamer, always a roamer, was the invariable rule. However, a considerable number of these restless spirits did settle down in the remote wilds of the west, married Indian wives, sank almost to the level of savages, and became the ancestors of the mixed races who now people thousands of acres of prairie farms, or who still roam over the waste places of the north, engaged in hunting and trapping.

The most famous of the *coureurs de bois* was Daniel du Lhut (or Duluth). He formed a great company of young men, 800 in number, who one day in the early part of the year vanished from the colony, not to be seen again for four years. No government could prevent such a movement or interfere with its activities. The King might threaten fines and imprisonment, and the priests might plead the cause of the church and the claims of family life and of good behaviour, but the lure of the forests and the streams was stronger than law and the tame attractions of home. Out poured these 800 in a great fleet of canoes; and soon they had passed through the Lake of Two Mountains into the Ottawa River—the usual highroad for a hundred years to the north and the west.

It was the bush-rangers of Du Lhut that discovered a large part of what is now New Ontario, and all the vast region drained by the Assiniboine. They built forts all through the West and Northwest. Their chief trading-post was at Michillimackinac. From that centre every year they set out in small bands and ranged hundreds of miles among the waterways of the wilderness. When Du Lhut returned, after his long

THE RUNNERS OF THE WOODS

absence, to Quebec, the Intendant arrested him; but as Frontenac knew the value of the services of Du Lhut and his daring outlaws in the wars with the Iroquois, he soon ordered the release of the celebrated Lord of the Woods, and he even made terms with him. Du Lhut's name is preserved to this day by a great city at the west end of Lake Superior, for Duluth is another spelling of Du Lhut.

About the beginning of the 18th century a new word took the place of *coureur de bois*, which had become a term of bad repute. The men who were employed by the Hudson's Bay Company and by the Northwest Company to transport their agents and goods and supplies along rivers and lakes and overland were called *voyageurs*. Many of the former bushrangers were thus employed by the great fur companies, and they became respectable and honoured members of society. Most of these *voyageurs* were half-Indian, and they brought to their work all the skill of the native as well as the energy and enterprise of their French ancestry.

CHAPTER XLIII

THE LITTLE GIANT

EARLY in the month of May, 1684, a boy of thirteen stood on a wharf of the Thames in the great city of London. He had often come down to the docks to watch the ships and to talk with the sailors; but on this particular morning he had come in a spirit of daring. He would try to get work on one of the ships and thus be able to see foreign lands. The vessel called "Happy Return" would, he learned, sail in a few hours, and he thought that a ship with such a name was just the ship to sail in. A man in blue uniform gruffly asked the lad what he was doing there. Henry Kelsey muttered in a low voice: "I want to go to sea". "Well", said the mate of the "Happy Return", "hop aboard and I'll find you a job." Soon the ship was moving towards Gravesend, and Henry was bidding good-bye to the noisy city, in the streets of which he had earned a living for some years.

The little street arab was soon informed that the voyage would be a very long one, for the ship belonged to the Hudson's Bay Company, and they were bound for Hudson's Bay, thousands of miles distant. He listened eagerly to the talk of the sailors about ice-bergs and ice-floes, and seals, and polar bears; but he was most interested when he heard that at Fort Nelson they would see and trade with painted Indians. For some time he was sea-sick amid the mighty waves of the Atlantic; and he was home-sick for London many a day. However, when the "Happy Return" was struggling through the ice of Hudson's Strait there was enough excitement to stir his blood and make him forget all his troubles. At length, after a voyage of two months, the vessel cast anchor in the port of that desolate post at the mouth of the Nelson River.

“THE LITTLE GIANT”

The governor of the Fort found work for Henry to do, for he was very glad to have a lad to run errands and attend to odd jobs. He was very strict with the boy, and even ordered him not to speak till he was spoken to. When the Indians from the south came to the Fort late in July with loads of furs—beaver, and marten, and fox—the boy was thrilled, for all the Company's men, fully armed, went out to meet the Indians, the bugles and pipes and drums making a grand noise.

All the men of the Hudson's Bay Company in the Fort, with the exception of the chief trader, were forbidden to hold any conversation with the Indians when they came north every summer, or even to leave the Fort without special permission. When young Kelsey was about seventeen he used to steal away to visit the Indians near by, for they liked the bright English lad and encouraged him to come. Once or twice he went hunting with them in the woods. When the governor heard that his rules were being broken, he called the culprit before him and sternly told him never to go again among the Assiniboines. But the wilful youth broke the rules again within a week, climbing over the palisades at night. When he returned next morning to the Fort, he was soundly whipped with a lash for disobeying orders.

Kelsey was seen no more in the Fort for over a year. He had run away and nowhere could he be found. The wilds of the north had swallowed him, and he was given up for lost. One day late in the following year there appeared at the Fort an Indian runner with a message from the forest. When the governor examined the piece of birch bark on which were inscribed some charcoal characters, he was surprised to find that the words were English : “I am alive and well, and am living with an Indian tribe and can talk their language. If you will pardon me for running away and allow me back at the Fort, I will lead a band of the Company's men to a rich land

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

where fur-bearing animals are plentiful and the natives are friendly". And there at the end of the note was the signature, HENRY KELSEY.

It so happened that the governor had just been instructed by the chief officers of the Company in London to send parties south and west in order to establish new forts. Here was work for Kelsey, who had returned exactly when needed most. A message was sent to the young adventurer by the Indian messenger : "Return to the Fort. All is forgiven."

When Kelsey appeared, he had a young wife with him. He had been adopted by the Indians, had donned the dress of the Indians, and then by Indian rites had been married to this dusky beauty. When the governor refused to admit the lady of the woods, Kelsey declared that he would not enter the Fort without her. As the young man was too valuable for the Company to lose on account of a mere squaw, the couple were admitted and treated with much kindness. Indeed, Kelsey was the hero of the hour. Although only nineteen, he was sent north-west to Churchill River on an important mission. He was so successful in securing trade for the Company in that quarter that on his return a much greater responsibility was thrown upon him. He was to undertake a long journey into the country of the Assiniboines to the south-west.

On the 15th of July, 1691, Henry Kelsey, aged 20, with a fleet of canoes, began to stem the difficult current of Nelson River. His companions were all Indians of the Assiniboine tribe, now returning to their home in the valley of the Saskatchewan. By paddling and by portage they proceeded in three days to Split Lake. Here they hid their canoes and went on overland

The route taken by Kelsey lay between the great water-ways of the Nelson and the Churchill. The weather he experienced, the game he encountered, the trees he saw, the landscapes he describes, all tell us pretty definitely where he went. The weather was

“THE LITTLE GIANT”

dry; the game was scarce at the beginning; the trees were, first, pine and spruce, then, birch and poplar. On August 19th, five weeks after starting out, he reached the rolling prairies, endless—the grass, waist-high, tossing in the summer breeze like ocean billows. His course had carried him below Reindeer Lake right down within a hundred miles of the North Saskatchewan River.

Some incidents of this romantic journey of 600 miles Kelsey himself has told, and his story may be read to this day in the records of the Hudson's Bay House in London :

One day, he says, there appeared on the prairie an immense herd of buffaloes, and they killed so many that they could not use them for meat, and their hides were not worth carrying all the way to the Bay. Then for several days afterwards other great herds followed, a thousand or more in each herd. His description of these animals leads us to wonder whether they were not the musk ox of the barren lands rather than the bison.

Once, while out hunting, through sheer weariness, he fell asleep in the long grass. He must have slumbered for hours, and when he rose he could see no sign of his Indian friends. Nor could he find a trail anywhere so as to follow them. He wandered helplessly till dark, when the glare of a distant camp-fire showed him the way to his companions. He reached them after struggling through the tall grass for nearly two hours.

On another occasion he nearly perished in the flames of a forest fire. He had lain down near the camp-fire and slept soundly. He awoke suddenly to find the dry grass ablaze all around him. So close up had the fire crept that the stock of his musket, lying by his side, was burned.

After journeying for seven days in the prairie country, the party reached a wooded region. Here occurred the most exciting incident of all. He and

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

one of the Indians were out hunting when they suddenly were faced by two gigantic grizzly bears. As these monsters had never heard a gun and had never seen a man, they advanced boldly on the two hunters. The frightened Indian was soon in a tree while Kelsey ran for safety to a clump of willows. The bears pursued the Indian, giving Kelsey a chance to take good aim with his musket. The smaller bear fell at the first shot. The other turned to seek out the slayer of his mate. With a second shot Kelsey closed the adventure. Soon the whole camp heard the thrilling story from the mouth of Kelsey's Indian companion. To kill two bears within a minute was an achievement so unusual that the tribe named the English youth, "The Little Giant".

On the 24th of August they reached the camp of a great chief of the Assiniboines. The combined host now numbered several hundred, and the tepees which sheltered them all were eighty in number. A fortnight later, farther south, Kelsey visited another chief, mightier still, at the main camp of the Assiniboines. To this Great Chief he gave many presents—a laced coat, a cap, a brilliant sash, a musket with powder and shot, several knives, and a store of tobacco, at the same time inviting him to go down to Hudson's Bay. The chief was delighted, and promised to meet the White Chief at Fort Nelson in the following summer.

The ragamuffin lad from the gutters of London now rose fast in the service of the Company. Within six years he was Deputy Governor at Fort York. Sixteen years later he was the Governor of York Factory and the second in command in the whole vast region of Hudson's Bay. Near the end of his life, after forty-five years in the Company's service, he actually became Governor of the whole Bay.

CHAPTER XLIV

NO SURRENDER !

ON the morning of the 16th of October, 1690, a great fleet of thirty-four ships, carrying 2,300 men, rounded the Island of Orleans and anchored in the Basin of Quebec. A boat put out from the admiral's ship, bearing a white flag of truce. A young officer was bringing an important message to the Governor of Canada. On his approach to the shore he was met by four canoes from the Lower Town, in one of which he was paddled to the quay. A bandage was tied tightly over his eyes so that he could not see his surroundings or by what way he was going.

The town-major met the foreign officer and directed two sergeants to lead the envoy to the Governor. They led the blindfolded man, not by the shortest route, but by a roundabout way, to the Chateau St. Louis. They made him clamber over all sorts of obstacles, while a noisy rabble followed, pushing him about and making great fun of him. Some women called after him, "Colin Maillard", the name for the blindman in the game of "Blindman's Buff". On Mountain Street there were three barricades, all of which he was forced to climb over. Along the route drums were beat and trumpets blown, to make him think that the garrison of Quebec was very large and strong. At last he reached the great reception-hall in the Chateau, and the bandage was taken from his eyes.

For a few minutes the young envoy stood there, confused and astonished. He looked around on a remarkable gathering. Frontenac, the "fighting governor", was there, in his gorgeous uniform, every inch a soldier, holding erect his majestic head, which the cares of seventy years had not bowed. Around him, brilliantly clad and adorned with gold and silver

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY



COUNT FRONTENAC

lace, stood the members of his staff and the chief officers of the colony. Such pomp the young officer had never before viewed and he was evidently greatly impressed.

When the dazzled stranger had recovered his wits, he saluted Frontenac and expressed his regrets that the duty imposed upon him that day was not a very pleasant one. Then he handed to the Governor an

NO SURRENDER !

extraordinary letter. As Frontenac could not read English he asked his interpreter to translate the message aloud in French before the whole company. The letter ran in this vein :

“Sir William Phips, Knight, General and Commander-in-Chief over their Majesties’ Forces of New England, by Sea and Land, to Count Frontenac, Lieutenant-General and Governor for the French King at Canada.

“Being desirous of avoiding all inhuman and un-Christian actions and preventing the loss of life,

“I do hereby, in the names of their most excellent Majesties, William and Mary, King and Queen of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Defenders of the Faith, demand a present surrender of your forts and castles, undemolished, and the King’s and other stores, with a delivery of all captives; together with a surrender of all your persons and estates; upon the doing of which you may expect mercy from me, as a Christian. This if you refuse to do, I am come provided, and am resolved, by the help of God, in whom I trust, by force of arms, to bring you under subjection to the Crown of England, and, when too late, make you wish you had accepted the favour offered to you now.

“Your answer positive within an hour, given by your trumpet, with the return of mine, is required upon the peril that will ensue”.

When the reading of this document was finished, the young officer pulled out a large silver watch from his pocket and handed it to Frontenac, remarking as he did so that it was ten o’clock and the answer was due by eleven.

A great cry of anger arose in the room, and one of the French officers exclaimed loudly : “This fellow is a pirate and deserves to be hanged”. Frontenac, calm and stern, raised his hand for silence, and immediately replied :

“I need no time whatever for consideration, and you shall not be kept waiting. Tell your general that

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

I do not recognize King William; and that the Prince of Orange is a usurper, who has violated the most sacred ties of blood in attempting to dethrone his own father-in-law. I know no king of England but King James". The Governor then turned with his most gracious smile towards his officers, and added : "Even if your general offered me better conditions than he does, and I had a mind to accept them, does he imagine that these gallant gentlemen would consent to it, or advise me to place my trust in a man who has failed in his duty to his rightful sovereign".

The messenger from the enemy's fleet seemed startled at Frontenac's brusque reply, and he begged the Governor to give him the answer in writing.

"No !" thundered the great Frenchman, "I will answer your general only by the mouths of my cannon, that he may learn that a man of my rank is not to be ordered about in such a rude fashion".

The messenger's eyes were again bandaged, and he was escorted back to the fleet in the harbour.

Next day Phips began a bombardment of the fortress with every gun which his ships carried. The cannon ranged along Cape Diamond belched forth from every battery a crushing reply. Within a week the siege of Quebec was ended, and the boastful Phips was on his sad way back to Boston.

Services of praise were held in all the churches of Quebec, and a new chapel was built in the Lower Town in gratitude to heaven for the victory. At the command of Louis XIV a medal was struck in Paris bearing on one side this legend, in Latin : "France in the New World Victorious; Quebec Saved, A.D. MDCXC."

CHAPTER XLV

THE GIRL WHO CALLED, "TO ARMS !"

THIS is the story of little Madeleine de Verchères, a girl who lived long ago in a place on the south shore of the St. Lawrence River, not far from Montreal.

The little girl's mother had gone on a short visit to Montreal, which was only twenty miles away to the west. Her father, who was the greatest man in their village, had gone some weeks before to Quebec to serve in the army. The men on her father's farm were at work in the fields, for it was October. Two soldiers had been left with Madeleine to look after her and her two young brothers, for there lived in the land to the south many savage Indians, who sometimes came as far north as the river.

When her mother left home she had told her little daughter to run with her brothers to the fort near their house if the Indians came, for the two soldiers were in the fort and they would protect them. All the women and children in the village were also to go to the fort if there were any danger.

Madeleine was only fourteen and her brothers only twelve and ten, and their mother would not have gone away, leaving children so young, if she had not felt sure that they would be safe. The Indians had not come that way for nearly two years.

Little Madeleine had gone down to the river one afternoon along with one of her father's hired men, when she heard in the fields near where the farmers were working the sound of guns firing. "Run, miss, to the fort, run quick !" said the man, "the Indians are coming !" She turned and saw about fifty "red-skins" rushing towards them from the woods.

Madeleine ran fast and on the way found her brothers and took them with her to the fort. She heard the

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

bullets whistling about her ears. As she ran she called loudly, "To arms! to arms!"

The two soldiers in the fort were so afraid of the Indians that they had run to a stronger place, called a "block-house", which was near the fort and joined with it. Madeleine went to the block-house to find the soldiers, and there they were hiding in a corner. "You are miserable cowards", she called out to them; "leave this place at once". She spoke so sternly that they obeyed her and started back to the fort. She then took up a gun and said to her two brothers: "Let us three fight the Indians, for father, you know, has taught us that in danger we must fight for God and the King".

When the two soldiers heard her brave words, they turned back, and she and her brothers and the two men began to fire at the Indians through the loopholes in the walls. The Indians thought there must be many people in the fort and blockhouse, and they went off to attack those outside in the fields.

In the fort there was an old cannon, and Madeleine ordered the soldiers to fire it in order to tell people for miles around that the Indians were there. By this time all the women and children outside had come screaming and weeping to the fort. Madeleine ordered them all to be quiet, for there was no need to be afraid, she told them.

Just then a canoe was seen in the river, and in it were a Frenchman and his family, trying to reach the fort. Madeleine feared the poor people would be killed if something were not done at once to help them. She told the two soldiers to go out and bring them in, but the cowards would not stir from the fort. Then she went herself alone to the landing-place, although the Indians were still near. "They will think it is a trick I am playing", she said to herself, "to get them to come nearer so that we may shoot at them". The Indians did really think it was a trick, and they stayed at a safe distance. The Frenchman and his family

“TO ARMS !”

leaped from the canoe, and Madeleine made them march in front of her to the fort, in full sight of the Indians. Madeleine was glad when they all reached the fort, for she had now two more people to fight for her.

That night there was a great storm with snow and hail, and Madeleine feared that the Indians, who were lurking near, would climb into the fort in the darkness. She said to the six people who were defending the fort with her : “God has saved us to-day, but we must take care not to fall into the hands of the Indians to-night. As for me, you see that I am not afraid. I want you all to go the block-house, for it is stronger than the fort, and take the women and children with you. I will take charge of the fort with this old man of eighty, who has come here to be safe, and with my two brothers, who would not leave me. If I am taken by the Indians, don’t be afraid. The Indians can not hurt you in the block-house, if you are brave”.

Madeleine then placed her two brothers on two of the towers of the fort, the old man on a third, and she herself took the fourth. All night, in spite of wind and snow and hail the cry “All’s well!” was kept up from those in the fort to those in the block-house, and from block-house to fort always came back the reply, “All’s well !” The Indians thought the fort and the block-house were filled with soldiers, and they kept at a distance. They had planned to take the fort in the night, but when they heard “All’s well !” so often, they gave up their plan.

A little after midnight, one of Madeleine’s brothers called to her: “I hear something”. She looked out and saw a number of cattle coming towards the fort. At first she thought it was a trick of the Indians, but she knew how useful the cows would be, and they would be killed if left outside, so she told her two brothers to stand with their guns at the gate while she let the cows in.

When daylight came, everybody took courage. They had plenty of guns and powder and bullets, and

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

they had the cows to milk, and the Indians seemed afraid to come too near.

For two whole nights and days Madeleine neither ate nor slept, but kept watch on the towers, or went to the block-house to see how everything was going. All the time she kept a cheerful smiling face, and the little company hoped some one would come soon to relieve them.

For a whole week the Indians kept them shut up in the fort. Then one night a French captain and forty men arrived by the river in boats. "Who are you?" called a voice from the fort. The reply rang out: "We are Frenchmen, come to bring you help"

Madeleine had been dozing, her gun across her arms, but on hearing the good news, she leaped to her feet, ordered the gate to be opened, and rushed down to the river.

To the French captain she said: "I surrender my arms to you, sir".

He replied: "The fort, miss, has been in good hands".

"But it is time, indeed, to relieve us, sir", she said, "for we have held the fort for a week".

CHAPTER XLVI

PIERRE LE MOYNE AND THE "PELICAN"

IN the month of May, 1697, a small French fleet sailed into Placentia Bay, on the south coast of Newfoundland. It was in command of Serigny, one of the ten famous sons of Charles Le Moyne of Montreal. It had come from France to pick up Serigny's brother, the renowned Pierre Le Moyne d'Iberville, who had just completed a victorious campaign and brought nearly the whole of Newfoundland under French rule. The orders which Iberville received from the hands of Serigny had been issued by Louis XIV a few months earlier. The instructions of the king directed the two brothers to proceed at once to Hudson's Bay and to re-capture Fort Bourbon, called by the English "Fort Nelson", which the brothers had taken from the English three years before, and which the English had again seized. That remote fort was a very important one, as it commanded the fur-trade of a territory thousands of square miles in extent.

The fleet that sailed from Placentia Bay early in July consisted of five ships of war and a vessel carrying stores. Iberville went on board the "Pelican", and his brother took command of the "Palmier". The other three war-ships were the "Wasp", the "Violent", and the "Profond".

So rapidly did the French vessels make their thousand-mile journey to the north that they entered Hudson's Strait before the end of the month. The dangerous Strait, about 400 miles long, is difficult to navigate even at midsummer, and the fleet was soon locked in the ice. The store-ship, less sea-worthy than the men-of-war, was crushed and lost, the crew escaping to the other ships. The "Violent", also, dropped out near the western end of the strait. The "Pelican", leading the fleet, was the first to extricate

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

herself from the ice-floes, and she pushed ahead. Soon she reached open waters, leaving her three consorts far behind. Iberville decided not to wait for the others, as he knew too well the dangers of delay. He dashed south-west towards Fort Nelson. Soon after entering the great Bay he saw far ahead of him three English ships, armed merchant-men, but he succeeded in stealing past them, and hurried towards his goal, 600 miles away.

Iberville knew Hudson's Bay well. Since he had first visited it, with another brother, by the overland route, eleven years before, he had been coming and going, sometimes on foot and by canoe from Montreal, and at least twice in men-of-war. As he now sailed under a bright August sun over this vast inland sea, he must have recalled the day, eight years before, when, at Fort Albany in the south, he with a band of painted Indians, had boarded an English vessel, laden with furs worth fifty-thousand pounds, and sailed away with his rich prize to Quebec. He was now thirty-six years old, and at the very height of his great career. Although Canadian-born, he was the most distinguished captain in the French navy. In his brilliant talents France had complete faith; and, what was more important for this new adventure, he had sublime confidence in himself.

On September 3rd, Iberville, in the "Pelican", caught sight of Fort Nelson. He knew that his task was not a light one. If the fort resisted assault, and his own three ships did not soon arrive, he would be the prey of the three English vessels, which must have seen him as he passed them.

On the morning of September 5th, the look-out of the "Pelican" shouted, "A sail ! A sail !" Iberville soon saw three ships drawing near, and he at first believed they were his own, left behind in the Strait a week before. He fired a cannon in welcome, but he heard no answering signal. These, then, were the English ships come to take him. At the same time he

PIERRE LE MOYNE AND THE "PELICAN"

heard wild shouts from the fort hard by, glad of the coming help.

Iberville had forty sick men on board, but at the muster he counted a hundred and fifty. He must face the enemy or run, and no Le Moyne had ever been known to run away from a fight.

The three English ships were the "Hampshire", the "Hudson's Bay", and the "Dering". The first to come up was the "Hampshire", with 52 guns and sixty fighting-men. Within a quarter of an hour the English vessel had mowed down the masts and the wheel-house of the "Pelican". The "Hudson's Bay" (with 32 guns) and the "Dering" (with 36 guns) then circled around the "Pelican" and used both guns and muskets with terrible accuracy.

Iberville was a master of naval tactics from his youth up. He now ordered his gunners to fire entirely into the hull of the "Hampshire" and to work their 44 guns at top speed. For several hours the cannonade continued. The "Pelican's" decks were strewn with ninety dead and wounded. The fallen sails were ablaze. The masts were in splinters and the railings all down. The prow, too, had been shot clean away. But Iberville did not admit that he was beaten. He kept shouting to his gunners, "Fire low!" Soon he was rewarded by seeing what he had worked for so long. The "Hampshire" suddenly ceased firing, lurched over, and sank like a stone.

This was the beginning of the end. The "Hudson's Bay", not aware of the desperate condition of the "Pelican" and her crew, raised the white flag; and the "Dering" fled towards Fort Nelson. At that moment Nature took the affair in hand. A wild hurricane arose, and the crippled "Pelican", now about a league from the fort, split amidships, a complete wreck. Iberville was able to land his crew, both the survivors of the fight and most of the sick. The fate of the "Pelican" soon overtook the "Hudson's Bay", which broke up on the rocks that night in the tempest.

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

The three missing French ships, which came in too late for the battle, arrived in time to prevent the victors from perishing, and to make it possible for Iberville to bombard Fort Nelson. The fort was only a palisade work, with a garrison of traders and a few small cannon. Under the first shower of French bombs it surrendered. The English were well treated by their foe, and were allowed to return home in the "Dering".

Iberville left the captured fort in charge of his brother; and he himself, taking two of his ships, sailed for France. In Paris the king's orders awaited him. He was to sail as soon as possible for the mouth of the Mississippi, and to seize all that southern land for France. The story of Iberville's founding of Louisiana is a fitting sequel to his famous fight on Hudson's Bay.

CHAPTER XLVII

THE STRANGE TALE OF JEANNE LE BER

IN 1662, when Montreal was only twenty years old, a girl was born there who was to become very famous in New France. Her father, Jacques Le Ber, was a merchant of the town, and when Jeanne came into the world the sun of prosperity was shining on the Le Ber family fortunes. Indeed, before the little daughter was ten years old the Governor of Canada had given the father a title which ranked him among the Canadian *noblesse*, or gentlemen, at that time only about a dozen in number. It is true that Jacques Le Ber had to pay 6,000 livres to the Governor, but the new honour caused his shop to become more thronged than ever with customers, and he soon knew that he had made a good bargain.

Little Jeanne was a girl of a very sensitive nature, affectionate at home and much devoted to all the services of the church. At the age of fifteen, tall and beautiful, she was the idol of the household and the favourite child of both father and mother. It was noticed that she was spending more and more of her time in the company of the nuns of the town and not with girls of her own age. Before she was twenty religion had gained full control of all her movements and thoughts. We are told that she had many suitors, but that she was cold to them all, however handsome or wealthy they were. She kept aloof from all forms of amusement and from all social gatherings, and gave her heart and affections fully to God. At last, when she was about twenty-four, she decided to separate herself completely from the world and its temptations.

She shut herself up in her room and refused to come out or to see anyone, even the friendly nuns being excluded. Her food was brought to her regularly, but

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY



JEANNE LE BER

she often sent it away, as she took pleasure in much fasting. The maid who brought in her meals and the priest who received her confessions were the only people she would see. For ten years she remained in this solitary room. During this time her mother died,

THE STRANGE TALE OF JEANNE LE BER

but she firmly refused to come out for a last look at her. A family of tender young children, her own brothers and sisters, now needed her help and guidance, but she declared that the claims of religion and the world's need of her prayers must have her full and loyal attention. She did come out once, when her brother, killed in a battle with the English, was brought home for burial. The funeral service was being conducted in the room next to hers, when she surprised everyone by suddenly appearing in a white robe, standing by the coffin for a few moments in silent prayer, and then departing again to her room, not having uttered a word, nor having looked about her at the other members of the family. Such sublime command of her spirit seems to have excited the admiration of all who beheld the remarkable scene.

After ten years of seclusion in her own home she obtained permission from her father and from the priests in charge of the new Church of the Congregation for the erection of a narrow cell behind the altar of the sacred building. Here she determined to spend the rest of her life. Her food was passed in to her through a small opening in the wall. She had for a bed a pile of straw, which she never stirred up, for she did not wish her couch to be comfortable. Her head lay close to the altar of the church, only a thin partition between her and the daily sacrament of the mass.

For nearly twenty years she lived in that lonely cell, clad in a coarse grey serge dress, worn and in tatters. On her feet when she rose to use her spinning-wheel she wore a pair of shoes which she herself had made out of the husks of Indian corn. In very cold weather she threw an old blanket over her emaciated body. Her apartment was bare of furniture, with the one exception of a small stool. Her only employment besides her spinning was the working of embroidery for the churches. Another occupation of this "Sister of Sorrows" must be recorded. While she lived it was known that she constantly wore a belt and a shirt of

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

hair cloth next her body. But after her death there was found in her cell a blood-stained lash with which she had doubtless often scourged herself to drive out the devils of discontent and worldly memories. Once when her dying father sent imploring messages to her cell, craving a sight of her before he passed away, she returned answer : "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me" (St. Matthew x, 37), and she did not flinch from her purpose.

In 1711, when a great armada of English ships was on the way from Boston to take Canada from the French, Jeanne Le Ber, then forty-nine years of age, three years before her death, sent out from her cell an image of the Virgin Mary, on which she had written a prayer for the protection of New France against the hostile fleet. When the ships of the invaders were wrecked on the reefs off the Egg Islands and 800 men perished, the universal belief in Montreal was that the awful disaster was directly due to the prayers of Jeanne Le Ber. A bold Sulpitian priest of the time even went so far as to declare that it was the greatest miracle of its kind since Pharaoh and his hosts were drowned in the Red Sea.

CHAPTER XLVIII

THE BOSTON ARMADA

ON the 30th of July, 1711, a great fleet set out from Boston to take Quebec. The admiral was Sir Hovenden Walker, and the general was the famous "Jack Hill", whose appointment was due to the fact that his sister was one of Queen Anne's women of the bedchamber. No such foolish officers in all the history of the world had ever taken command of a great expedition.

The fleet consisted of nine ships of war, recently arrived from England, and about sixty transports, store-ships, hospital ships, and bomb-vessels. On board the transports were seven British regiments, five of which had just served in the brilliant campaigns of the Duke of Marlborough. The vessels carried, in all, 12,000 men, including 600 marines and 1,500 New England militia.

The one great weakness in this naval undertaking was the absence of trained pilots. The dangers of navigating the St. Lawrence were well known, and the few men in Boston who had sailed over the course were not eager to conduct the ships. One of these, who had sailed with Phips twenty-one years before, was taken on, although he had been a soldier and not a sailor. On the cruise northward the English captured a French vessel, the captain of which was bribed to act as pilot up the St. Lawrence.

On the 3rd of August the fleet passed Cape Sable. On the 18th it reached Gaspé Harbour, where three days were passed in taking on wood and water. On the 21st, under a light breeze, it moved westward; but it was soon becalmed in a fog. From time to time the fog lifted, but no land was seen, as the river is here seventy miles wide. On the 23rd a strong south-east

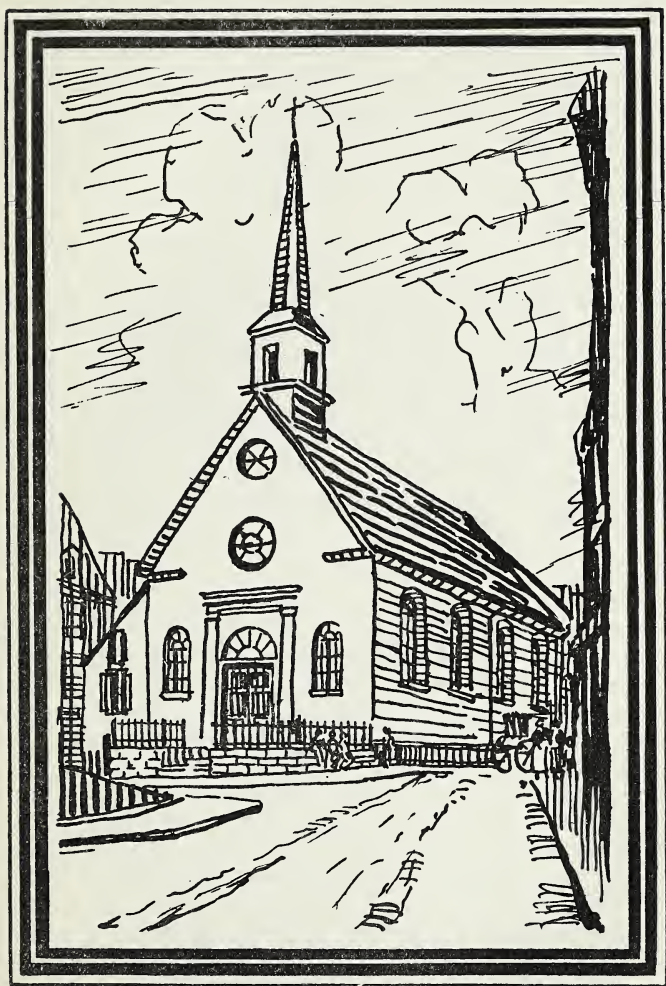
THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

wind arose. As the fog continued, the pilots recommended delay. The fleet was some distance above the island of Anticosti, and no one knew that they were twenty-five miles north of the proper course. For over a hundred years vessels had every year reached Quebec safely through these waters; but they all had pilots who knew the river and captains who were possessed of common sense.

Admiral Walker thought that he was near the south shore, whereas he was now fifty miles from that shore. About ten o'clock on the evening of the 22nd, the captain of the "Edgar", the admiral's flagship, reported to him that he saw land to the south. At once Walker ordered the ships to head northward. He then went to his berth and lay down to sleep. Little did he suspect that his whole fleet was slowly drifting towards disaster.

The weather was not stormy, and the fog broke frequently, so there was no excuse whatever for misadventure. A captain of one of the regiments, who happened to be on the admiral's ship, went at the request of the French pilot and reported to the admiral that there was danger ahead. Walker laughed at the Frenchman's fears and again lay down. A few moments later the same officer came again and in great excitement called: "For heaven's sake come on deck or we shall certainly all be lost! I see breakers all around?" Walker put on his slippers and dressing-gown and went out to look around. The moon at that moment broke through the fog; and a long range of coast was plainly visible, with breakers right in front of the ship. The "Edgar" was extricated from her peril just in time, and signals were flashed to the rest of the fleet. It was too late: the mischief had been done. Either the signals were not seen, or they were misunderstood. Eight transports went upon the reefs of the Egg Islands and were utterly destroyed. Two hours completed the wreck caused by Walker's supreme

THE BOSTON ARMADA



CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME DES VICTOIRES, QUEBEC

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

folly. All night long could be heard the noise of guns firing signs of distress and the cries of drowning men.

It was three days before the extent of the disaster was fully known. About 800 soldiers and 200 sailors were lost. Thirty-five women, attached to the regiments in order to aid in case of great need or of disaster, also perished. About 500 survivors were brought off from the rocks, many of whom afterwards died from their exposure.

On August 25th a council of war was called to determine whether to go on or to return to Boston. Both Walker and "Jack Hill" spoke strongly in favour of retreating. As all the war-ships were safe and less than a tenth of the soldiers and sailors had been lost, and no enemy had been faced, there appeared to be no good pretext for giving up the expedition; but the admiral and the general had lost heart and were soon retracing their course out of the Gulf. On their way to the sea the fleet halted at Sydney, Cape Breton, for some days. From that port the New England ships returned to Boston, and the British fleet set out for England.

The city of Quebec, which Walker was to have seized, waited for weeks in daily expectation of his attack. Whenever a ship appeared in the river, there was much alarm. At last reports of the naval disaster began to come in. To learn the real truth a barque was sent down towards Saguenay. When, on October 19th, two months after Walker's retreat, the barque returned with certain news of the wreck, the city was in a frenzy of delight. Services of thanksgiving were held in all the churches. The little church in the lower town which had been built twenty-one years before as a thank-offering for deliverance from Admiral Phips, was now renovated with the addition of a new portico. In order to commemorate both victories its name was changed to *Notre-Dame des Victoires*. There it stands to this day—an interesting relic of the times when Boston sent armadas to take Canada.

THE BOSTON ARMADA

Walker's infamous career was ended. His ship, the "Edgar", was in October blown up in the Thames by accident. He was immediately removed from his high rank, and his name was struck from the half-pay list. He died some years later, a broken-hearted man, in an island of the West Indies.

CHAPTER XLIX

THE HERO OF FORT ROUGE AND FORT LA REINE

IN the little town of Three Rivers, about eighty miles below Montreal, there was born in 1685 a boy who was to become a very famous explorer. Little Pierre Gaultier de La Vérendrye was one of ten children. His father, formerly a soldier, was governor of the town, and his mother was the daughter of a former governor. The family belonged, therefore, to the *noblesse*, or gentry, of New France.

Pierre at the age of twelve entered the army as a cadet. After long and thorough training he took part, when he was nineteen, in several daring raids against the English colonies to the south. Two years later he crossed the sea and joined the French army which was fighting against the English in Flanders. For three years he fought with his regiment, and in 1709 he was left for dead on the desperate field of Malplaquet, his body pierced by no fewer than nine wounds, six of them sabre-cuts. He had a quick recovery, and after the war he returned to Canada.

La Vérendrye married and made his home on the island of Dupas in the St. Lawrence, near Three Rivers, where he took up the life of a fur-trader. To him were born four sons, who all play an important part in his life's story. When he was about forty years of age, he took command of an important trading-post on Lake Nipigon, north of Lake Superior. There he remained for about four years.

To this lonely post there came one day from the far west an old Indian chief, who gave him a wonderful account of a certain great lake in the region of the setting sun, and also of a river flowing westward from the lake. The Indian declared, too, that this river ran into salt water on which great ships sailed. This

THE HERO OF FT. ROUGE AND FT. LA REINE

report made a deep impression on La Vérendrye, and he decided to equip an expedition for the discovery of the Western Sea. He set out for Quebec to lay his plans before the Governor of New France.

La Vérendrye secured permission to make his way to this Western Sea, but he was told that he must himself pay all the expenses of the expedition. To aid him in his venture the Governor gave him a monopoly of the fur-trade in all the country north and west of Lake Superior, together with the privilege of building a chain of forts along his route, to which the Indians might bring their peltry for barter. As he had but little money of his own, he laid his great scheme before the rich merchants of Montreal. "Give me funds to pay for men, equipment, and provisions, and I will send you back hundreds of beaver skins", was a plea which had immediate effects. They agreed to assume the costs of the expedition in return for the golden harvest which appeared likely.

On June 8th, 1731, La Vérendrye set out from Montreal, accompanied by his three sons, Jean-Baptiste, Pierre, and François; and by his nephew, La Jemeraye, who had already gone as far west as the Mississippi. Fifty experienced *voyageurs* took charge of the fleet of canoes which leaped out from the river front of Montreal on that warm summer day. The route was the usual one for the West—up the Ottawa, past the Long Sault and the Chaudière Falls, over the height of land between the Upper Ottawa and Lake Nipissing, among the islands of Lake Huron, and on to Michillimackinac. After a brief rest in this fort, over which floated the *fleurs-de-lis* of old France, they steered along the north shore of Lake Superior. On August 26th they reached the Grand Portage, about forty miles south-west of the place where Fort William now stands. It was 78 days since they had started from Montreal.

From this point La Jemeraye, accompanied by about twenty men, set out to Rainy Lake. There he built a fort, which he called Fort St. Pierre, in honour

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

of his uncle. La Vérendrye, on account of a mutiny among his followers, had to remain at Kaministikwia, near the Grand Portage, till the following June.

On June 8th, 1732, the anniversary of the day of their leaving Montreal, La Vérendrye resumed his journey westward. In a month of hard travel, amid lakes and streams, he reached the new fort St. Pierre. In mid-July he moved on to the Lake of the Woods, the Cree Indians of the district supplying him with an escort of fifty canoes. Here he built a second fort, which he named in honour of Beauharnois, the Governor of Canada, Fort St. Charles.

From the Lake of the Woods La Vérendrye sent his eldest son, Jean-Baptiste, to establish another fort farther west. On snow-shoes, through the frozen forests, in midwinter, the young explorer, with a score of hardy associates, journeyed into the wilderness for 160 miles. They found an ideal site for their fort at the mouth of the Winnipeg River. To show respect to Maurepas, the great minister of Louis XV, they called the new post, Fort Maurepas.

By the spring of 1733 La Vérendrye had thus linked Lake Superior to Lake Winnipeg by his three strong forts, Fort St. Pierre, Fort St. Charles, and Fort Maurepas. He could do no more without help from Montreal, for he lacked supplies, and his men were clamoring for their pay. As there was no other course to pursue, he was obliged to make the long, tedious journey to the east in order to lay before the Montreal merchants his plans and his great needs.

By late summer he had secured the required help, and he hurried back in his well-laden canoes to Fort St. Charles. There he was met by the startling news that his beloved nephew, La Jemeraye, the ablest of his staff, had died at Fort Maurepas during his absence. A heavier blow still soon fell upon him. His eldest son, Jean-Baptiste, and a party of twenty Canadians, were surprised and slain by a band of fierce Sioux on an island in the Lake of the Woods.

THE HERO OF FT. ROUGE AND FT. LA REINE

La Vérendrye now knew that the old Indian's tale about a Western Sea was a will-o'-the-wisp. It was evident that his great lake was only the Lake of the Woods; that the river flowing westward was the Winnipeg River; and that the Western Sea was Lake Winnipeg. Still, although discouraged, bereaved, and pressed by debts unbearable, he determined to push farther west. He still had the faithful support of three sons; for he had recently brought his youngest boy, Louis, along with him from Three Rivers.

Before his plans could be executed, he had to devote all his time for several years to fur-trading in order to satisfy his creditors and the merchants of Montreal. In 1738 he could endure no longer the hum-drum life at Fort St. Charles. He left Pierre in charge and with François and Louis set out for Fort Maurepas. After a short rest at that post they paddled up the muddy waters of the Red River till they came to the Assiniboine—the very site of the present great city of Winnipeg. They were the first white men to set eyes on that region which is to-day the Gateway of the West. Here he built another trading-post and called it Fort Rouge. To this day that part of the great metropolis bears the name which La Vérendrye gave to his fort nearly two centuries ago.

From this point the determined adventurer went up the Assiniboine to the spot where now stands Portage La Prairie. There he constructed still another fort and called it, in honour of the queen of France, Fort La Reine. This newest fort was found to be more convenient for trading with the Assiniboines than was Fort Rouge, so the latter, after a year or two, was practically abandoned.

La Vérendrye was now free to make an expedition towards the south, to the land of the Mandans, who, he was told, held the secret of the Western Sea. In five months he was back again in Fort La Reine, having accomplished nothing worth while. Three years later it was left to his sons, Pierre and François, to explore

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

thoroughly the lands and the customs of the Mandans. It was more than a year before Fort La Reine and their expectant father saw them again.

The elder Vérendrye's difficulties had by this time reached a crisis. The new forts established in 1739 by François west of Lake Winnipeg—Forts Dauphin, Bourbon, and Paskoyac—were bringing in good returns, and the older forts, St. Pierre, St. Charles, Maurepas, Rouge, and La Reine, sent in annually a fair quota of pelts; but all his efforts could not meet the greedy expectations of the Montreal money-lenders and the unreasonable views of the government at Quebec. At the command of the Governor, La Vérendrye and his sons returned to the east. Never again, as it turned out, was the elder Vérendrye to see the West.

In Quebec a few years later some friends gained for La Vérendrye the decoration of the Cross of St. Louis. This was followed by the good news that he was to command another expedition into the remote regions where he had spent so much of his life. Preparations were soon on foot. La Vérendrye was now sixty-four, but his great spirit, like that of the Greek Ulysses, yearned to see more of the "Untravelled world". Just on the eve of departure for the golden lands of the West, he was suddenly called away from life and all its ambitions and struggles.

CHAPTER L

ON THE SHORES OF CHEBUCTO

ON June 21st, 1749, the quiet harbour of Chebucto in Acadia had a startling surprise. Into it sailed a great war-ship, the *Sphinx*, and thirteen large transport vessels, laden with a host of eager English people, who had come out under Captain General Edward Cornwallis, to find homes in the New World. These 2,500 immigrants included, besides soldiers and sailors, a dozen different classes. There were farmers, labourers, tradesmen, carpenters, blacksmiths, doctors, teachers, and clergymen. To every man of the colony were given a free grant of land, arms, tools, and provisions for a year.

Some of the soldiers who disembarked that day were not strangers to Acadia, for they had belonged to the English garrison at Louisburg, recently disbanded. By the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, of the year before, the great eastern city of Madras was given to England in exchange for the little town of Louisburg in Cape Breton. When England gave up Louisburg and Cape Breton, she had no intention whatever of relaxing her hold on Acadia. She immediately began to form plans for holding securely her possessions from the Gut of Canso to Cape Sable. A fortress must be built on the Atlantic which would rival Louisburg. Annapolis Royal on the Bay of Fundy had served its purpose in an earlier time, but it was not now suited to be the capital of a great British province. A brand-new city must be built and many settlers must be sent out to make it strong and prosperous.

Accordingly, Chebucto in one day lost its solitary character and its primitive name. Its new name was Halifax, in honour of the Earl of Halifax, President of the Board of Trade and Plantations. Its new character was determined by the bustling activity of those

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

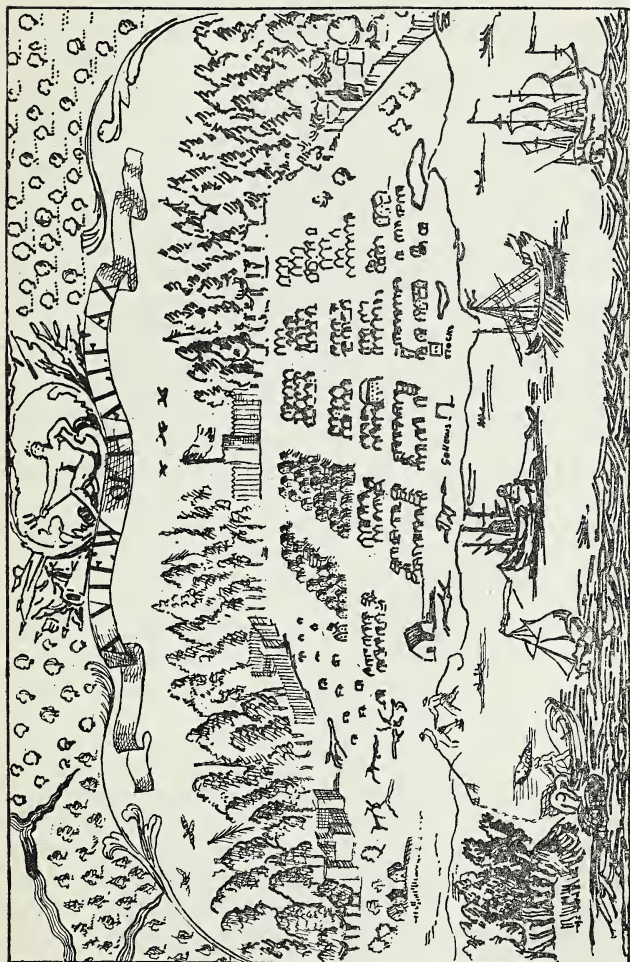


THE FOUNDING OF HALIFAX

summer months during which the forest glades were cleared, the city streets were laid out, and cosy homes were erected along the shore and on the slopes of the hill. During every daylight hour hammer and axe could be heard all around the circuit of the vast harbour.

The women and the children of the colony were even busier than the men. The meals of the builders were a constant demand on the time and attention of everyone who could cook or bake. The children, too, had their part in the exciting drama, watching the hauling and hewing and placing of the thousands of logs. The Micmac Indians of the region were every day interested spectators of the wonderful activities of the white men who were invading the forest tracts that

ON THE SHORES OF CHEBUCTO



VIEW OF HALIFAX IN 1750
From the Original Drawing in the Dominion Archives

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

their race had claimed as their own for over a thousand years. No wonder that the faces of the dusky warriors were clouded with disapproval and at times with actual hostility. The settlers soon learned the danger of departing too far from the Bay, for several who went out that summer into the woods to hunt never came back.

As the town was to be a military stronghold, as well as a centre of trade and commerce, two forts were erected and a strong palisade with ramparts, in case of attack on the part of the Acadians, as the French inhabitants of the district were styled. Many mutterings of discontent were heard that summer in the French settlements along both the northern and southern coasts, and so it was thought best to make Halifax secure from all possible dangers.

Edward Cornwallis,¹ only thirty-six years of age, who was to be Governor of Acadia as well as Commander in-Chief, proved himself most competent in both spheres. Before autumn was over, 300 comfortable houses sheltered the young colony; and the Governor was able to report to the British Ministry that he was prepared for the rigours of winter, the tomahawks of the Micmacs, or the plots of the French.

Thus was born the famous City of Halifax, which was to become the British stronghold of the North Atlantic, and the eastern winter-port of the Dominion of Canada. Its spacious harbour, six miles long, would hold all the fleets of the world.

It should never be forgotten that the birth of Halifax was probably first conceived in the fertile brain of that remarkable man who ten years later sent Wolfe to take Quebec. William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, "The Great Commoner," was, at any rate, a leading spirit in the British Ministry which sent out the Halifax expedition to Acadia at that most critical period in the history of our Empire.

¹ He was the twin brother of Rev. Frederick Cornwallis, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, and the uncle of Lord Cornwallis who surrendered to the French and American armies at Yorktown 32 years later.

CHAPTER LI

DRIVEN FROM HOME

IN a little Acadian village one afternoon in September, nearly two centuries ago, there was great excitement. The bell of the church was tolling and a drum was beating in the streets. Men, women, and children were all moving in one direction, for before three o'clock everybody must reach the church, where the English soldiers were massed. At the command of an officer the men went into the church, while the women and the children wandered in the churchyard. Then the heavy door of the entrance was closed and guarded by troops. Inside the church a large table had been placed, around which soldiers were drawn up. An English colonel soon entered, accompanied by his escort. On the steps of the altar the great man stood and held aloft an official paper which bore the royal seal. The contents of this document, as will be seen, were of a very alarming nature.

Six years after the founding of Halifax, and four years before the taking of Quebec, the English in Acadia were steadily strengthening their position, with a view to the complete conquest of Canada at an early date. The Acadians, as the original French settlers were called, still hoped that the English would be driven away and that France would again obtain control of the country. The Indians of Acadia, and busy envoys from Quebec, encouraged the Acadians to hope and work for a change. In many ways, therefore, quietly and secretly, the influence and power of the English were being undermined by the French-speaking farmers and villagers of the land. Something had to be done to rid Acadia of these plots; for the clouds that foreboded the approaching Seven Years' War with France were plainly to be seen above the horizon.

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

On August 19th, Colonel Winslow arrived in the district of Minas. He obliged the people of Grand Pré to remove from their little church all sacred objects, for he wished to use the building as an armoury. Around the church he formed a camp and enclosed it with a picket fence. He then required the villagers to supply provisions for his troops and to gather in the ripening harvest as rapidly as possible from all the fertile fields of the district.

On August 30th three sloops from Boston appeared in the Basin and anchored there. On September 2nd, Winslow issued a proclamation, which informed the inhabitants of the region that they must assemble in the church at Grand Pré on Friday, September 5th, at 3 P.M., to hear a communication which the lieutenant-governor, Lawrence, had sent to him. If any failed to attend the meeting, their lands and goods would be forfeited to the Crown. At the appointed time 418 of the men and youths of the village and neighbourhood were inside the church, eagerly awaiting the message to be read. In a quiet but firm voice Colonel Winslow proceeded, his words being repeated, sentence after sentence, by an interpreter:

"Gentlemen, I have received from His Excellency, Governor Lawrence, the King's instructions which I have in my hand. By his order you are called together to hear His Majesty's final resolution concerning the French inhabitants of this, his province of Nova Scotia, who for almost half a century have had more indulgence granted them than any other of his subjects in any part of his dominions. What use have you made of it, you yourselves best know.

"The duty I am now upon, though necessary, is very disagreeable to my natural make and temper, as I know it must be grievous to you, who are of the same species.

"His Majesty instructs and commands that your lands and tenements and cattle and live-stock of all kinds are forfeited to the Crown, with all your other

DRIVEN FROM HOME



EXPULSION OF THE ACADIANS

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

effects, except your money and household goods, and that you yourselves are to be removed from this, his province.

“The peremptory orders of His Majesty are that all the French inhabitants of these districts be removed; and through His Majesty’s goodness I am directed to allow you the liberty of carrying with you your money and as many of your household goods as you can take without overloading the vessels you go in. I shall do everything in my power that all these goods be secured to you, and that you be not molested in carrying them away, and also that whole families shall go in the same vessel; so that this removal, which I am sensible must give you a great deal of trouble, may be made as easy as His Majesty’s service will admit; and I hope that in whatever part of the world your lot may fall, you may be faithful subjects, and a peaceable and happy people.”

Those last words—“a peaceable and happy people”—sounded strangely to the four hundred astounded prisoners at the most unhappy moment of their lives. The stunning blow had fallen so suddenly that they were at first inclined to imagine that the stern order would never actually be carried out. A few of the older men asked leave of their guard to be permitted to talk a while with the commander. When they were led to his quarters near the church, they begged to be allowed to go home in order to tell their families what had happened. Winslow gave the prisoners permission to select twenty of their number each day to revisit their homes, on condition that they brought back food for the others when they returned to the church.

It was several weeks before enough ships arrived to transport all the exiles. Meanwhile, the younger men were obliged to go on board the vessels already in the harbour, for some of them had been causing trouble to their guards, and Winslow feared that they might attempt to escape. They were sullen at first

DRIVEN FROM HOME

and refused to go, but the English soldiers fixed bayonets and drove them along the road to the harbour, over a mile away. Some of the young fellows sang as they went down to the beach—some prayed—a few wept. The whole mile of the journey was lined with weeping women and children.

Finally, on October 8th, more transport vessels arrived in the harbour, and the embarkation began. From all the villages around came the families of the prisoners. When all had come in to Grand Pré, they were divided into groups, so that the prisoners and their families from each village might depart in the same vessel. Strict orders were given to the soldiers to see to it that members of the same family should be kept together; and only in a very few instances was it discovered in after days that amid all the confusion it had not been possible to carry out these instructions fully. The case of Evangeline Bellefontaine and her betrothed lover, Gabriel Lajeunesse, made famous by Longfellow, was quite exceptional. So also was the case of René Le Blanc, the notary, who with his wife and two children reached New York, but whose eighteen other children were scattered all down the Atlantic seaboard.

The departure of the Acadians was not completed in one day or even in one week. On November 1st Winslow reported to the Governor that 1,510 persons had been sent off in nine vessels, but that more than 600 remained. Indeed, it was late in December before all the families had been removed.

Grand Pré was not the only village of Acadia that was emptied during that unhappy autumn. All along the coast of Fundy Bay the scenes witnessed at Grand Pré were repeated. In all, 6,000 persons, men, women, and children, were deported from the province. Those who escaped to Quebec, and elsewhere, and those who fled to the forests, had even a more wretched time than those who were carried away.

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

The destination of the 6,000 exiles was not one place alone. Every British colony, from Boston to the mouth of the Mississippi, received its quota of wanderers. Massachusetts gave refuge to over a thousand of them. To Philadelphia went about four hundred and fifty. Maryland and Virginia found homes for about a thousand. A thousand more landed at Charleston, South Carolina, late in November. Many of the exiles eventually reached Louisiana, where their descendants to-day are numerous and prosperous.

The story of the banishment of these 6,000 peasants from their homes in Nova Scotia has been told by many writers. Perhaps the fairest account of the whole episode has been given by Francis Parkman, who thus defends the English in no uncertain terms:

“The vile practices (of the Acadians) produced a state of things intolerable and impossible of continuance. The cruel measure of wholesale expatriation was not put into execution till every resource of patience and persuasion had been tried in vain.”

CHAPTER LII

WOLFE'S WILL

ON June 6th, 1759, Vice-Admiral Charles Saunders and Major-General James Wolfe, sailed from the port of Halifax with forty-nine men-of-war and two hundred transport ships, to attempt to take Quebec from the French. After all the confusion connected with the departure was over, Wolfe went to his cabin and wrote out his will. His health for some time had not been good, and even without the risks of war he began to feel that his days on earth were numbered. When in addition to the possibilities of fatal illness he began to think of the perils which he must face before Quebec, he came to the decision that his immediate duty was to dispose of all he owned in the usual way—by a last will and testament.

Wolfe's father had just died and his mother must be provided for. His *fiancée*, to whom he had said good-bye a few months before, was, of course, much in his thoughts. His faithful *aides-de-camp* and servants were not forgotten. All his most intimate friends, whether in this mighty fleet and army, or at home in Britain, came to his mind, as he sat alone there in his cabin, working out that personal problem.

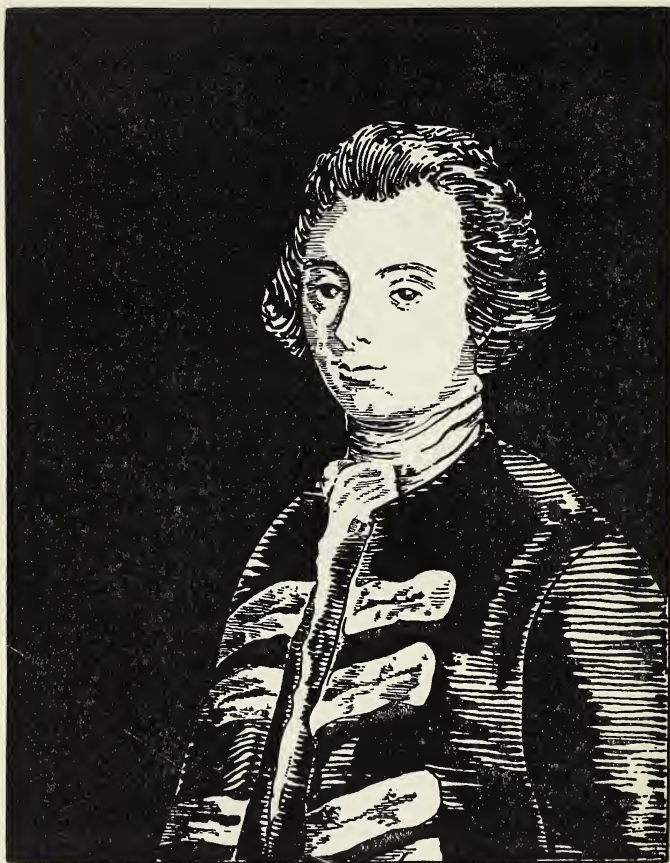
No more interesting will was ever penned than that which James Wolfe wrote out on board the *Neptune*, as the splendid fleet of Britain sailed past Louisburg on that bright June day. The famous document follows:

Neptune at Sea, 8th June, 1759.

"I desire that Miss Lowther's Picture may be set in Jewels to the amount of five Hundred Guineas, and returned to her.

"I leave to Col. Oughton, Col. Carleton, Col. Howe, and Col. Warde a thousand Pounds each.

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY



JAMES WOLFE

"I desire Admiral Saunders to accept of my light service of Plate, in remembrance of his Guest.

"My Camp Equipage, Kitchen Furniture, Table Linen, wine and provisions, I leave to the Officer who succeeds me in the Command.

WOLFE'S WILL

"All my books and papers both here and in England, I leave to Col. Carleton.

"I leave to Major Barre, Capt. Delaune, Capt. Smyth, Capt. Bell, Capt. Lesslie and Capt. Calwale each a hundred Guineas, to buy swords and rings in remembrance of their Friend.

"My Servant François shall have one half of my Cloaths, and Linnen here, and the three Foot-men shall divide the rest amongst them.

"All the servants shall be paid their year's Wages, and their board Wages till they arrive in England, or till they engage with other Masters, or enter into some other profession. Besides this, I leave fifty Guineas to François, twenty to Ambrose, and ten to each of the others.

"Everything over and above these Legacies, I leave to my good Mother, entirely at her disposal.

"Witnesses:

"Will De Laune,

"Tho. Bell."

"Jam: Wolfe."

Miss Katherine Lowther, daughter of Robert Lowther, former Governor of Barbados, was one of the most beautiful heiresses in England. Wolfe had met her in Bath, and was soon her accepted suitor. She was living for a time with her sister, the Countess of Darlington, in the 14th century Castle of Raby in Durham. When, three months after the taking of Quebec, she was told about the bequest in Wolfe's Will, she wrote from Raby Castle to Wolfe's Mother, begging her to take her own time in carrying out Wolfe's instructions. "I can't, as a mark of His affection," she wrote, "refuse it: otherwise would willingly spare myself the pain of seeing a picture given under far different hopes and expectations." The miniature, set in rich jewels, is to-day in the possession of Lord Barnard of Raby Castle.

Col. Oughton was colonel of the 55th Regiment before Quebec.

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

Col. Guy Carleton was Quarter-Master-General. He was wounded in the battle on the Plains of Abraham. Several years later he became Governor of Canada.

Col. Howe commanded the light infantry in the battle of Sept. 13th.

Col. Warde had been an intimate boyhood friend of Wolfe. In 1759 he was not in Canada, for he was engaged in Europe, where he became a distinguished cavalry officer.

Admiral Saunders was, of course, the associate of Wolfe in the great adventure before Quebec. As Admiral of the Fleet, he was constantly in touch with Wolfe, whom he often entertained on the flag-ship, the *Neptune*.

The officer who succeeded Wolfe in command of the troops was James Murray, one of Wolfe's Brigadier-Generals. He afterwards became Governor of Canada.

Major Isaac Barré, one of Wolfe's best officers, then only thirty-three years old, was wounded on the Plains of Abraham.

Captain William De Laune, of the 67th Regiment of Light Infantry, was the officer selected by Wolfe to give the orders for climbing the Heights in the early morning of Sept. 13th. He was one of the witnesses to the Will, for in those days it was not illegal that a witness to a Will should receive a legacy under the terms of the Will. De Laune was one of those who accompanied Wolfe's remains to England.

Captain Hervey Smythe, 25 years of age, was aide-de-camp to Wolfe. He was wounded in the battle of Sept. 13th. He accompanied the remains to England, and handed to Wolfe's mother all the General's papers.

Captain Thomas Bell was also an aide-de-camp to Wolfe, and he also witnessed the Will. He was wounded in battle on July 26th. He, too, accompanied Wolfe's remains to England.

Captain Matthew Leslie was Wolfe's Deputy Quarter-Master-General. He and Captain Calwale

WOLFE'S WILL

(Caldwell) had been personally recommended by Wolfe to Pitt, and had been made Captains a few days afterwards.

François Ligonier was the faithful servant of Wolfe. He is said to have supported his master when he fell wounded on the Plains of Abraham.

Late in July, 1759, while recovering from a fever, in the little white farm-house at Montmorency, Wolfe sent for Henry Smythe, his aide-de-camp, and Isaac Barré, his friend (see above), and asked them to witness the following codicil to his Will of 8th June:

Camp of Montmorency,
29th July, 1759.

"When I made my Will, I did not exactly know the situation of my affairs—the following addition therefore to the Legacies shall be made.

"I give a thousand Pounds to Major Walter Wolfe, and a thousand Pounds to Captain Edward Goldsmith.

"Witnesses:

"Henry Smythe,

"Isaac Barré."

"Jam: Wolfe."

We, of course, wonder who are these two men, thought worthy by the General of this subsequent consideration. They were both relatives. Major Walter Wolfe, who then lived in Dublin, was an uncle of the General. To this uncle Wolfe had written a letter on July 27th, two days before, giving an account of the campaign. Captain Edward Goldsmith was a cousin of Wolfe's.

We are amazed at the great care which Wolfe took in portioning out his bequests, and also with the tact, and affection, and generosity displayed in every line of it. The precious document to-day is safely guarded in the Probate Office of Somerset House, London.

CHAPTER LIII

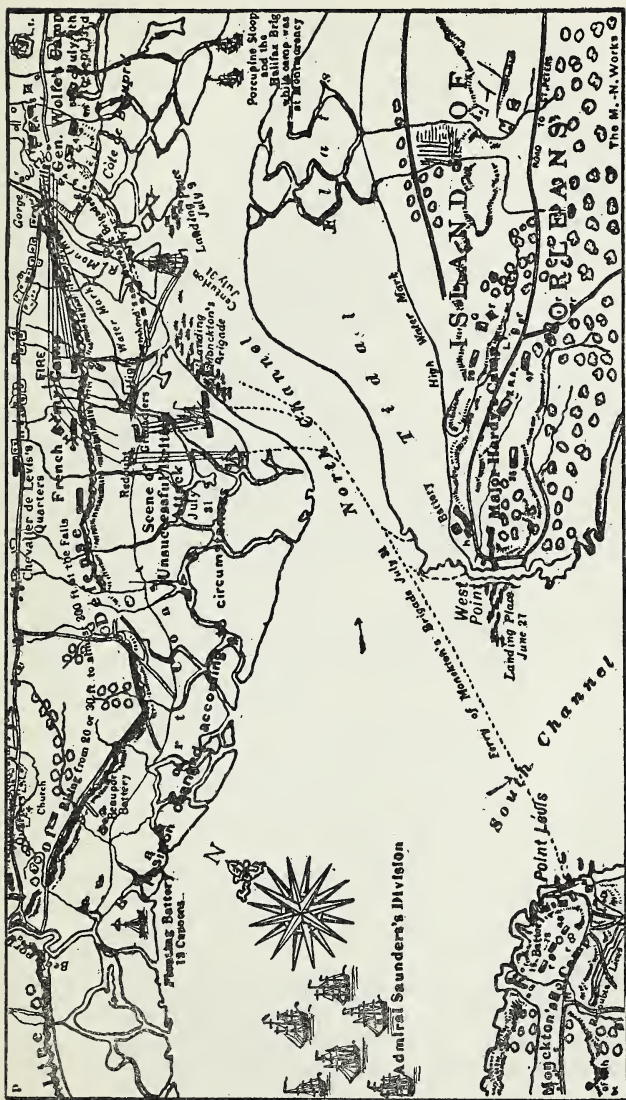
WOLFE'S LITTLE WHITE HOUSE

THERE is a spot eight miles below Quebec, on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, which deserves a monument to commemorate the events which happened there in the months of July and August, 1759. There is, indeed, a memorial there which has defied the storms of nearly two centuries—a little white house, where General Wolfe made his headquarters from July 9th to September 3rd of that illustrious year. He had a camp on Levis Heights and another on the Island of Orleans; but the camp at Montmorency was his main base for eight weeks.

The French during all that period held with strong forces all the coast, from the city right down to the River and Falls of Montmorency. The English batteries east of the river played all the time across the chasm of Montmorency upon the left wing of the French. Once, on July 31st, Wolfe made a fierce attack on the French army from the St. Lawrence, at the same time pushing 2,000 men across the ford at the mouth of the Montmorency; but he failed utterly in this attempt. Other plans for reaching the City had to be formed.

About the middle of August the little white house became a hospital. The General, never very strong, fell ill of a fever. His tall, lank form and pale face were not seen again about the camp for several weeks. In an upper room of the white-washed cottage he lay helpless in bed. The small window on the west of his room looked out upon the French army a mile away and upon the beautiful cararact leaping down 265 feet to the rock and gravel below; but for many days he took no interest in the movements of troops or the beauties of nature.

WOLFE'S LITTLE WHITE HOUSE



THE BRITISH CAMPS

By the courtesy of the Champlain Society

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

On the 25th of the month the fever subsided and he began to inquire how affairs were going in the army and navy which he commanded. On the 29th he sent for his three brigadiers, Monckton, Townshend, and Murray, to come to him for consultation. In a few days an entirely new plan for taking the city was devised. On August 31st, Wolfe was able to walk about in front of the house for a short time. He then went in and wrote his last letter to his mother:

"My writing to you will convince you that no personal evils worse than defeats and disappointments have fallen upon me. The enemy puts nothing to risk, and I can't in conscience put the whole army to risk. My antagonist has wisely shut himself up in inaccessible intrenchments, so that I can't get at him without spilling a torrent of blood, and that perhaps to little purpose. The Marquis de Montcalm is at the head of a great number of bad soldiers, and I am at the head of a small number of good ones, that wish for nothing so much as to fight him; but the wary old fellow avoids an action, doubtful of the behaviour of his army. People must be of the profession to understand the disadvantages and difficulties we labour under, arising from the uncommon natural strength of the country."

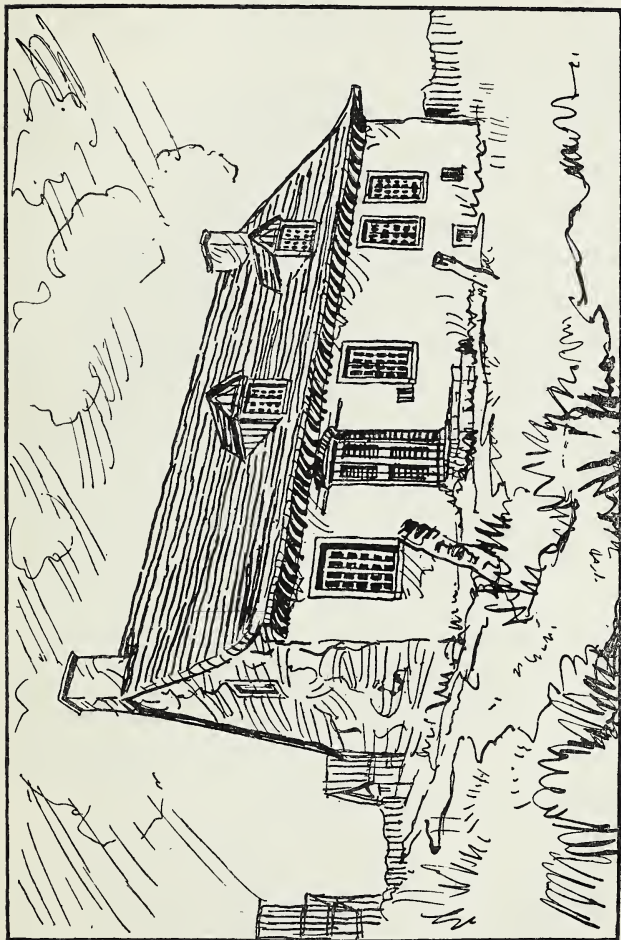
On September 2nd he sent his last despatch to Pitt, the great statesman who had selected him to lead the attack upon Quebec:

"The obstacles we have met with in the operations of the campaign are much greater than we had reason to expect or could foresee; not so much from the number of the enemy (though superior to us) as from the natural strength of the country, which the Marquis of Montcalm seems wisely to depend upon."

After giving a full account of the campaign until that date he continues:

"I found myself so ill, and am still so weak, that I begged the general officers to consult together for the general utility. They are all of opinion that, as more ships and provisions are now got above the town,

WOLFE'S LITTLE WHITE HOUSE



WOLFE'S HOUSE AT MONTMORENCY, STILL STANDING

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

they should try, by conveying up a corps of four or five thousand men, to draw the enemy from their present situation and bring them to an action. I have acquiesced in the proposal, and we are preparing to put it into execution."

This is the closing paragraph of the famous letter:

"The affairs of Great Britain, I know, require the most vigorous measures; but the courage of a handful of brave troops should be exerted only when there is some hope of a favourable event. However, you may be assured that the small part of the campaign which remains shall be employed, as far as I am able, for the honour of His Majesty and the interest of the nation, in which I am sure of being well seconded by the Admiral and by the generals; happy if our efforts here can contribute to the success of His Majesty's arms in any other parts of America."

On September 3rd, the camp at Montmorency was evacuated, the officer in charge of the movement being Guy Carleton, the future Governor-General of Canada. Montcalm, as soon as he noticed what was going on, sent a strong force to fall on the rear of the English while withdrawing, but Monckton at Point Levis saw the move and promptly sent two battalions to make a feint of landing at Beauport. So Montcalm had to recall his troops, and Wolfe in peace bade good-bye to the little white cottage.

Within ten days, so swiftly did the plans of the sick General work, he stood on the Plains of Abraham and Canada passed into English hands. Everyone knows how the hero of the little White House achieved the victory in the very hour of death.

CHAPTER LIV

CLIMBING THE HEIGHTS

THE story of Wolfe's climbing the heights to the Plains of Abraham on that most important day in the annals of Canada—September 13th, 1759—has been told a hundred times. It was first told in a printed volume in 1769, only ten years after the event, and by an officer who was with the victors on that day. Captain John Knox's "Historical Journal," in three volumes, deals with the British campaigns in North America for the years 1757-58-59-60. It was printed at the author's expense and sold by subscription. In the first volume appear the names of the 250 subscribers and their addresses. As the author was an Irishman, we are not surprised to find that a quarter of the subscribers had their homes in Ireland.

The style of the author of these valuable old volumes, recently re-printed, is very simple—even slipshod. But, as an eye-witness of many of the occurrences which he describes, he has done a valuable service to history in leaving us these contemporary records.

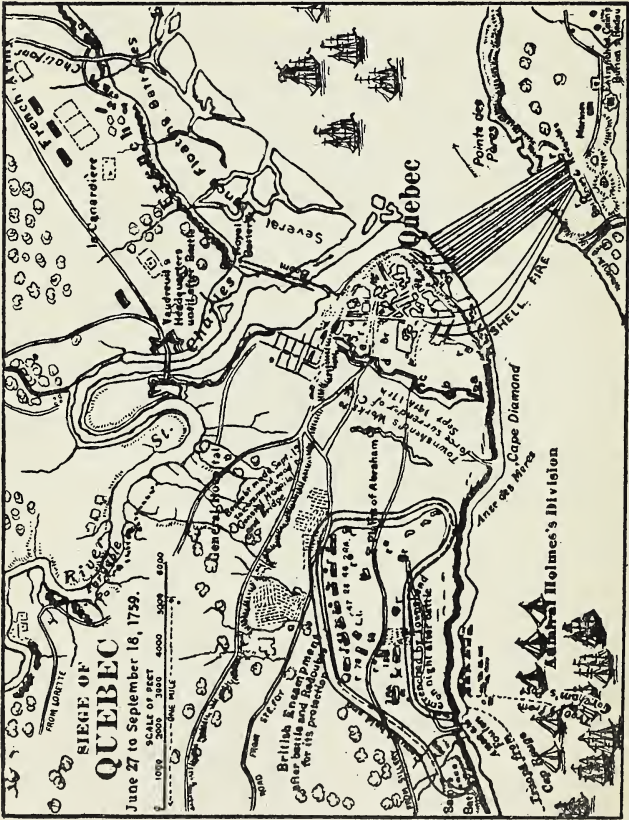
There is, of course, no more thrilling chapter in Knox's book than his account of the scaling of the cliffs of Quebec and of the great battle which followed. Below is Knox's story of the first few hours of the great day. It is given as he wrote it immediately after the battle, the ancient spelling and the quaint punctuation entirely unchanged.

Thursday, September 13, 1759.

Before day-break this morning we made a descent upon the north shore, about half a quarter of a mile to the eastward of Sillery; and the light troops were fortunately,¹ by the rapidity of the current, carried lower down, between us and Cape Diamond; we had,

¹ Wolfe did not think this was fortunate, for he had to bring these troops back to the proper place of landing.

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY



THE TAKING OF QUEBEC
By the courtesy of The Champlain Society.

CLIMBING THE HEIGHTS

in this debarkation, thirty flat-bottomed boats, containing about sixteen hundred men. This was a great surprise on the enemy, who, from the natural strength of the place, did not suspect, and consequently were not prepared against, so bold an attempt. The chain of sentries, which they had posted along the summit of the heights, galled us a little, and picked off several men, and some Officers, before our light infantry got up to dislodge them. This grand enterprise was conducted, and executed with great good order and discretion; as fast as we landed, the boats put off for reinforcements, and the troops formed with much regularity: the General, with Brigadiers Monckton and Murray, were a-shore with the first division. We lost no time here, but clamoured¹ up one of the steepest precipices that can be conceived, being almost a perpendicular, and of an incredible height. As soon as we gained the summit, all was quiet, and not a shot was heard, owing to the excellent conduct of the light infantry under Colonel Howe; it was by this time clear day-light. Here we formed again, the river and the south country in our rear, our right extending to the town,² our left to Sillery, and halted a few minutes. The General then detached the light troops to our left to rout the enemy from their battery, and to disable their guns, except they could be rendered serviceable to the party who were to remain there; and this service was soon performed. We then faced to the right, and marched towards the town by files, till we came to the plains of Abraham; an even piece of ground which Mr. Wolfe had made choice of, while we stood forming upon the hill. Weather showery; about six o'clock the enemy first made their appearance upon the heights, between us and the town; whereupon we halted, and wheeled to the right, thereby forming the line of battle.

¹ Clambered.

² This cannot be true, as the town was two miles from this point. The author plainly meant "towards the town".

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY



MARQUIS DE MONTCALM

In an interesting Note we are told how the first man reached the top of the heights. The time was about a quarter of an hour after young Fraser by his perfect French had deceived the sentry at Sillery Point.

CLIMBING THE HEIGHTS

“Captain Donald M'Donald, a very gallant Officer, of Fraser's Highlanders, commanded the advanced-guard of the light infantry, and was, consequently, among the foremost on shore; as soon as he and his men gained the height, he was challenged by a centry, and, with great presence of mind, from his knowledge of the French service, answered him according to their manner: it being yet dark, he came up to him, told him he was sent there, with a large command, to take post, and desired him to go with all speed to his guard, and to call off all the other men of his party who were ranged along the hill; this *finesse* had the desired effect, and saved us many lives.”

The following is Captain Knox's reference to Wolfe's death and to the character of the great soldier:

“Our joy at this success is inexpressibly damped by the loss we sustained of one of the greatest heroes which this or any other age can boast of—General James Wolfe, who received his mortal wound, as he was exerting himself at the head of the grenadiers of Louisbourg.”

“Thus has our late renowned Commander, by his superior eminence in the art of war, and a most judicious *coup d'etat*, made a conquest of this fertile, healthy, and hitherto formidable country, with a handful of troops only, in spite of the political schemes, and most vigorous efforts, of the famous Montcalm, and many other Officers of rank and experience, at the head of an army considerably more numerous. My pen is too feeble to draw the character of this *British Achilles*; but the same may, with justice, be said of him as was said of Henry IV. of France: He was possessed of *courage, humanity, clemency, generosity, affability, and politeness*—and was by no means inferior to a Frederic, a Henry, or a Ferdinand.”

CHAPTER LV

PONTIAC'S STRANGE TALE

ON the 27th of April—the 15th day of the moon—1763, an Indian council was held by Pontiac, the great chief of the Ottawas, on the bank of the little river Ecorces, ten miles south of Detroit. To this council had been summoned about 500 warriors of several tribes of the lake region. The purpose of the conference was to take action against the English, who, by the Peace of Paris, had just come into possession of all Canada, including the Indian domains near the lakes, Erie, Huron, and Michigan. When all the redmen had assembled, Pontiac arose, and with many gestures and in a loud, clear voice addressed the savages in the greatest speech of his life.

The audience which listened to that speech was one of the strangest that can be imagined. The wild Ojibways (Chippewas), almost naked, carried primitive weapons—war clubs or bows and arrows. The Wyandots were clad in coloured shirts, their heads adorned with many feathers. The Ottawas, Pontiac's own followers, were wrapped, as usual, in blankets of brilliant hues. They were all seated, in great circles, row within row, upon the cool, damp grass. Pipes with long stems were passed from hand to hand during the delivery of the oration.

Pontiac began by denouncing the English in bitter terms, saying that the time was ripe for destroying the small garrison at Fort Detroit. He raised on high a wampum belt, and, boldly lying, asserted that it had come from their father over the seas, the great French King, who desired them to fight the English. Then he appealed to their pagan superstition by telling them

PONTIAC'S STRANGE TALE

the story of a Delaware Indian of the Ohio valley, who had received a message from the Great Spirit.¹

"A Delaware Indian," proceeded Pontiac, as his hearers hung upon his words, "A Delaware Indian once had a desire to learn wisdom from the Master of Life. Not knowing where to find the Great Spirit, he fasted and dreamed till a vision came to him. He was told to go in a straight line, never stopping till he reached the place where the Great Spirit dwelt. He set out at once next morning, having provided himself with a gun, a powder-horn, ammunition, and a kettle for boiling meat. He journeyed on and on with fixed resolve and high hopes. On the evening of the 8th day he was resting by a brook in the meadow and preparing his evening meal, when he saw three openings in the forest in front of him, and three well-beaten paths. When it was quite dark, he was surprised to see the paths before him as clearly as he had seen them in daylight. He could not eat nor rest nor sleep, so he arose and entered the largest of the openings in the woods. He had gone only a little distance when a blazing fire in the path barred his progress. He turned back and entered the second opening, only to be barred a second time by a flame leaping as it were out of the ground. In terror he again turned back, and then entered the third opening. On this path he travelled a whole day and reached the end of the forest. In front of him now rose a great mountain with white peaks. This mountain was so steep that he despaired of ever being able to go up its side. In perplexity he looked all around him, but there was no path in sight. Presently, at some distance, he saw, high up on the mountain side, a beautiful woman, dressed in white raiment. She was seated at first, but she arose when she saw the traveller gazing towards her. 'How can

¹ This legend is told in the famous "Pontiac Manuscript", probably the work of Robert Navarre, a French settler near Detroit. It is quoted by Parkman in "The Conspiracy of Pontiac". A Canadian who was present in the council is supposed to have told the story to Navarre. It is very likely that Pontiac himself invented most of it.

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

you hope', she called to him, 'to succeed in your high purpose, if you carry all that load? Throw away your gun, your bullets, your powder, your provisions, yes, even your clothes, and wash yourself in yonder stream. Then you will be fit to stand before the Great Spirit, who lives on the white top of this mountain.' He did as he was told to do and started to ascend the mountain. Even yet he found the way difficult and began to be faint-hearted. The beautiful woman laughed at him for his weakness, and then she told him that he could climb up the mountain more easily with the aid of only one hand and one foot. After a long and painful struggle he at last reached the summit. The woman had vanished, and he was all alone on the great plateau. Far in the distance he saw three large villages, much superior to the rude wigwams of the Delawares. He drew near to the largest of these villages, and a man richly dressed came out to meet him. By this gorgeous being he was conducted into the awful presence of the Great Spirit, whose abode was one of unimaginable splendour. The visitor stood amazed at the grandeur of the place. The Great Spirit told him to be seated, and he then addressed him in these words:

"I rule the heavens and the earth. I rule all the trees, and lakes, and rivers. I rule mankind and make them do my will. The land in which you live I gave to you. Why do you allow white strangers to dwell in it? My children, you have forgotten the customs of your forefathers. Why do you not clothe yourselves as they did in skins? Why do you not arm yourselves against your enemies as they did? Why have you bought guns, and knives, kettles and blankets, from the white men? Why do you drink poison-water, which makes fools of you? Fling all these things away and live as your wise forefathers lived. As for these English who have now come among you—these dogs dressed in red—who have come to rob you of your hunting grounds and to drive away your game,

PONTIAC'S STRANGE TALE

why do you not lift the hatchet against them? Wipe them from the face of the earth, I say, and thus win again the favour of me, the Master of Life. Destroy them, and be happy and prosperous once more. The children of your earthly father, the great King of France, are not like these English, for they are your brothers and they are very dear to me. They love the redmen, and they understand you when you worship the Great Spirit.' ”

“Then the Master of Life took a wooden stick and carved on it in strange characters a prayer, which he directed the Delaware to take back with him to earth, and to spread among his own people and among all the neighbouring tribes. The adventurer returned quickly to the lower level of the earth and reported to all whom he met the wonderful things he had seen and heard in the high mountain where dwells the Great Spirit.”

By this marvellous tale Pontiac won the council to his plans. All the savages, throughout all the listening circles, their thirst for blood and vengeance being aroused, yelled approval. Immediately preparations were made to wipe out the English in all the forts of the west. Before that council broke up, there was set in motion that train of events which locked up the English garrison in Fort Detroit for fifteen months, and which drove the English, sometimes with shameful carnage, from all the other forts of the western lakes.

CHAPTER LVI

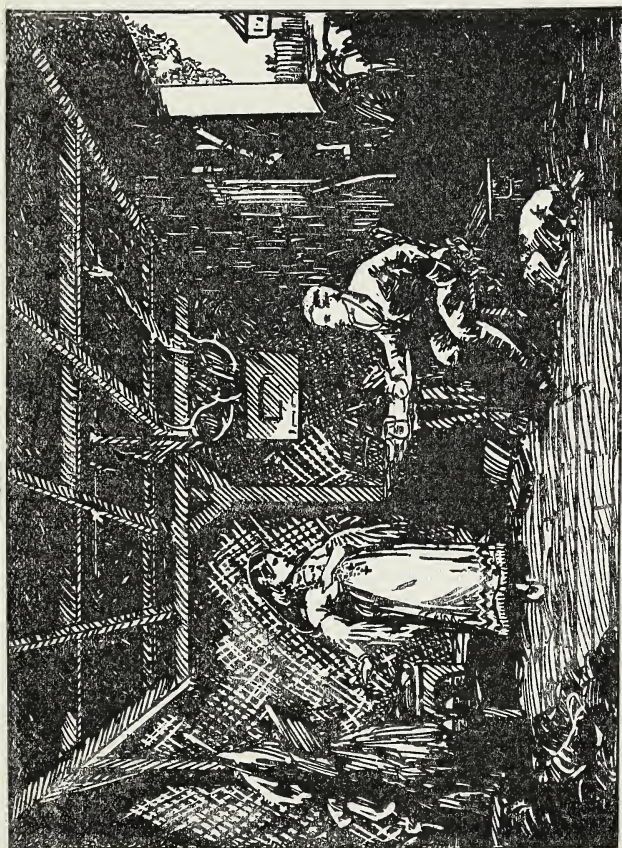
HOW GLADWYN WAS SAVED

IN the afternoon of May 6th, 1763, there came to Fort Detroit a beautiful Ojibway girl from the Indian village two miles away. She had often before sold moccasins and other pretty articles to the soldiers there. Major Gladwyn, who was in command of the garrison, had asked the maiden to make for him a pair of elk-skin moccasins with ornaments of coloured porcupine quills. She had completed her commission and had now come to deliver her pretty handiwork. Gladwyn noticed that she was not bright and happy as usual and he asked her what was troubling her.

For a long time she was silent and he begged her to speak out. Through his interpreter, a Canadian named La Butte, he implored her to tell the cause of her sadness. Again and again she shook her head. Still Gladwyn urged her to reveal her secret, and he promised her all sorts of gifts. At last she made this startling statement:

“To-morrow morning Pontiac, the great Chief of the Ottawas, who lives across the river, will come hither with 300 of his warriors. About 60 of them will have their guns cut short and concealed beneath their blankets. Pontiac will ask you for a conference in your council-hall; and after he has made his speech, he will hold out to you a peace-belt of wampum. This belt will be reversed and will not show its peaceful white side. That will be the signal for attack upon you. The 60 warriors with their guns will jump up from the mats on which they will be sitting and they will fire on you English. Then the other Indians of the party will rush in to help Pontiac kill you all. Orders have been given that no Frenchman is to be touched.”

HOW GLADWYN WAS SAVED



UNVEILING THE CONSPIRACY OF PONTIAC

By the courtesy of The Burton Historical Collection, Detroit Public Library. (From a painting by John M. Stanley)

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

Gladwyn thanked the girl and asked her where she had learned this. She replied that all the Indians in the camp knew about it, and that they were all coming to the Fort on the morrow. Gladwyn patted her on the cheeks, paid her for the moccasins, gave her some small trinkets, and sent two of his officers to escort her to the western gate of the Fort, for on that side her departure was less likely to be noticed.

The British garrison in Fort Detroit consisted of 120 soldiers, with about 40 English fur-traders. The barracks and officers' quarters were well built, inside the strong palisades 25 feet high. There were also inside the lofty pickets about 100 small wooden houses of the Canadians (French), who were not entirely to be trusted if the Indians should make an attack. At each corner of the Fort was a wooden bastion, on which cannons were mounted. Over each gateway was a strong block-house. The only public buildings within the Fort were a rude little Canadian church and a spacious council-hall.

The villain, Pontiac, lived in a cabin on a small island at the mouth of Lake St. Clair, about four miles from the Fort. His Ottawa tribesmen dwelt in lodges on the east bank of the river, about two miles north-east of the modern city of Windsor. For a week or more Pontiac and his Ottawas had been preparing their devilish schemes. The blacksmith of the tribe had loaned all his saws and files and chisels, and a dozen busy hands worked day and night at the task of shortening the muzzles of the muskets. The deadly weapons must be made only a yard long if they were to be carried unnoticed under the body-blankets of the warriors.

The night of May 6-7 was spent by Gladwyn and the garrison in preparation for the treachery of the morrow. He knew that Pontiac could muster over 1,000 men, if he wished, and that the small garrison of the Fort must be ever on guard against a surprise attack. He knew, too, that all Indians are loth to attack

HOW GLADWYN WAS SAVED

a fortified place, preferring to gain their ends by some form of deceit. He ordered half the garrison under arms, and all the officers spent the night upon the ramparts. Once or twice, about midnight, he heard from the Ottawa camp, across the river, the booming of an Indian drum and a chorus of wild yells. He knew exactly what this meant—that Pontiac's war-dance was in progress, and that in a few hours murder would be knocking at the gates of the Fort.

Early in the morning of May 7th Gladwyn put the whole garrison under arms. All the British fur-traders, within and without the palisades, closed their store-houses and armed their men. At ten o'clock, sure enough, a line of sixty tall Indians, with Pontiac leading the way, filed along the road leading to the gate of the Fort nearest the river. They were all painted with ochre, vermilion, soot, and white lead. Each wore a gaily coloured blanket. Some of the chiefs wore on their heads plumes of raven, hawk, or eagle. They were all men of strong physique, and they marched through the wide-open gate with the stately bearing of victors. At once they proceeded to the council chamber.

At a glance Pontiac saw that his plot had failed. Within the gate-way, on either hand, stood ranks of British soldiers armed to the teeth. The fur-traders, too, fully armed, stood at the corners of the streets. The tap of a drum was heard in the distance. Gladwyn and his officers were seated at a large table, their pistols and swords ready for action. Mats had been strewn on the floor, and the red-skins were invited to be seated.

Pontiac, when he saw the situation, grunted with surprise and disgust. "Why are all these men standing in the streets with their guns?" he demanded. Gladwyn, through his interpreter, replied: "We are giving them all a little military exercise in honour of your visit." Pontiac was able to conceal his great disappointment behind the mask of his painted face. After

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

some hesitation he rose to speak, holding in his hand the wampum belt which was to have furnished the fatal signal. In his address to Gladwyn he professed strong friendship for the English and declared that he and his warriors had crossed the river merely to smoke the pipe of peace with the strangers. As the clever rascal spoke, Gladwyn and his officers watched him closely for any movement of the hand which held the wampum belt. When Pontiac at last raised the belt, Gladwyn gave a sign, and the drums of the garri-son sounded the charge. A sudden clash of arms resounded from the passage without. Pontiac stood like a statue of stone. As Gladwyn desired only to foil the plot of the enemy, he did not, as he might easily have done, pull away the blankets and disclose the shortened guns, which were to have destroyed himself and all his men. He and his officers did not even rise from their seats; and Pontiac, knowing not what to do or say, at length sat down and stared at the Englishmen.

Gladwyn, after a short interval, arose and told the Ottawa chief that he might have the friendship of the English, but only as long as he deserved it. He warned him as to what he might expect if he plotted against the English. As the council broke up, Pontiac promised to return in a few days with his squaws and children, who wanted to shake hands with the soldiers. Gladwyn treated this new treachery with the scorn which it deserved. The gates of the Fort, which had been closed during the conference, were again thrown open; and Pontiac led his baffled horde back to the lodges over the river.

There is a tradition as to the Ojibway girl's fate. Pontiac on the day after his plot had failed, sent four men to the village where she lived, in order to seize her and bring her across the river for examination. After hearing her story and her excuses the angry chief, it is reported, took up a lacrosse racket and with

HOW GLADWYN WAS SAVED

his own hands gave her a very severe beating. She survived her punishment and lived for many years.¹

¹ There are other traditions as to the person who informed Gladwyn of the plot. One story says an old squaw came to the fort and told the commandant all the rumours that were afloat among the Indians. Another story says that it was an Ottawa Indian who revealed the details of Pontiac's scheme to the English. Gladwyn himself would never tell anyone who his informant was.

CHAPTER LVII

THE GAME OF BAGGATTAWAY

IT was on the 4th of June, 1763, the birthday of King George III. In the remote fort of Michilimackinac, at the mouth of Lake Michigan, Captain Etherington, Lieutenant Leslie, and thirty-five soldiers, were guarding the interests of England; and they did not forget their young king, who had been on the throne only three years. That day the discipline of the fort was relaxed and the soldiers were allowed to roam about more than usual, only a few men mounting guard. Even the Chippewas (Ojibways), an Indian tribe near by, had heard about the holiday and had decided to celebrate the event by a game of lacrosse, which they called "baggattaway." They had challenged a band of Sac Indians, who lived west of Lake Michigan, to play them a match on the holiday. Early in the morning of the King's Birthday some Chippewas visited the Fort and invited the officers and soldiers to come out and see a grand game of ball. It was made plain very soon that no loyalty to England prompted the activities of the Chippewas. Indeed, Captain Etherington well knew that all the Indians of the region, as well as all the French-Canadians, were inclined to be hostile to the nation which, by the Peace of Paris signed only a few months before, had gained possession of the whole of Canada.

Fort Michilimackinac was a large square area surrounded by high palisades. Within the palisades were the barracks as well as many houses and other buildings, arranged also in the form of a square. These structures enclosed a large quadrangle, upon which opened all the doors. The people who lived in the houses were mostly Canadians (French), and none too friendly to the small garrison of Englishmen.

THE GAME OF BAGGATTAWAY

On the eventful day, which was very hot, those soldiers who did not go out to see the game were lounging about at the doors or windows of the barracks, or were talking to Canadian voyageurs who were reclining on the ground near their homes. Canadian women and their large families of children were strolling about within the quadrangle or sitting in the shade of the porticos in front of their dwellings.

Outside the palisades of the fort was a great plain, where the game of lacrosse was to be played. About twenty of the garrison were collected in groups near the open gate of the Fort under the shadow of the palisades, most of them unarmed. Around them clustered a great many Canadians, taking a holiday to see the fun. A large number of Indian squaws, wrapped in coloured blankets, mingled with the crowd. The match was to begin about mid forenoon.

The game of "la crosse" as originally played by the Indians was a very different game from that played to-day. Instead of a team of twelve men, a hundred or more often played on each side. The *crosse* which they used was a very rude kind of bat as compared with the modern curved and netted stick. Their goal was a single post which must be hit by the ball and not the modern pair of posts, five feet apart, with receiving net behind. The distance from goal to goal was not the short space of 120 yards, but often a mile or more if the number of players was very great.

In the historic game at Michilimackinac there were about 100 Chippewas and an equal number of Sacs. The field was a wide plain of several acres behind the Fort. The players, in the summer heat, were nearly naked, with moccasined feet and a band of cloth about the middle. Captain Etherington and Lieutenant Leslie stood near the open gate of the Fort, the former, just before the game started, making a bet on the success of the Chippewas.

The game has begun! The agile forms of the savages are racing and leaping in pursuit of the ball.

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

The usual phases of the game follow one another rapidly, at one time great masses gathering at a single point in desperate struggle, and in a minute or two the players scattering and running like wolves, yelling and shouting at every dramatic moment. The savages trip one another, shoulder one another aside, hurl one another to the ground, even strike one another with brutal force. The spectators—soldiers, Canadians, and Indians—howl their approval or join in uproarious laughter at some droll incident.

At the height of the excitement the ball is seen to soar high in the air—not towards either goal, but directly towards the gate of the Fort. To the Englishmen it appears to be a strange stroke, and, much disturbed, they look at one another and then at the wild scene which follows. The Chippewas and the Sacs rush after the ball, the former leading the way. When the gate of the Fort is reached by the players, lo! down go the lacrosse sticks, and down fall the blankets from the shoulders of the squaws. The tomahawks and the knives which those blankets have concealed are quickly seized by the villainous savages, both Chippewas and Sacs. A ferocious war-whoop reveals the intentions of the 200 red-skins as they rush within the Fort. The unarmed English inside are caught in the whirlwind of death, and not a man escapes the fury of the wild assault.

Outside the Fort most of the twenty Englishmen are captured, Etherington and Leslie are singled out at once and led away into the forest. Through the kind offices of the Ottawas, who took no part in massacre, the two young English officers and eleven of their men are soon on their way to Montreal, under the escort of friendly Indians.

It may seem strange that the Indians who saved Etherington and his companions were of the same tribe (the Ottawas) as the great Chief Pontiac himself, who at the time of the massacre was besieging an English garrison in Detroit. Indeed, it was Pontiac

THE GAME OF BAGGATTAWAY

who had sent a war-belt to the Chippewas as a signal for the destruction of the English at Michilimackinac. While Pontiac's influence over the Chippewas was supreme, he never had had under his absolute control the Ottawas of the north country. It is generally believed that it was a Jesuit priest, Father Jonois, living among the Ottawas in the north of Michigan, who held back the tribe from harming the surviving Englishmen and who succeeded finally in getting the wretched men away to the east out of the jaws of danger.

CHAPTER LVIII

HUNTING FOR COPPER

IN the year in which Wolfe took Quebec a boy of fourteen, named Samuel Hearne, was serving as a midshipman in the Royal Navy. He became a sailor at the age of eleven and had taken part in a sea-fight when he was only twelve. At the end of the Seven Years' War the youth entered the service of the Hudson's Bay Company and for several years was engaged in the fur trade on the north-west coast of the Bay. Then a chance for a great adventure opened before him.

The Indians from the Athabaska country who traded at Fort Churchill often brought down with them bits of copper ore and even copper tools and weapons. They declared that at the mouth of a great river flowing into the Arctic Ocean there was a mountain of copper, and that one could pick up the metal in handy lumps and pound it into shape between two hard stones. They saw that the ships which sailed from Fort Churchill to England were ballasted with rocks, and they said that, if a ship would go to the mouth of the Coppermine River, the lumps of precious copper ore would make good ballast for steadying the ship on its way across the Big Water. The Governor of Fort Prince of Wales, as Fort Churchill was then called, was keenly interested in these stories of the Indians. As soon as he could, he returned to England and reported to the directors of the Company in London what he had heard. The result was that instructions were given him to send a suitable person to investigate the rumours about the Hill of Copper near the mouth of the Coppermine River. So it happened that Samuel Hearne was sent into the Barren Lands to search for the copper mines.

On November 6th, 1769, Hearne set out from Fort Prince of Wales with his little party, composed of two

HUNTING FOR COPPER



SAMUEL HEARNE

From an Engraving in the Public Archives of Canada.

white men, and a small band of Northern Indians under their chief, Chawchinahaw. Seven of the great guns of the huge fortress fired a salute in honour of the

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

leader of the expedition—a young man of only twenty-four years. With high spirits and burning hopes Hearne turned his face towards the west and the “Far-off-Metal River,”—the Neetha-san-san-dazey of the Indians.

Now, the northern limit of the western forests is a line running from Fort Prince of Wales to the mouth of the river called to-day the Mackenzie. The vast region north of that line is a wild waste of rock, with no vegetation but mosses and grasses and a few hardy shrubs and spruce trees. Chawchinahaw led the party right into this barren ground, and it was soon plain that he wished to discourage Hearne at the very outset of his adventure. There was no wood to make fires when the bitter blasts of mid-November beat upon them, and for protection they had to scoop holes in the snow. There was not enough game to feed the whole company, and for five days at a stretch Hearne and his two Englishmen had only half-a-partridge each per day. Although famine threatened, Hearne still pushed ahead. Finally, the Indians began to desert in the night; and it was not long before Chawchinahaw and the other redskins made off for home, their mocking laughter ringing amid the solitudes. Poor Hearne and his two companions, as fast as they could, returned to the Fort, through 200 miles of snow. It was on December 11th, five weeks after his departure, that the baffled leader re-entered the Fort and announced his failure to Governor Norton.

In less than three months Hearne was off again in search of the copper mine. This time he took no white men with him, but only six Indians—three Chipewyans from the north country and three Crees from the south. It was February 23rd, and as all the cannon that crowned the battlements were buried deep in snow, he had on this occasion no parting salute.

The party ascended the Seal River, which flows into the Bay north of Churchill. They were able to live on pike and trout from the rivers and lakes until

HUNTING FOR COPPER

April 1st. Then they struck north over the barren grounds. In early June they threw away their sledges and snowshoes and shouldered their heavy loads. Hearne himself staggered under a weight of more than sixty pounds, made up of a quadrant and its stand, a trunk containing books and papers, a land-compass, a bag full of clothes, a hatchet, knives, and files, as well as some small articles intended for presents to the native chiefs. The weather became hot and the roads were bad, so that the young Englishman suffered exceedingly. For food they daily depended on fish and game, which they had to eat raw, since there was no wood of any kind for making fires. On one occasion for four days they travelled with no other sustenance than water and tobacco. At a later period, in July, for seven days they lived on wild berries, the Indians nibbling, also, at dry deer skins and worn-out moccasins.

They came at last to a country of many rivers, and, meeting some Indians, Hearne bought a canoe from one of them, for which he paid a knife worth a penny. At the end of July they met several large hunting parties, who wished to keep company with them. Instead of seven there were soon in the encampment 600 persons, sheltered within 70 deer-skin tents.

As the summer advanced Hearne's Indian guides became restless and said that they could not go to the Coppermine River that season. Then occurred an accident which changed Hearne's plans entirely. On August 12th he was taking his observations at noon, and he left his quadrant on the rocks while he ate his dinner. A sudden gust dashed the delicate instrument from its support and shattered it to fragments. As he could no longer trace his route with accuracy, he realized that he must return again to the Fort. It was a heart-breaking journey home after his six months of struggle. Indeed, it appears likely that he would never again have seen Fort Prince of Wales but for a wonderful freak of luck.

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

On September 20th he fell in with an Indian chief, who not only accompanied him home but who also gave him fresh courage. This fine specimen of his race, Matonabbee, had lived for some years near the Fort and could speak English well, besides being familiar with most of the Indian dialects of the Barren Lands. He had once visited the Coppermine country, and he now promised Hearne that in the following year he would guide him to the desired goal. On November 25th Hearne reached Fort Prince of Wales after an absence of nearly nine months.

What happened next is almost incredible. It might have been expected that Hearne, after his many toils and trials, would have wished to enjoy the comforts of the Fort till Spring. But his two defeats gnawed at his pride and he was never an idler. In less than two weeks, with Matonabbee as his guide, he set forth the third and the last time towards the Mountain of Copper.

To avoid the Barren Lands they took first a more southerly course, which would bring them out near the Great Slave Lake, 700 miles away, from which point they could move almost directly northward to their destination. About the end of December they were joined by a large party of Matonabbee's band, mostly women and children. The chief did not object at all to the presence of women, for he had eight wives and he added to that number on the journey north. Before they left the Fort he had told Hearne that women were necessary for the expedition. "Women," he declared, "were made for work, as one of them can carry or haul as much as two men can. They pitch tents, make and mend clothing, and they cook." There was, therefore, from this time to be no lack of drudges for the performance of all sorts of services.

By March 2nd they had reached Pike Lake, 27 miles broad and a hundred miles long, just north of the 60th parallel of latitude. There was abundant game, and the weather was agreeable. About the

HUNTING FOR COPPER

middle of April they rested ten days before turning towards the north. The Indians spent the time in gathering birch-bark (birch-rind) for the making of canoes.

On May 20th Matonabee was joined by a large number of Indians who seemed to know him and wished to accompany him. The women and children were soon left behind, for the Indians were planning a raid on the Eskimos as soon as they reached the mouth of the Coppermine.

As the party, now about 150 in number, proceeded north, they overtook a band of savages, called Copper Indians, who were eager to take part in any fight with the Eskimos. These Copper Indians had never seen a white man before, and they examined Hearne with great curiosity, expressing strong disapproval of the colour of his skin and hair.

As it turned out, there was no fight with the Eskimos when they came to the shores of the Arctic. The combined bands of Northern Indians stole upon the Eskimos in the middle of the night and slaughtered them all without mercy. Hearne witnessed the massacre, but was quite helpless to prevent it.

On reaching the open waters of the Arctic, July 17th, 1771, Hearne erected a pile of stones and took possession of the coast in the name of the Hudson's Bay Company. Then he requested the Indians to show him the famous Mountain of Copper. They led him to a spot about thirty miles from the sea, south-east from the mouth of the Coppermine River. There he saw that the earth at some time had been rent by an earthquake, and great rocks were piled in confused heaps all about. He and his red associates searched for hours for a specimen of the copper so talked about. They found a few splinters here and there; and then at last their long hunt was rewarded when one of the party picked up a piece weighing four pounds. This was all Hearne had to carry back on

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

his return journey of nearly 1,200 miles.¹ So the wealth of the Coppermine was, after all, a fiction, built up through long years out of very slender material.

The tale of the hardships of the return journey would take long to narrate. Hearne's own printed journal has 120 pages dealing with this part of his travels.² On the last day of June, 1772, the great adventurer returned in good health to Fort Prince of Wales, having been absent on this last expedition one year, six months, and twenty-three days. He had carried out his orders; and he was soon rewarded by the Company for his remarkable pluck and perseverance.

¹ The Hudson's Bay Company still show this specimen of copper to all who visit Fort Churchill.

² The most interesting incident of the return journey occurred on Christmas Eve, when Hearne reached the frozen waters of Athaspuscow Lake, now the Great Slave Lake, stretching 300 miles from east to west. No white man had ever before gazed upon that vast inland sea.

CHAPTER LIX

THE LADY MARIA

IN a splendid apartment of a great English castle, that of Earl Howard of Effingham, on a winter day of 1772, sat three noble young ladies. The Lady Anne and the Lady Maria were daughters of this famous house, and with them was visiting Miss Seymour, a friend of both. In the midst of a sprightly conversation a footman appeared and announced to Lady Anne that her father desired to see her in the library.

In half an hour Anne returned in tears, to the great astonishment of her sister and her friend.

"Why are you crying?" exclaimed Maria; "your eyes are red with weeping!"

"Your eyes would be red, I fancy," moaned Anne, "if you had to refuse the best man in the world."

"And who may this paragon be?" queried Maria.

"He is Guy Carleton", said Anne, in plaintive accents.

"The more fool you!" the younger sister declared with some irritation. Then she added smilingly: "I only wish he had given me the chance."

Anne, as it turned out, was already in love with Sir Guy's own nephew, who was destined in a few years to serve as an officer under Sir Guy in Canada.

A few months after the scene between Lady Anne and Lady Maria, it happened that Miss Seymour had an opportunity to tell Sir Guy what Maria had said on the day of Anne's refusal of his offer of marriage. The great man was not slow to act. He was soon a suitor of the younger daughter, who proved herself as good as her word. When Lord Howard heard of Lady Maria's inclinations, he was highly pleased, for he and Sir Guy Carleton had long been fast friends.

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

The Lady Maria was slight and fair. She had been educated in Paris and knew perfectly the language and the manners of that centre of culture and fashion. She was very young, it is true, under twenty at the time, but Sir Guy was delighted beyond measure at the prospect of taking back with him to Quebec a young vice-reine with accomplishments so wonderful.

The marriage took place on May 22nd, 1772. Carleton remained in England for two years longer, and then with his beautiful young wife and two infant children he set out for Canada. Sir Guy was now fifty and the Lady Maria twenty-one.

In 1774 Canada, it is well known, was in a very unsettled condition, which it was hoped the Quebec Act of that very year would somewhat alleviate. Within a year, too, of Lady Maria Carleton's arrival in Canada, the great American Revolution burst forth and Canada at once felt the reverberations of that disturbance. So Maria's first year in Quebec was trying in the extreme. Indeed, in October, 1775, it was deemed wise that she and the children should return to peaceful England for a time.

In the summer of 1776 Lady Maria was back in Quebec with her three children. Sir Guy Carleton, during her absence, had saved Canada from several American attacks and had finally driven out the last of the rebel bands. On the final day of the year the hostess of the Chateau St. Louis gave a great dinner of sixty covers to celebrate the first anniversary of Montgomery's defeat. The dinner was followed by a public fête, and this by a brilliant ball, where all social Quebec, soldiers and sailors and seigneurs and clergy, danced the old year out.

In 1778 Maria, now with four children, accompanied her husband to England. In 1782 Carleton sailed without her to New York, where he was sent by the British Government as Peace Commissioner. In 1785, for his signal services in America, he was

THE LADY MARIA

created Baron Dorchester, and thereafter Maria was to be known as Lady Dorchester.

Canada could not prosper long without the experience and tact of Dorchester, and in 1788 he returned with his lady and his children to Quebec. For eight years longer Lady Dorchester graced the Chateau St. Louis with her beauty and her wit and her gay fashions. Her Versailles manners became more and more stately as she passed to middle age, and she became fonder of personal adornments in the way of gorgeous gowns and gleaming jewels. She is said to have been fond of scarlet shoes with high heels and gold buttons. She usually wore a Marie-Antoinette coiffure, raised high above her head and interlaced with ribbons. When she walked out, she was accustomed to carry a long jet-black cane, which aided in giving her an air of command. In the vice-regal halls of Quebec the Versailles traditions in manners and dress continued to hold sway for at least seven years after the events which followed the Fall of the Bastille had destroyed for ever all such splendours in Old France.

In the summer of 1796 the frigate *Active* carried Dorchester and his lady with their family down the St. Lawrence on their last return to England. The ship was wrecked on the Island of Anticosti, and the party were carried in coasting vessels to Percé on the Gaspé shore. A ship was soon sent for them from Halifax. In September they all reached England in safety.

Lady Dorchester lived to a great age, surviving her husband by nearly thirty years. To her dying day she retained a great stateliness of carriage and manner. She expected the whole company in her house to assemble in the dining-room before she entered. Then as she royally swept into the room to her seat, all rose, of course, and bowed and remained standing till she was duly seated.

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

Lady Dorchester left a large family, although several of her sons had already lost their lives on the battle-fields of Europe. Indeed, six of her sons died from wounds or disease in active service. Many descendants of this remarkable woman are living to-day in England, including the present holder of the title and the estates.

CHAPTER LX

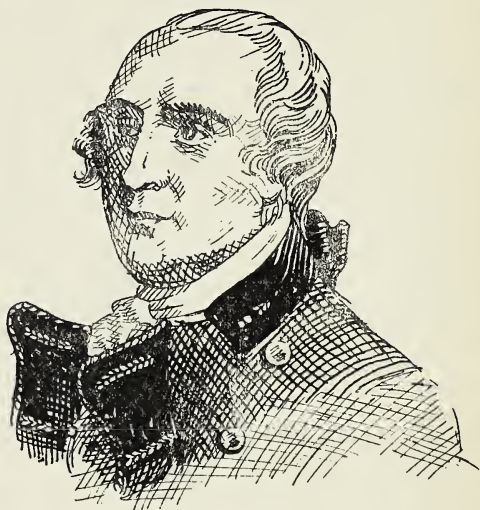
A WONDERFUL ESCAPE

THE afternoon of November 11th, 1775, was a time of sadness in Montreal. On the barrack-square was drawn up the pitifully small garrison of 130 officers and men. Sir Guy Carleton, the Governor-General of Canada, came on parade and spoke a few words to the officers. Then the little column marched down to the wharf, followed by Sir Guy, calm and undismayed by his misfortunes. He had lost Montreal, for Montgomery, the leader of the American rebels, was only a few miles distant with a large force. He must at once hurry back to Quebec to defend his capital from the assaults of another American general, Benedict Arnold, who it was reported, had just arrived from the south. The brave Governor would not have been so serene if he could have imagined the perils which awaited him.

At the waterside was anchored a flotilla of eleven sail, three of which were armed with nine-pounders. Carleton was accompanied by his aide-de-camp and by Colonel Prescott. After the party had stepped aboard the vessels in the dusk of that November day and the good-bye salutations were all over, the loyal inhabitants of the city went to their homes with heavy hearts, gripped by black despair.

The little flotilla had a fair voyage till it came within sight of Sorel. There one of the vessels ran aground, and the wind, beginning to blow upstream, retarded all the others. As there was no room to tack in the narrow passage, no further progress was made for three anxious days. On the third day, November 15th, Carleton was surprised to see a floating battery of the enemy approaching, firing hard as it came. Then a boat with a flag of truce drew near, bearing a message from the rebel Colonel Easton.

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY



SIR GUY CARLETON, LORD DORCHESTER

A WONDERFUL ESCAPE

“By this you will learn that General Montgomery is in possession of Montreal. You are very sensible that I am in possession at this place, and that, from the strength of the United Colonies on both sides, your own situation is rendered very disagreeable. I am therefore induced to make you the following proposal, viz.—That if you will resign your Fleet to me immediately without destroying the effects on board, you and your men shall be used with due civility, together with women and children on board. To this I shall expect your direct and immediate answer. Should you neglect you will cheerfully take the consequences which will follow.”

The proud Governor refused to answer this strange summons; and soon Easton's twelve pounders opened upon him, both from the south shore and from Isle St. Ignace in the river. Carleton ordered the flotilla to retreat upstream to Lavaltrie, out of the range of the batteries.

A council was then held to decide on a plan of action. Every one of the Governor's staff declared it to be necessary that he should reach Quebec at the earliest possible moment, whatever might happen to the flotilla. Captain Belette, in command of one of the armed vessels, pledged himself to face the enemy's fire long enough to pull the Governor through. A French-Canadian skipper, Bouchette, who for his rapid journeys had received the title “*La Tourtre*”, or “*Wild Pigeon*,” volunteered to make such a dash down the river as would carry Carleton out of the teeth of danger. So Sir Guy, on the night of November 16th, left Prescott in command of the ships, and he himself made preparations for going on board a whaleboat with Bouchette. He dressed like a habitant in every particular,—in grey homespun, with a tasselled red cap, and a red sash.

The whaleboat set out with muffled oars. Noiselessly down into the narrow strait between Isle St. Ignace and Isle-du-Pas the skilful Bouchette steered.

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

There the oars were shipped; and past the nearest battery the furtive crew paddled with the palms of their hands. It was one of the great crises in the history of Canada, for if Carleton perished, Canada would almost certainly fall a prey to the forces of the Revolution. The American sentries looked out from the south shore and from the islands in the river, and they listened for suspicious sounds, but they neither saw nor heard the fugitives. Ten minutes - twenty-minutes - thirty-minutes—a most tense half hour—and all is over! Bouchette has won through, and Canada is saved. The oars are again in action. From Sorel over Lake St. Peter the rowers exert themselves as if the leaders in a boat-race. All night they continue at high speed.

At last morning came, and the oars flashed in the November sun, as if conscious of their great achievement. By noon Three Rivers was reached. There Carleton received startling news which hurried him eastward,—an American force had reached Quebec. Within three hours he was on board the armed vessel *Fell* and hastening down the great river. On Sunday morning, November 19th, he passed Pointe-aux-Trembles, on the north shore, where Benedict Arnold was encamped. In the afternoon he entered the walls of Quebec, prepared for the siege immediately to follow.

The captain of the militia at Quebec, Thomas Ainslie, has left us in his diary this unique record for that day:

“On the 19th (a Happy Day for Quebec!) to the unspeakable joy of the friends of the Government, and to the utter Dismay of the abettors of Sedition and Rebellion, General Carleton arrived in the *Fell*, arm'd ship, accompanied by an arm'd schooner. We saw our Salvation in his Presence.”

The eleven vessels which Carleton had left behind at Sorel were doomed, as he feared when he was forced to leave them there. The very day the Governor reached Quebec, the flotilla surrendered to the Americans, after all the powder on the armed vessels had

A WONDERFUL ESCAPE

been thrown into the St. Lawrence. The Americans gnashed their teeth in fury when they discovered that Carleton had given them the slip. The British ships they had seized were very useful to them. The capture of 130 loyal Britons gave them a cheap satisfaction. But all the ships and all the men together were not worth as much to England, they knew, as the ready resource and the stern courage of "The Father of British Canada."

CHAPTER LXI

WHEN THE MOHAWK CHIEF WENT TO ENGLAND

IN July, 1775, only a few months after the outbreak of the American Revolution, a flotilla of canoes, bearing many chiefs of the Six Nations, sped over Lake Ontario and down the St. Lawrence on the way to Montreal. In one of these canoes was Joseph Brant, then thirty-three years of age. He was the Chief of the Mohawks and the war leader of the Six Nations. His rank made him the spokesman of the confederacy when Sir Guy Carleton, the governor of Canada, summoned the dusky visitors to an interview.

During the conference Carleton implored the Indians to continue in their allegiance to King George III, and not to depart from the solemn covenants made with the English by the Iroquois of old days. Brant in his reply assured the governor that it would be the constant desire of the Six Nations to remain under the Great King's protection. Immediately a captain's commission was given to Brant.

Within three months from that time Brant was on the ocean, bound for London. The sight of the ships in the harbour of Montreal, the glamour of his position as an officer in the King's army, and a longing to see the Great King himself, drove him to this romantic adventure. His grandfather, too, had visited England in Queen Anne's day, why should not he follow that wise old sachem's example?

On reaching London Brant was escorted to a small Inn called "The Swan with Two Necks." There he was so well treated that nothing could coax him elsewhere during his stay in the metropolis. In London he dressed like an ordinary Englishman, excepting on state occasions, when he was fond of donning many ornaments and plumes. He would also sometimes carry in his belt his burnished tomahawk, which bore the

WHEN MOHAWK CHIEF WENT TO ENGLAND

letter "J," followed by his Indian name, "Thayendanegea."

Brant secured an audience with the King, whose very name he revered, for had he not always been taught "to fear God and honour the King?" Many men of high position and learning entertained Brant and tried to make his visit agreeable. He even sat for the great painter, George Romney, who produced the well-known portrait of the bronzed Iroquois Chief.

Whoever asked Brant what support the Six Nations would give to England in the war with the revolted colonies received an explicit reply and pledge. He declared that he could and would lead 3,000 of his warriors into the struggle to fight to the death for the Great King. He bought from a London goldsmith a precious ring, on which he had his full name engraved. That ring never left his finger during all the trials and perils of the Revolution.

Brant remained in London all winter, but early in the spring he set out for New York. That visit to London made Brant a greater loyalist than ever, and he was proud to tell his people of the kindness of the English, and of the graciousness and majesty of England's King. For nine years his services for the Crown were constant and invaluable.

Near the close of the year 1785 Brant made a second journey to England. He desired again to do homage to the King, but he also wished to plead the cause of the Six Nations, both those who had migrated to Canada and those who had remained in their settlements south of Lake Ontario; for all had incurred great pecuniary losses on account of their loyalty. His welcome in London far surpassed that of his first visit. He seems to have mixed in the best society and to have done credit everywhere both to himself and to his many friends. Charles James Fox was one of his admirers. The Prince of Wales was often in his company. He was warmly greeted by King George and thanked for his many warlike achievements.

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

During Brant's stay in London he attended a masquerade ball in one of the fine mansions of Mayfair. He was present in the costume of his tribe, having merely painted his face as a slight disguise. A gleaming tomahawk he carried in his girdle. The brilliantly lighted ball-room was crowded with masked figures of a hundred varieties. Among them was one dressed in the loose vestments of a Turk, and in reality he was a Turkish diplomat in London. He had drunk too much wine and so was inclined to act somewhat rashly. Seeing the figure who was arrayed like an American Indian, he approached him and stared hard at him. Suddenly in a fit of drunken folly he lurched towards the red-skin and tweaked the nose of that famous Mohawk Chief.

Then all that gay throng was in an instant frozen stiff with fear, for above all the medley of conversation, laughter, and music, rose the wild accents of the Iroquois war-whoop. All gazed towards Brant, and when they saw that stately warrior swinging his glittering tomahawk over the head of his insulter, panic seized the whole assembly. The Moslem was sobered by the strange yell and the gleam of steel, and he cowered in abject terror.

In a moment Brant's right arm fell and the tomahawk was replaced in his girdle. He roared with innocent merriment, and the frightened guests breathed freely again, those who had fled returning. Everyone now knew that this redman was no masker but the celebrated Thayendanegea,—Joseph Brant, the renowned warrior chief of the Six Nations and steadfast ally of the British arms.

It was during this second visit of Brant's to England that the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel asked his help in printing books for the Indians of North America. He soon had ready a new edition of the Prayer and Psalm Book; and he also translated the Gospel of St. Mark. To this day, in the old

WHEN MOHAWK CHIEF WENT TO ENGLAND

Mohawk Church near Brantford, the oldest Protestant Church in Ontario, may on occasion be heard portions of Joseph Brant's translations done into Mohawk in London during that winter of 1786.

CHAPTER LXII

THE GENERAL WHO CHANGED SIDES

ON September 11th, 1775, a detachment of Americans set out from Cambridge, Massachusetts, to seize Quebec. This flying column of 1,100 men was under the command of one of the most skilful leaders of the American Revolution,—Benedict Arnold. From Cambridge, Arnold marched to Newburyport, where ten transports awaited him. When the ships reached the mouth of the Kennebec River, the troops were transferred to bateaux. These clumsy boats were able to navigate the river for thirty miles or more. Then began the most tedious part of the journey, for many long portages tried the stamina of men not used to such hardships. At last they reached Lake Megantic, the head-waters of the Chaudière. Provisions were scarce, and settlements in these wilds were very few. By early October the soldiers were sleeping in frozen clothing for they were often drenched by the autumn rains and by the fording of streams. Nearly 300 of the faint-hearted were allowed to turn back. Beyond Lake Megantic the rude boats were again employed for much of the journey to the mouth of the Chaudière, sixty miles away. The food supplies then ran very low and sickness increased. Arnold's little army soon numbered only 700. When he neared the St. Lawrence, food was brought in by the French Canadians and Indians of the district. On November 8th he was marching down the south shore of the St. Lawrence towards Point Levis, opposite Quebec. At the end of that march of seven miles he paraded his ragged troops, 700 strong, in full view of the greatest citadel in America, heavy guns frowning from all the bastions.

Gathering all the boats and canoes he could secure, up and down the river, Arnold, on the pitch-black

THE GENERAL WHO CHANGED SIDES

night of November 13th, succeeded in going across to the north shore, in landing at Wolfe's Cove, and in scaling the heights, as Wolfe had done sixteen years before. On the following morning his pitifully small band, now only 600, stood on the Plains of Abraham and gave three cheers, to tell the people in the city of their arrival.

None knew better than Arnold himself that it would be folly for this ill-conditioned rabble, armed with poor muskets, entirely without artillery, worn out with fatigue, to attempt to conquer a garrison 1,200 strong, protected by massive walls and innumerable cannon. But to complete his romantic adventure the bold rebel leader sent a messenger to the ramparts and called on the British to surrender.

There was in Canada at this time another American General, Richard Montgomery, an Irishman who had served under Wolfe. As soon as he heard of Arnold's arrival, he moved down the St. Lawrence from Montreal to join him. Accordingly, Arnold thought it best to go up the River twenty miles, to Pointe-aux-Trembles, and there wait for Montgomery. On December 3rd, the two forces united, but altogether there were scarcely 1,000 effective troops. The two young generals,—Montgomery 37 years old and Arnold 34,—talked over their prospects. They foolishly believed that the Canadians in Quebec were weary of British rule and eager to help the invaders. So preparations were made for joining issue with the British defenders of the stronghold.

Guy Carleton, "The Father of British Canada," was in command at Quebec. He had about 1,800 of all ranks, of whom 1,000 were militia and 800 regulars,—both soldiers and sailors. He refused to parley with either Arnold or Montgomery, and he sent word to one and then to the other that he would not recognize any rebel commander as the leader of a hostile army. Montgomery then wrote a bombastic and threatening

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

letter and, tying it to an arrow, he shot it into the besieged city.

Everyone knows what happened before Quebec on the stormy night of December 31st, 1775. When day dawned on January 1st, 1776, Montgomery lay dead in a snow-drift before the western barricade of the Lower Town, and Arnold lay in a hospital, severely wounded. Quebec, the impregnable, was not to be taken by a mere handful of raw troops.

Four years have passed since the strange episode at Quebec. During these four years Arnold has added to his military reputation by his services in the two battles of Saratoga and by his holding the command at Philadelphia after that city was evacuated by the British. As Major-General he is now in command at West Point, the key to the Hudson River Valley.

It is midnight on September 21, 1780. Under the shadow of the hills, about six miles below Stoney Point, two men are engaged in earnest conversation. Benedict Arnold is one of the two, and the other is Major John André, an Adjutant-General of the British Army. The two talk till dawn and the conference is not yet concluded. They walk along the shore for four miles up the river, still discussing some most important question. At last an agreement is reached,—a sort of private treaty between a British officer and a noted rebel. The rebel is to be a rebel no longer, for Arnold has given to André plans of the American fortifications at West Point, a description of the armament, the number of troops in garrison, and other important details which will aid the British cause. André conceals the precious papers in his boots under his stockings, and with a pass from Arnold he starts back to New York, then held by the British.

André never reached the British lines. When ten miles of his journey had been completed, he was seized by three American yeomen, who discovered the hidden papers. A tablet in Westminster Abbey tells the tale of André's doom: "Sacred to the memory of

THE GENERAL WHO CHANGED SIDES



BENEDICT ARNOLD

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

Major John André, Adjutant-General of the British Forces in America, who fell a sacrifice to his zeal for his King and Country, on the 2nd day of October, 1780, aged twenty-nine, universally beloved and esteemed by the army in which he served and lamented even by his foes."

André's arrest prevented the meeting under one roof of four remarkable men. Alexander Hamilton, afterwards to become a distinguished American statesman, was at Arnold's head-quarters when the news of André's capture came in; and both General Washington and the great French General, Lafayette, were on their way up the Hudson to confer with Benedict Arnold on the conduct of the campaign. The conference never took place, for on the morning of September 25th Arnold excused himself to his guests, retired to his room, ordered a horse, bade an affectionate good-bye to his young wife, and fled to the British lines.

The cause of Arnold's astonishing change in view and purpose has never been fully explained. Slanders and falsehoods innumerable have besmirched his name, and for a century or more he was regarded in the land of his birth as the vilest of traitors. The simplest explanation of his conduct is perhaps that he was weary of being a rebel, since the rebel cause, until the armies of France were poured into the conflict, seemed doomed to failure; and Arnold hated and distrusted the French re-inforcements. On October 7th, 1780, he issued from New York an address to the American people, in which he gives as his principal reason for deserting the rebels the fact that the aid of France had been called in to defeat England, although England had more than once made most liberal overtures for peace. He declared that he preferred the justice and generosity of England to the domination of the French. In after years he often said to his friends that he had thought that his desertion to the British at a time of crisis in the Revolution would have turned the tide

THE GENERAL WHO CHANGED SIDES

in favour of the Mother Country and thus have prevented long years of useless struggle and bloodshed.¹

Benedict Arnold in the following year, 1781, sailed with his family for England, an exile forever from his native land. He was warmly received by the King and congratulated on every side for his brave action in returning to his early allegiance. To assert, as many have done, that Arnold was treated with contempt in England, is quite at variance with the real facts. He received for his losses in consequence of his joining the British the sum of 6,315 pounds. Mrs. Arnold was voted a pension of 500 pounds per annum and each of her five children received 100 pounds per annum. Arnold's two sons by an earlier marriage, Richard and Henry, were granted by the British Government valuable lands in Upper Canada; and many descendants of Richard Arnold and Henry Arnold, living in Grenville and other eastern counties of Ontario, are proud of their noble ancestor.

Benedict Arnold with his wife and children spent four years, 1787-1791, at St. John, New Brunswick, where a prosperous trade with the West Indies added much to the family income. When war broke out again between England and France, he hastened overseas, and during the remaining ten years of his life he performed signal services for the British Government.

¹ The following alleged causes of Arnold's change of allegiance may be dismissed as ridiculous : (1) that he was bribed by the British ; (2) that his young wife, Peggy Shippen, of Philadelphia, induced him to betray his country ; (3) that he was angry with Congress for promoting over his head many inexperienced and incompetent officers.

CHAPTER LXIII

WHEN BENJAMIN FRANKLIN CAME TO CANADA

NEAR the end of March, 1776, a man of seventy set out from Philadelphia with three companions in an attempt to win Canada from the British. He had been selected by Congress to perform this service for the rebel cause. Benjamin Franklin undertook this Canadian excursion with confidence and with a light heart, for it was his opinion and that of all the revolutionary leaders that Canada was eager to throw off the yoke of Britain.

Franklin's travelling companions were Samuel Chase of Maryland, Charles Carroll, and John Carroll, cousin of Charles, who had been educated in France for the priesthood. As John Carroll spoke French fluently, it was thought that he would be able to induce many French-Canadians to join the forces of the Revolution. Less than twenty years before this time Canada had been entirely French, and surely, argued the American rebels, the 150,000 Roman Catholics in Canada would not willingly submit to fewer than a thousand Protestants. How sadly the rebel sages were mistaken these four commissioners were soon to learn.

Benjamin Franklin was always an adventurer, so it is not surprising that he planned recklessly on this occasion. He left New York in a sloop on April 2nd. The journey of 130 miles up the Hudson River to Albany was comparatively easy. From Albany the party went, in a large country-wagon, to Saratoga, the head-quarters of the American general, Philip Schuyler. The April roads were muddy and difficult. Franklin in a letter to a friend says that this rough journey of thirty-two miles was very hard on his aged frame.

From Saratoga they proceeded to Lake George over roads coated with six inches of snow. In three days

WHEN FRANKLIN CAME TO CANADA



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

they reached the lake, still covered with ice. There they found waiting for them a rude bateau with an awning for cabin. It took thirty-six hours to navigate the thirty-six miles of icy waters. Then they had a short portage to the southern shore of Lake Champlain. For this portage they put their bateau on wheels and employed a string of oxen to carry them forward.

At Lake Champlain they re-embarked after a delay of five days. For three-and-a-half days they struggled towards the north end of the Lake against baffling ice and northern blasts. From St. John's on the Richelieu River they travelled to Montreal by calèche, a two-wheeled carriage with a seat for two, the driver's seat on the dash board

As Franklin pursued this arduous journey northward into Canada, he had leisure to reflect on the strange history of these romantic regions. The forests near these lakes had often re-echoed the fierce war-cry of the Iroquois. These inland waters had often been stained by the life-blood of Indians, of French, of British. Champlain's first visit, 167 years before, had brought the first terrifying sounds of fire-arms to the savages of these wilds. A half-century later the Marquis de Tracy's warlike pageant of 300 boats had made a thrilling spectacle on river and on lake as that gallant soldier penetrated the very heart of the Iroquois settlements. At Ticonderoga, between the two lakes, in 1758, Montcalm had defeated Abercrombie. Only a year before the coming of Franklin, Allen of Vermont

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

had surprised at Ticonderoga, and later at Crown Point, two British regiments. Little did Franklin imagine that within six months the battle of Valcour Island on Lake Champlain,—the first battle between an American and a British fleet,—would result in the utter annihilation of the American ships under Benedict Arnold, the very general who now held the Canadian city towards which he was moving.

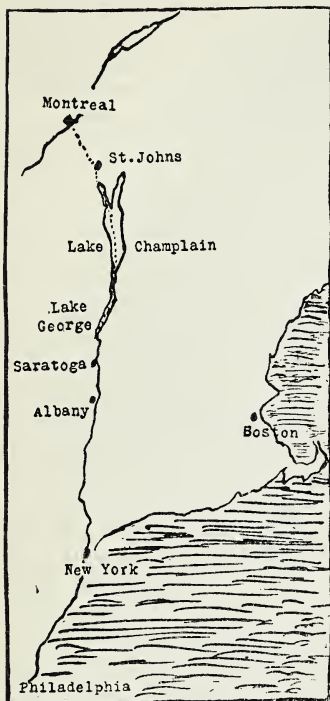
When Franklin's party neared Montreal, Arnold's outposts reported their arrival and a salute from the guns boomed forth across the river. This proud honour, however, was at once followed by disappointment and vexation. The American paper money was despised and declined by the ferryman who was to take the party over to the Island of Montreal. When they did arrive in the city an hour later, the drivers of the *calèches* refused to budge until good silver coins were placed in their palms.

The French-Canadians in Montreal knew that the American army at Quebec had been defeated, and they knew that the arrival of a strong British force from overseas was expected at any moment. Accordingly, they treated Franklin and his companions with open disrespect, and sometimes even with downright contempt.

The day after he arrived in Montreal Franklin set up his printing press, an appliance which had served his ends for fifty years. Two papers were printed, one in French and one in English, offering glittering inducements to the Canadians if they would become turncoats. Then it was discovered by this Philadelphia printer that only one out of every five hundred Canadians could read. Franklin in disgust suggested to his friends that the next American mission to Canada should consist entirely of schoolmasters.

After only a week's stay in Montreal Franklin sent a letter to Congress in which he advised that all

WHEN FRANKLIN CAME TO CANADA



ROUTE TAKEN BY FRANKLIN IN
HIS JOURNEY TO CANADA

the American troops in Canada should be immediately withdrawn. Two days later the exciting news reached Montreal that a British fleet with vast re-inforcements had just anchored at Quebec. Orders were promptly given by Arnold for the retirement of his army to St. Johns, there to await any British attack. Franklin and John Carroll in hot haste set out for home, leaving their two associates to follow later. From Albany General Schuyler himself drove the two fugitives in his chariot to New York. Even in New York the burly American did not linger, and within a fortnight he reached his snug and safe home in the South.

Benjamin Franklin never forgave Canada for the way she treated him in 1776. Six years later, when the terms of the Peace of Paris were being discussed, he had the assurance to propose that England should cede Canada to the United States. "If you give us Canada," Franklin declared "we will treat all those Loyalists who have fled to Canada in a very generous fashion." Canada was, of course, not ceded; and the United Empire Loyalists, who had sacrificed everything but their honour in order to live under the British flag,

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

were not basely betrayed by the Mother Country. Among the Loyalists, it is interesting to recall, was the elder son of Benjamin Franklin, who after the Revolution went to England, and for thirty years received an annual pension from the Crown of 800 pounds.

CHAPTER LXIV

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

ON the 27th of April, 1783, a flotilla of eighteen vessels, accompanied by several sloops and schooners for carrying heavy baggage and horses, left the harbour of New York, while that city was still in possession of the British. On these vessels were crowded nearly 5,000 men, women, and children, who were emigrating from a land which had ceased to acknowledge the sovereignty of England. These people, who in after years were proud to be called United Empire Loyalists, were giving up their comfortable homes or great estates because they wished to end their lives beneath the British flag. To the nearest region which flew that dear flag, the peninsula of Nova Scotia, they were now setting out; for Sir Guy Carleton, the British commander in New York, had selected as their future home the quiet little sea-port of Port Razoir (Port Roseway), on the Atlantic coast about 100 miles south-west of Halifax.

The passage took a full week; and the ships entered the snug harbour whither they were bound on May 4th. The day was bright, and the colonists were in high spirits. One of them wrote thus to a relative whom he had left behind: "We all knelt down, my wife and I and my two boys, and we kissed the dear ground and thanked God that the flag of England still floated over us."

The new town was immediately laid out. There were five long parallel streets, crossed at right angles by numerous side-streets. The lots were sixty feet in frontage and a hundred and twenty feet deep. A reservation for a large common was also made. Each family had not only a town lot, but small water lots on the beach were also given to all who wished to have them. Away from the town, within a mile or two, the

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

head of each family also chose a 50-acre farm. The sound of axes upon the forest trees and of the tools of the carpenters upon the rising houses were heard from daylight till dark for many weeks.

By July 11th the temporary tents and huts were nearly all abandoned, and the settlers were moving into their new homes. The streets were named; and the town itself, on August 2nd, was called SHELBURNE, after Lord Shelburne (afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne), Secretary of State for the Colonies. Before September fully 5,000 settlers were comfortably housed.

Toward the end of September the surprise of the new colony was great when a fleet of ships entered the harbour from New York with 5,000 additional loyalists. The newcomers were mostly strangers to the first settlers; and they were not entirely welcome, for all was bustle and confusion again for many weeks. The long streets were increased in number to eleven. Many of the settlers who came in September had to remain all winter in the ships, anchored in several coves of the land-locked harbour.

Fortunately, that winter was one of unusual mildness. There were ample provisions, for the 10,000 settlers received daily rations from the agents of the British Government, who had come with full stocks of flour and pork. Besides the King's supplies fish were caught in abundance and during the autumn and spring, and in greater quantity during the summer, vegetables were brought in by coasting vessels.

In April building operations were resumed, but there was a scarcity of certain materials and a great dearth of skilled workmen. Not only were homes needed, but barracks had to be erected for the British regiment which was to be stationed in the town for at least five years. Indeed, so busy were all the builders and carpenters that no church was erected for several years, all religious services being held in the small homes of the settlers.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

The magistrates of Shelburne were from the first determined that the place should be a model town in every respect. So crime was punished with exceeding severity. One man was hanged for stealing money from an officer on board a vessel. Another poor fellow who had attempted unsuccessfully to steal a few pence met the same fate. Of course, the first burglar in Shelburne did not escape the death penalty. For all trifling offences a pillory was much used in the public square.

Shelburne for several years had no fewer than three weekly newspapers. *The Royal American Gazette*, with 160 subscribers, lived for two years. *The Port Roseway Gazetteer & Shelburne Advertiser* had a slightly longer life. *The Nova Scotia Packet* soon came to grief. Even as early as 1785 a large part of the advertisements in these papers consisted of notices of houses for sale.

In 1787 the British Government ceased to distribute rations in Shelburne. Then the exodus, to Halifax and St. John, and even up the St. Lawrence to the Lake region, grew to great proportions. The decay of the town of Shelburne was rapid for many reasons: (1) There were no good farm lands near the settlement; (2) the harbour was sealed up by ice for nearly six months of the year; (3) most of the military men and merchants of the place were unused to pioneer life and they chafed under the hard conditions imposed upon them by necessity; (4) the little colony was too much cut off from other settlements in Nova Scotia and elsewhere.

By the first year of the 19th century Shelburne was a deserted town. No longer did forty cannon warn hostile ships to keep at a distance. All around the beautiful natural harbour were ruin and decay. The wharves were rotting under layers of sea weeds. The houses, hundreds of them, were still standing, but untenanted. Of many other ruined houses only the chimneys stood, as sad memorials of domestic trials. Other chimneys were lying prone, or were inclining to

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

their fall. Scores of cellars could be seen, with their stout walls and granite partitions, the wooden portions having been burned for fuel, or having been taken to pieces and removed to Halifax or St. John, to Yarmouth or Weymouth. In more than one of the deserted homes old furniture remained, and even heavy trunks filled with discarded clothing.

Shelburne in 1784 had a much larger population than either Quebec or Montreal, for nearly 12,000 people had sought shelter there. In that year the population of Quebec was only 6,491, and that of Montreal, 6,479. The pretty little village of Shelburne to-day, with its fisher folk and gardeners, can boast of only 1,360 citizens. Few traces remain of the "hastening ills" to which this "Sweet Auburn" of North America fell a prey in the closing years of the 18th century.

CHAPTER LXV

THE FUR TRADERS AT FORT WILLIAM

IN 1783 a group of plucky traders, mostly of Scottish birth, formed in Montreal the famous North-West Company. They soon became keen rivals of the long-established Hudson's Bay Company. Their chief trading-post was at Fort William, on the north shore of Lake Superior, near the mouth of the Kaministikwia River.

For nearly forty years Fort William remained the centre to which thronged Indians and half-breeds and French-Canadian voyageurs with peltry of many varieties,—mink, otter, ermine, muskrat, marten, skunk, lynx, fox, bear, beaver, wolf, and deer. No fewer than 5,000 persons were at one time engaged in the traffic which flowed into and out of Fort William. From May till October there might be seen on the lake shore or near the mouth of the river flotillas of boats and canoes, unloading the articles of commerce which had come by water and by portage from the merchants of Montreal for the purposes of barter, or later loading for the return journey the precious furs which had come in from the sixty trading-posts of the Company.

Fort William in those early days was a settlement of no mean extent. The buildings were wooden, of many shapes and sizes. The principal structure was the great warehouse of the Company, which contained a council hall for the notables, and a grand banqueting-hall, capable of accommodating two hundred guests. When the season's labours were over, and before the motley crowd of hunters and traders dispersed to begin a new season's operations, there was a short period of merriment and feasting. The population of this hamlet in the wilderness flocked hither from all corners of the world. On one occasion a traveller made a rough census of the inhabitants of the Fort, and he

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

found there during that summer representatives from England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, Denmark, Sweden, Holland, and from half a dozen Indian tribes. The Fort William of to-day, with its Babel of tongues, runs true to its century-old traditions.

During the festive period the great dining-hall was the scene of numerous banquets. There was no scarcity of food on the long tables. Nor was the cooking rudely done, for the five or six rich partners from Montreal who spent a few months each year at the Fort brought with them capable chefs, who prepared all sorts of savoury dishes, fit for the palate of an epicure. Haunches of beef and venison loaded the boards every day; and from these dinners the best wines of Europe were never absent. After the meal there was usually a time of toasting. Then far into the night followed dancing and singing and noisy drinking. At these gay parties influential Indians and even half-breed women were occasionally entertained, for the popularity of the Company was weighed in the balance with that of the great rival company trading from Hudson's Bay.

Outside the great hall was gathered a more promiscuous and even noisier crowd. Voyageurs, soldiers of fortune, rude savages, jostled one another in clamorous revelry. Not till dawn was there any thought of sleep. As the sun rose over Thunder Bay and lit up the heights of Thunder Cape, the revellers, clad in incongruous dress of many colours and fashions, began to separate.

Perhaps the greatest day in the history of the Nor'westers was that day in August, 1816, when Lord Selkirk arrived in Fort William from Montreal with an armed force and seized the place, before going on to help his struggling and scattered colony on the Red River. He had on his way up heard the news of the awful massacre of his men at Seven Oaks near the site of

THE FUR TRADERS AT FORT WILLIAM

modern Winnipeg. Selkirk arrested nine of the partners of the North-West Company, accusing them of violence and even of murder. After he, as magistrate, had heard all the witnesses, he committed the prisoners for trial and sent them in three canoes under a strong guard to be tried in York (now Toronto), the judicial head-quarters of the Lake Superior region. What happened to these prisoners on their way to York and on their arrival there, and what engaged the attention of Lord Selkirk in Fort William from August till the following May, belong to other stories.

Notwithstanding Selkirk's opposition and accusations the North-West Company continued to prosper, and Fort William remained the Mecca of the traders until 1821, when the two great trading companies ceased to be rivals and linked all their fortunes together.

CHAPTER LXVI

TO THE REGION OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN

ON Wednesday, June 3rd, 1789, six weeks before the bloody French Revolution broke out in Paris, a young Scotsman of twenty-six, in a far distant corner of North America, was making history of a peaceful sort. On that day Alexander Mackenzie began his memorable journey to the Arctic Ocean from Fort Chipewyan on Lake Athabaska. He knew not how many hundreds of miles he must go nor by what particular route he should travel; but he knew by report that a great river flowed north into the regions of mystery, and on the current of that river he hoped to be carried to the sea.

Fort Chipewyan was the remotest post of the great North-West Company of Montreal, and Alexander Mackenzie was in control of the district. His ambitious plan of exploration had two main objects, (1) to extend the operations of his Company, (2) to gain the laurels which must crown his brow if he discovered new northern tracts, as Samuel Hearne had done eighteen years before.

His little flotilla consisted of four birch-bark canoes. Mackenzie took his place in the largest, which was manned by four French-Canadian voyageurs and a young German. In a smaller canoe, with his two wives, travelled a Chipewyan Indian called "English Chief," because of the many journeys he had made through the Barren Lands to the English forts on Hudson's Bay. In a third canoe were two other Indians, employed as interpreters and hunters. The fourth canoe, loaded with trading goods, was in charge of Leroux, a French-Canadian, who had already visited the Great Slave Lake more than once, in the service of the North-West Company.

TO THE REGION OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN

The first part of Mackenzie's long journey,—from Fort Chipewyan to the Great Slave Lake,—was by a route already pretty well known. Leroux and "The English Chief" guided the party with unerring skill. On the 2nd of July, they passed the Peace River, with its majestic current, a mile wide rushing into the Slave River. It took five days for the canoes to paddle down the 235 miles of the Slave. This river in some places is six miles wide, and in others the channel is very narrow, with eddies and rapids. The portages became more numerous and more difficult as they drew near to the Great Slave Lake, for drifting ice often obliged the canoeists to land and proceed on foot.

On June 9th the Great Slave Lake came into view. It was still at that date a sheet of solid ice, except for narrow lanes of open water near the shore. For nearly two weeks the party was delayed in this bleak region. There was plenty to eat, however, for wild fowl were abundant, and the lake teemed with fish. On one of the islands they found a herd of reindeer, and the fresh venison served them well and long.

Mackenzie now sent Leroux and his men back to Fort Chipewyan to report that all was well, and that at the south-west end of the Great Slave Lake had been found a mighty river which flowed north-west. Down the current of that river, Leroux was to say, the rest of the party would be moving within a few days, after certain preparations were made.

On July 1st Mackenzie's canoes began their great adventure down the unknown river. The water was smooth and the current not too rapid. A breeze soon blew from the east and sails were hoisted, allowing quick progress to be made. In these high latitudes the party enjoyed twenty hours of sunlight and the other four of twilight, so they were never delayed by darkness.

In two days they had passed the mouth of the River of the Mountain, now called the Liard, where Fort Simpson was soon to be a trading centre. Next day

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

they sighted in the west a range of the Rockies, the peaks capped with ice. On July 5th they passed the mouth of the Great Bear River, not knowing that a mighty lake, the Great Bear Lake, drained its waters into the river on which they were floating.

The Indians of these parts appeared to be timid and ran off when they caught sight of the strange travellers. Mackenzie's Indians at last with some difficulty succeeded in holding conversation with some of them. They offered them tobacco and fire-water, and were much surprised to find that they had never tasted either and had now no desire to do so. They offered them knives and hatchets, which were greedily seized. When these northern Indians heard that the travellers from the south intended to journey farther, they implored them to turn back. They declared that the northern sea was so far away that it would take many years—yes, a whole life-time—to reach it, if, indeed, they did not perish from cold or hunger long before arriving at their goal. They told of huge cataracts which would swallow their canoes and of horrible monsters which would block their way by land. At last Mackenzie, by giving many presents, coaxed one of them to accompany him; but the coward soon proved more of a hindrance than a help, for he was in constant terror and one night escaped and started back home.

One hundred and fifty miles farther down the river the travellers came to that glorious gorge which is to-day called "The Ramparts of the Mackenzie." The stream narrows to a width of five hundred yards and flows between cliffs of limestone 250 feet high. The scenery for several miles is startlingly beautiful.

It was here that Mackenzie secured from a roving band of Indians a very intelligent guide, who told him that within ten days he could reach the Ocean. Soon the river began to be divided by many islands into a very maze of channels. The voyageurs were much puzzled to know which was the main stream. The new guide wanted to take the eastern channel, but

TO THE REGION OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN

Mackenzie's Indians strongly insisted on following the middle channel; and thereupon strife arose. Then the Chipewyans became alarmed because of the uncertainty of their route, and they approached Mackenzie with the proposal that he should turn back. The French-Canadians stood by their chief, and at last the Indians were soothed by the promise that if the sea were not reached within seven days, the southward journey would begin.

On the night of July 10th they pitched their tents on the river bank. The sun shone brightly all night, and Mackenzie slept not at all, for he was entranced by the wonders of the midnight skies. Soon after twelve he roused some of his men to see the marvellous sight, and they, thinking it to be morning, began to rouse all the others. They were surprised when they were told that they might rest three hours longer.

At four o'clock the canoes started again down the winding river towards the north-west. On this day they travelled fifty-four miles. The weather was cloudy, with occasional gusts of cold rain. Mackenzie's Indians again became discontented, for the guide was merely guessing his route, and at any moment hostile natives might swoop upon them, it was feared, and destroy them.

On July 12th the river broadened into what appeared to be a large lake. It was the delta of the majestic river. That night they encamped on an island, and Mackenzie with the "English Chief" climbed to the top of a high hill to look around. To the west they saw a broad field of ice, which appeared to be a frozen sea. When this was reported next morning to the others, there was great excitement. All now declared themselves ready to follow their leader wheresoever he wished to go, even to the unknown sea.

That night they again encamped on an island, but in a few hours they were obliged to rescue their baggage from the inrush of the Arctic tides. Next morning his men waked the great explorer in order that he might

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

see the strange creatures which were tumbling about in the waters. Mackenzie hurriedly arose and went forth to view the whales! He now knew for certain that his search was over, and that this was indeed the Ocean of the North.

The Island at the mouth of the great river he named "Whale Island," and here on July 14th he erected a memorial of his visit. On a large stone he ordered to be engraved (1) the latitude ($69^{\circ} 14'$), (2) his own name; (3) the number of persons with him; (4) the time he spent there.

On July 15th the canoes turned south again. Everybody was happy, for all the conditions of the return journey were favourable. The weather was delightful, and there was abundance of game. On September 12th Alexander Mackenzie and his party of explorers reached Fort Chipewyan. They had journeyed to the mouth of the Mackenzie River and back, a distance of 2,800 miles in 102 days.

CHAPTER LXVII

THE SEARCH FOR THE WESTERN SEA

ALEXANDER Mackenzie, in 1789, had given his name to the great river which he explored to its mouth in the Arctic Ocean. It was not the Arctic, however, which he had been seeking in that famous journey, but rather a route to the Pacific. It is not surprising, therefore, that within four years he was on his way west to discover an overland route to the sea beyond the Rockies.

In October, 1792, Mackenzie's little party set out from Fort Chipewyan, on Lake Athabaska, for the Peace River. Ascending that river to a place six miles above where the Smoky River joins it, he erected a palisaded fort and prepared to spend the winter there. He planned to make an early dash from that point into the trackless regions of the west.

In April spring came with its usual suddenness. By the 25th of the month the ice on the river had broken up and was descending with a rush. On May 9th all was ready for the start. Mackenzie's chief companion was Alexander Mackay, a competent trader of the North-West Company. With them were six French-Canadian voyageurs, two of whom had gone with Mackenzie to the Arctic. Two Indians of the district served as guides, hunters, and interpreters. A huge birch-bark canoe, twenty-five feet long, carried all ten of the explorers and their ton of baggage.

With great difficulty the canoe struggled up the Peace River. The spring thaw brought the waters down from the mountains in raging floods. When the river narrowed, the current which they faced was too swift for the voyageurs, who soon began to grumble. When the oars ceased to be of any use, poles were employed instead.

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

On May 16th they reached the place which was later called "The Rocky Mountain Portage." The canoe had to be towed with their 80-foot tow-line. No one would volunteer to jump ashore, as on both banks rose walls of solid rock. Mackenzie himself, now thirty years of age, was the most agile of the group, and, with the tow-line around his shoulders, he leaped to the perilous slope and with an axe cut holes in the rock for his hands and feet. He then scrambled up to the edge of the cliff, tied the line to a tree, and threw the other end of it to the voyageurs below. Soon they were all on the high bank, pulling the canoe up stream. But the current became wilder, and a wave struck their boat and broke the tow-line. Just at that fearful moment, by good luck, another wave cast the canoe ashore, and they were able to haul it out of danger.

Mackay was now sent ahead to see how far the rapids extended. After many hours he returned with the information that a portage of nine miles lay ahead of them. The baggage was then dragged up the steep bank. Four men were selected to hew a way through the trees and bushes, while the others, following them, carried the heavy packs and the canoe. The first day they advanced only a mile. The second day they made a more rapid advance of three miles. Then the ground began to slope westward, for they had passed the summit of the Rockies. On May 24th they were able again to launch their canoe on the waters of the Peace. They had conquered "The Rocky Mountain Portage."

On May 31st they reached the Forks of the Peace, and they were puzzled to know whether they should go up the Finlay or the Parsnip. The latter flows from the south-east, and the Indian guides advised that route. So the voyageurs, sullen and discontented, tried to stem the fierce current, often being obliged to tow the canoe along the river bank. Many times, during these trying days, the battered boat had to be repaired.

THE SEARCH FOR THE WESTERN SEA

The journey up the Parsnip occupied twelve days. Mackenzie in his journal tells of two strange phenomena belonging to this lofty region. High above the cloud-line during these June days he saw avalanche after avalanche rushing from the mountain-peaks, with a rumble like distant thunder. The other extraordinary occurrence was the marvellous industry of great colonies of beavers. From sunset to sunrise, but never in the day-time, they were busy at their tasks of cutting down and building up. In several places they had cut down two or three acres of tall poplars.

On June 11th, while making a portage, the exploring party suddenly came upon a little mountain lake, as blue as the sky above. This proved to be the very source of the Parsnip. So Mackenzie had seen every yard of the mighty river which to-day bears his name,—from this tarn whence flows the Parsnip, all down the majestic Peace River, and on for hundreds of miles, even to the distant Arctic. The full length of this great water-way is 2,400 miles.

Near the source of the Parsnip,—indeed, only half a mile away,—the explorers came to another lake. They found that this second lake was drained by a mountain stream which flowed west. They had actually crossed the watershed, called the “Great Divide,” and their canoe henceforth would float down stream. The little river was a tributary of the Fraser, called later “The Bad River,” because its rocks and turbulent currents have wrecked many a canoe. In one place Mackenzie’s men sprang out of their rude craft to swim for their lives, but finding that they could not reach land, they clung to the sides of the canoe till it landed on a sand-bar, badly damaged. Their whole cargo was thoroughly drenched; and nearly all their ammunition was lost. The Indians of the party sat down on the bank and wept at the disaster.

Mackenzie’s followers were now in a mood for mutiny, but the great explorer’s iron will and inventive brain brought him through the crisis. The shattered

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY



MACKENZIE ARRIVING AT THE PACIFIC COAST

THE SEARCH FOR THE WESTERN SEA

canoe was patched up, and four of the most experienced voyageurs brought it, almost empty, down the rapids. The others trudged along the banks, carrying the cargo. On June 17th they reached the South Fork of the Fraser, a broad navigable stream.

Mackenzie was not satisfied to be paddling south when he desired to go west; so he looked about for a new guide. On June 21st he came to a band of the Carrier Indians, who dwelt on the South Fork; but they shot arrows at his party and rolled stones down from the high banks. He adopted a clever plan of dealing with these savages. He went to the side of the river opposite to the Indians, and in full view of their archers he laid down his musket and raised his hands, to show his peaceful intentions. Then he threw on the ground many trinkets,—mirrors, beads, and other attractive trifles. Two of the tribe then came over in a canoe and inspected the treasures. The white men were invited to cross the river in order to distribute more of their gifts. Soon the Carrier Indians became very friendly and offered all sorts of advice to the travellers. On one point they were emphatic:—Mackenzie must go back up the Fraser to the Blackwater and ascend that stream, if he would reach his western goal. So the prow of the great canoe was turned toward the north, one of the Carrier tribe acting as guide.

On July 3rd they reached the Blackwater. On the 4th the canoe was abandoned, some provisions were cached for the return journey, and each man took on his shoulders a pack weighing 90 pounds, in addition to his musket. The party followed an old Indian trail. They soon began to pass Indian villages with their totem-poles. The forest was thick and the underbrush impeded their progress. It was not long till their clothing was in tatters and their moccasins were worn out. For nearly two weeks they struggled on. When they reached the head-waters of Bella Coola River, they procured dug-outs from the Indians of the

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

district and then started on the final stage of their long journey.

In a few days the river began to divide into many channels. Then the tang of the salt water came over the hills to salute the weary travellers. One day they caught, between the hills, a glimpse of the blue sea. On Saturday, July 20th, 1793, Mackenzie's dug-outs glided into that inlet of the Pacific now called North Bentinck Arm. The next day he went on to Burke Channel. There he inscribed in letters of vermilion on a great rock this brief memorial:

"Alexander Mackenzie, from Canada, by land, the twenty-second day of July, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three. Lat. 52° 20' 48'' N."

On August 24th, after a return journey of only two days beyond one month, Mackenzie was back in his fort on Peace River. Soon afterwards he left the service of the North-West Company and returned to Scotland, the land of his birth. His book of Explorations in North America appeared in London in 1801. In the following year he received the honour of knighthood for his remarkable achievements.

CHAPTER LXVIII

THE HERO OF BOIS BLANC

THERE is a little island, belonging to Canada, near the mouth of the Detroit River. It bears the beautiful name Bois Blanc, (corrupted to Bob'-Lo), which it has borne for over two hundred years. The forest of whitewood (linden, or bass-wood) from which it was named was cut down during the troubled years of 1837-38 in order that the guns of Fort Malden at Amherstburg might be able to sweep the river. A traveller named Isaac Weld visited the whitewood island in 1797 when it was still wooded, and there he came upon a party of about twenty Indian girls dancing in a circle around a fire, with their arms around one another's necks, keeping time to a song they were singing. The deep voices of three Indians, seated under a near-by tree, playing rude kettle-drums, accompanied the maidens' choral dance.

This little island was always a favourite Indian retreat. The great Tecumseh, with 600 warriors, encamped here in June, 1812, a few weeks after the formal declaration of war by the United States. From this centre his scouts were sent out to watch the movements of the Americans in the surrounding districts. All that summer camp-fires glowed around the wigwams and the blockhouses of Bois Blanc.

The night of August 13th, 1812, will be ever memorable in the annals of the Isle. Tecumseh lay out under the summer sky, surrounded by his sleeping braves. He himself did not sleep, for the yellow meteors of August, called the Perseids, had been falling fast for three nights and even on this fourth night an occasional falling star stirred the lively imagination of this great soul. These fiery messengers from the skies, the Shawnee chief felt certain, portended some great event. Suddenly he was roused from his brooding by loud

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

shouts which came over to him from Fort Malden; and then at once he heard the booming of cannon from the decks of a gun-boat anchored in the river. He knew what it all meant, for he had long been awaiting the arrival of General Brock, coming to join forces with him, against the American, General Hull, who was cooped up in Fort Detroit, fifteen miles to the north. In a few moments Tecumseh's Indians were firing their muskets to welcome the great White Chief. Although the hour was one in the morning, Tecumseh and all his chiefs crossed in their canoes to Fort Malden to greet the commander of the British.

Fort Malden was the strongest British Fort in Upper Canada. It was defended by ditch, stockade, and rampart, with formidable bastions at the four corners. It was large enough to accommodate three regiments. One face of the fort ran parallel to the river bank and was pierced by a sally-port. That night of August 13th its welcome to General Isaac Brock was the very high peak of all the excitements it ever witnessed.

Tecumseh was presented to Brock at 2.00 A.M. Jefferys' famous colour drawing has done justice to that historic meeting. There faced each other in the dim torchlight two superb specimens of the races which they represented. They clasped hands and met each other's steady and admiring gaze. Brock thanked Tecumseh for his salute of welcome, but he implored him to spare his ammunition for the enemy. "I have come here," declared Brock, "to fight the foes of my king, and I desire my soldiers to take lessons from you and your warriors as to how we may best fight in these wild forests." Tecumseh, it is said, turned to his chiefs and exclaimed: "Ho-o-o-e; this is a man!"

Brock at once laid before Tecumseh his plans against Detroit. Tecumseh listened with shining eyes and then expressed his satisfaction. "What kind of country must we pass through to reach Detroit?" asked Brock. The Shawnee Chief unrolled a piece of elm bark upon

THE HERO OF BOIS BLANC



C.W. JEFFERYS

MEETING OF BROCK AND TECUMSEH

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

the table and fastened its corners down with four stones. Then he drew his scalping-knife from its sheath and traced with its point all the streams, and ravines and forest paths. An excellent military map was soon completed, to the astonishment and delight of Brock. The meeting was over at 3.00 A.M., and Tecumseh made his way back with his chiefs to Bois Blanc.

At noon of August 14th about a thousand Indians assembled at Fort Malden to hear Brock's address. He told them that he had crossed the great salt lake (the Atlantic) to help them and that with their aid Fort Detroit would soon fall. Their shouts of approval indicated what they were prepared to do. In one of Brock's letters written soon after this time he thus refers to Tecumseh: "Among the Indians whom I found at Amherstbourg there were some extraordinary characters. He who most attracted my attention was a Shawnee Chief. . . . A more sagacious or more gallant warrior does not, I believe, exist. He was the admiration of everyone who conversed with him."

On the morning of August 15th the British and the Indians took the road towards Sandwich. Brock sent messengers under a flag of truce to demand from General Hull the surrender of Detroit. In his dispatch he thought it well to insert this veiled threat: "You must be aware that the numerous bodies of Indians who have attached themselves to my troops will be beyond my control the moment the contest commences." How greatly Hull dreaded the Indians is plainly shown by a proclamation he had issued a few weeks before: "If the barbarous and savage policy of Great Britain be pursued, and the savages let loose to murder our citizens, and butcher our women and children, this war will be a war of extermination. The first stroke of the tomahawk, the first attempt with the scalping-knife, will be the signal for one indiscriminate scene of desolation. No white man found fighting by the

THE HERO OF BLOIS BLANC

side of an Indian will be taken prisoner; instantly destruction will be his lot."

On the night of August 15th Tecumseh and 600 warriors went over from Sandwich in their canoes to the American shore in order to protect the crossing of the main army next morning. In the early dawn of August 16th, 320 British Regulars and 400 Canadian militia pushed off from the Canadian shore. The batteries at Sandwich and one war vessel, the "Queen Charlotte," opened fire on the enemy. Brock stood erect in the first boat which moved towards the western shore. At Springwells, four miles below Detroit, Brock's force joined Tecumseh. An advance was immediately sounded, and the allies marched northward in two columns. As they pushed forward, the Indians kept shouting their terrible war-cry.

Detroit was a formidable stronghold, with numerous cannon frowning on any approaching foe. The gunners stood that morning at their posts, their fuses ready to light. It seemed certain that many of the British and their Indian allies would bite the dust when those great guns began to belch forth their missiles of death.

Then a strange thing happened. Brock and Tecumseh had gone together to a hill in order to reconnoitre. No sooner had they reached the crest of the eminence than they saw a messenger coming in hot haste, bearing a white flag. Two officers were sent to meet him. In a few minutes the news spread along the line that Hull had surrendered. Detroit with all its armaments and stores, and 2,500 men, passed into the hands of the British; and the Union Jack displaced the Stars and Stripes on the Fort and on all public buildings. The bloodless victory over the "Long-Knives," as the Indians styled the Americans, was the most remarkable event in the whole war. Tecumseh, after the surrender, is reported to have addressed Brock thus: "I have heard much of your fame and am happy again to shake by the hand a brave brother warrior. . . Your bold and sudden movements scared the enemy and

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

compelled them to surrender to less than half their own force.”

Brock then openly honoured the great Chief in the presence of his warriors. He removed his silk sash and fastened it about the shoulders of Tecumseh. At the same time he presented him with a shining pair of pistols. Within two months the great British general was to fall in the hour of victory at Queenston Heights. A year later, Tecumseh fought and lost his last fight at Moraviantown, near Chatham, in Upper Canada, his tomahawk gleaming above his head as the fatal bullet pierced his breast. Each hero played his noble part in the desperate struggle for Canada, and without Tecumseh, as without Brock, victory could not have come to the British arms in December, 1814.

CHAPTER LXIX

THE HEROINE OF UPPER CANADA

IN June, 1813, the United States troops were in possession of Fort George, which had been the chief British stronghold on the Niagara River. A small detachment of the 49th Regiment,—only 46 rank and file,—under Lieutenant Fitzgibbon, held an outpost about three miles west of the present town of Thorold, in DeCew's stone house, a building standing to this day. This small band, from the green facing on their tunics, were called the "Green Tigers." The Americans, about 600 strong, determined to capture Fitzgibbon and his "Tigers"; and to this end Lieut. Col. Boerstler, their commander, sent out pickets towards Queenston.

In Queenston at the time there lived one of Brock's militiamen, James Secord, still nursing a bad wound received in the battle of Queenston Heights. With him were his wife, Laura, then thirty-eight years old, and five young children. To the house of the Secords came two of Boerstler's scouts, seeking a meal. While they were eating, they talked too freely of the American plans. When Secord and his wife were alone again, they wondered what could be done to warn Fitzgibbon of his danger; for they were sure that forty men would be overwhelmed by a surprise attack on the part of 600. Secord moaned: "I wish I were not crippled, and I would go at once to tell the Lieutenant what we have just heard."

"You cannot go, of course," said his wife, "but why not I?"

"The distance is too great for a woman," he said, dejectedly, "and besides, you could not get through the Yankee lines."

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY



LAURA SECORD ON HER JOURNEY TO WARN THE BRITISH

"It is only twelve miles to DeCew's," pleaded the tall, strong woman, "and I could, I know, manage it in three or four hours."

"I don't like the idea, but perhaps you are right," declared Secord, with sudden resolution born of his wife's courage; "Fitzgibbon must be warned! Go at once, and God preserve you!"

It was a daring project, but this man and this woman were both of United Empire Loyalist stock,

THE HEROINE OF UPPER CANADA

and they had often heard, from their youth up, tales of journeys made in the midst of alarms.

Laura Secord had an inventive brain, and she soon formed her plans. She took her milk-pail and stool and went out to where her cow was browsing on the lush June grass. Instead of beginning at once to milk, she drove the cow directly towards the Yankee sentries. The animal soon became alarmed at the new sort of treatment and started to run. Soon both cow and woman had gone far into the woods, the sentries merely laughing at the incident. Once out of sight of the enemy she hid her milking-stool, let her cow wander at will, and ran a good mile or more. When she reached St. David's, about three miles west of Queenston, since the day was very hot and she was much fatigued, she rested a while at the house of a relative, who tried long in vain to dissuade her from going on.

The most dismal and difficult part of her adventure was now ahead of her. In those remote days rattlesnakes were numerous and wildcats, or American lynxes, and even wolves, prowled in the dense under-brush of those forests. Mohawk Indians, too, might at any moment appear, as they, under young Brant and other chiefs, were reported to be moving to the help of the British from their settlement near Brantford. There had, besides, been much rain for a fortnight, and the pathways through the woods were muddy, and all the creeks were swollen to overflow. In order to travel more safely the discreet woman did not take a direct route to DeCew's, and thus the twelve miles she had started to walk became nearly twenty. The Twelve Mile Creek near St. Catharines, running very swiftly, she crossed with difficulty; and then, finding she had gone too far, she sought for a place to re-cross the stream. Seeing a fallen tree stretching from bank to bank, she began to walk along it. Near the middle of the creek she became dizzy and got down on her hands and knees to crawl the rest of the way over. When at last she reached the bank, the moon shone

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

out, and she lifted her hands and thanked Heaven for its friendly light and cheer. Climbing a high hill, utterly tired out, she came suddenly on a large band of the Mohawks, who seeing her and thinking her an enemy spy, raised a startling war-whoop. The trembling woman, with forced courage, walked straight to one of the chiefs and told him that she had great news for Fitzgibbon and that he must take her to him at once or they all would perish. The Indian chief did not understand a word she was saying, but exclaimed: "Woman! What does woman want here?" She at last got another of the chiefs, who understood her, to follow her to the commander.

There are some who say that when Laura Secord arrived at DeCew's, she was received right royally by Fitzgibbon and his men, who presented arms as she came in, the news of her movements having been announced by a preacher on horseback who had passed her on the road an hour before. At any rate, the intelligence which she conveyed to Fitzgibbon enabled him to mature his plans and to save his country. Mrs. Secord spent the night at the house of a friend, being escorted thither in a hammock carried by two Indians, a soldier walking on each side as guard.

The story of the battle of Beaver Dams, which was fought next day, may be found in any History of Canada. The 600 Americans, when attacked by the yelling Mohawk Indians, ambushed behind the forest trees, lost their nerve and surrendered. Not a single British soldier fell in the engagement, nor, indeed, was a single shot fired by the regular troops. Captain Norton, an officer of the Indians, was often afterwards heard to refer thus to the victory at Beaver Dams: "The Mohawks did the fighting and Fitzgibbon got the glory."

After the conclusion of the war of 1812-14 the Secords moved to Chippawa, where for some years James Secord held the office of collector of customs. Laura Secord spent the rest of her long life in that quiet

THE HEROINE OF UPPER CANADA

little village. In the autumn of 1860 the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII., visited her, and later sent her a personal gift of a hundred pounds. In the following winter she wrote, at the request of the Canadian Government, an official account of her remarkable exploit. The "Heroine of Upper Canada" lived until October, 1868, when she passed away at Chippawa in the 94th year of her age.

CHAPTER LXX

FROM HALIFAX BACK TO HALIFAX

IN June, 1813, the very month of the battles of Stoney Creek and Beaver Dams, there was fought near Boston a naval duel, which by its issue did much to cheer all British hearts throughout the world. On Lakes Erie and Ontario the ships of the United States had gained some advantages, and on the Atlantic the British navy had met with several reverses. So when the gallant Captain Broke, in command of the British frigate, the "Shannon," appeared in May off Boston harbour and challenged Captain Lawrence of the "Chesapeake" to come out and meet him, a decisive hour appeared to have come in the struggle for the possession of Canada.

Broke's letter of challenge contained these words: "The result of our meeting may be the most grateful service I can render my country; and I doubt not that you, equally confident of success, will feel convinced that it is only by repeated triumphs in *even combats* that your little navy can now hope to console your country for the loss of trade. Favour me with a speedy reply. We are short of provisions and water and cannot stay long here. . . . My other ship, the "Tenedos," I have sent away for a twelve days' cruise in order that I may meet you alone on fair terms; and I must ask you neither to seek aid from another of your ships nor to allow such aid to be given you. Choose your own place and time for battle, but let us meet." This challenge was sent in care of Captain Slocum, a discharged United States prisoner, who took it to Marblehead, a port north of Boston. The friends of Captain Lawrence afterwards declared that the letter did not reach him, but that he had already left the harbour when the dispatch arrived in Boston. If so, it must

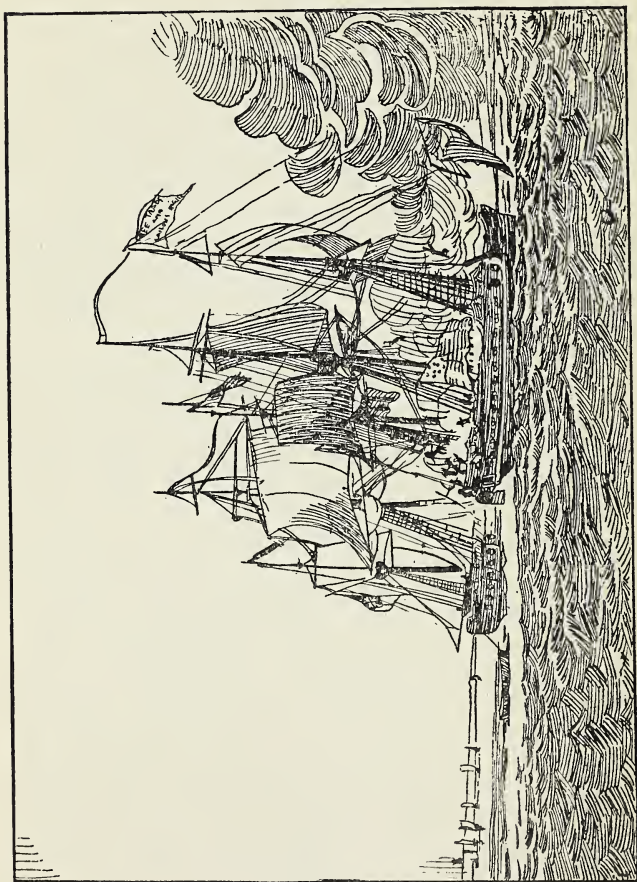
FROM HALIFAX BACK TO HALIFAX

be admitted that the two commanders at the same moment were eager for the combat.

It was the afternoon of June 1st. When Broke saw the "Chesapeake" coming, he put out about five leagues from the shore. At 4.00 P.M., the "Chesapeake" fired a gun, as if in defiance, for the vessels were still seven miles apart. The "Shannon" waited for the "Chesapeake" to overtake her. As the interval between the two frigates decreased, their respective flags became visible to each other. The "Chesapeake" had three ensigns up, all showing 15 stars and 15 stripes, the regular United States flag of that day. In addition, she had a large white flag at the fore, bearing the legend: "Sailors' Rights and Free Trade." The "Shannon" had at her peak a rusty old blue ensign, which had braved the breezes of many seasons.

About 5.30 P.M., the "Chesapeake" luffed in on the "Shannon's" starboard. The "Shannon" fired two shots to begin the engagement. The "Chesapeake" replied with a whole broadside. Then the "Shannon's" guns fired as fast as her men could level them. In a few minutes the decks of the opposing ships were cleared of fighting men by the tempest of iron hail. In seven minutes the "Chesapeake," having had her jib sheet and her foretop sail shot away, and her steersman cut down, fell sharp to the wind and leaned over upon the "Shannon." The shot from the "Shannon's" aftermast guns did fearful execution, while the shot from the foremost guns swept the enemy's decks opposite. Broke, now seeing that his chance had come, shouted, "Lash them together!"; and two minutes afterwards he ordered, "Board Her!" He and Lieutenant Watt and twenty men then climbed over to the "Chesapeake's" decks and with cutlass and pike drove the enemy's crew to their forecastle. The barrel of unslaked lime which the United States men had prepared for throwing into the faces of the "Shannon's" boarders was hit by a shot and dashed into the eyes of those

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY



THE CHESAPEAKE AND THE SHANNON

FROM HALIFAX BACK TO HALIFAX

who had planned the cowardly stratagem. The fugitives of the "Chesapeake" could not all get down their hatchways in time and many of them were made prisoners. Men from the "Shannon" yard-arms and rigging were now swarming over to the yards of the "Chesapeake" and driving down to the decks all the enemy who had been stationed above. About forty of Broke's marines now followed the boarding party and were employed by the Captain in keeping down the enemy who were trying to ascend the main hatchway, and also in answering the scattered fire, which still came from the main and mizzen tops.

This was a critical moment for Broke himself. While he was giving orders, he heard a sentry calling out to him: "Captain, look behind!" He turned around just in time to face three of the "Chesapeake's" crew, who had a few minutes before surrendered to escape death. Regardless of the conventions of honourable warfare, one of them struck at Broke's face with a pike, but the blow was parried. Another of the prisoners aimed the butt-end of his musket at Broke's head and bared his skull. The third assailant attacked the prostrate captain with a cutlass. Several of the "Shannon's" crew were soon at Broke's side and succeeded in saving his life. The three "Chesapeake" men concerned in this act of treachery paid the penalty with their lives, such was the anger of the Englishmen. Broke now fainted from loss of blood and was carried to his own ship.

A sad incident occurred when the Yankee flag was being hauled down. While Lieutenant Watt was hoisting the British ensign on the "Chesapeake," he was struck on the head and killed by a shot from one of the "Shannon's" guns, five others of the "Shannon's" men sharing his fate. This melancholy affair was due to a mistake. When Watt was sending up the British flag, the halliards in some way became twisted and the stars and stripes rose uppermost instead of below.

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

The "Shannon's" gunner thereupon fired on Watt and his helpers, thinking them to be Americans in disguise.

This naval duel was fought under the keen gaze of several hundred Yankee spectators, who had come out from Boston in private yachts and pleasure boats to witness the destruction of the British frigate. The spectacle which they saw lasted only twenty-two minutes in all, and at six o'clock they returned to Boston, much sadder and wiser men.

About 8.00 P.M., just as the sun was setting, the "Shannon" sailed with her battered prize for Halifax, the port which she had left, in company with the "Tenedos," on March 21st. On June 5th Captain Lawrence of the "Chesapeake," who had been wounded early in the fight, breathed his last on board the captured ship. On June 6th, with colours flying, Captain Broke, now convalescent from the effects of his wounds, sailed into Halifax harbour, amid the booming of artillery and the loud cheers of hundreds of loyal Canadians.

In the celebrated fight of the "Shannon" and the "Chesapeake" the two contestants were pretty evenly matched, the advantage being slightly in favour of the United States vessel. The "Shannon" carried 52 guns, and the "Chesapeake" also, 52. The "Shannon" had a tonnage of 1,066; the "Chesapeake," 1,135. The "Shannon's" crew was composed of 306 officers seamen, marines, boys, and supernumeraries. The "Chesapeake's" crew was much larger,—376.

Some circumstances that favoured the United States frigate ought here to be mentioned. Her guns were of heavier calibre than those of the "Shannon"; and she carried not only legitimate shot and ball, but also star and chain shot, and many fearful missiles such as were never used by British ships, including jagged pieces of iron and copper nails. When the "Chesapeake" was examined after the battle, half a ton of these barbarous metal fragments were found in her hold.

FROM HALIFAX BACK TO HALIFAX

The total casualties of the fight were: On the "Shannon," killed, 24; wounded, 59; Total, 83. On the "Chesapeake," killed, 61; wounded, 115, Total, 176. The great difference was, of course, due to the fact that the "Shannon's" guns were better handled, and the "Shannon's" boarders fought like tigers, and drove the enemy before them like sheep.

When the news of the victory reached England, there was a chorus of rejoicing. The name of the brave captain of the "Shannon" was for a month on everybody's lips. There was, too, an old song of the period, heard in music halls and on the public streets, of which one stanza is:

"And as the war they did provoke,
We'll pay them with our cannon;
The first to do it will be Broke,
In the gallant ship, the "Shannon."

CHAPTER LXXI

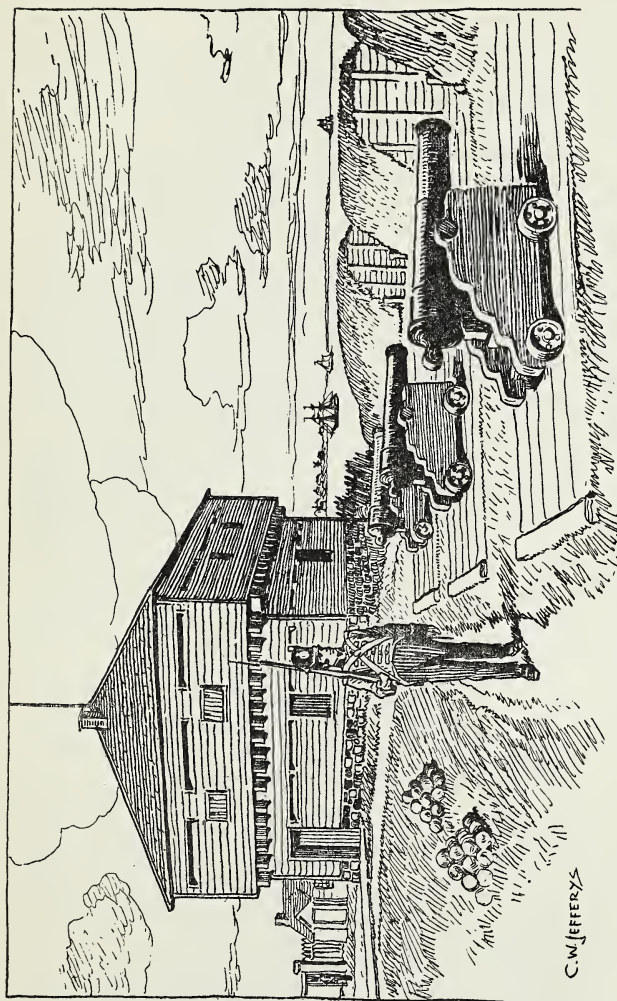
WHEN TORONTO WAS SACKED

ON the evening of April 26th, 1813, a swift messenger came from Scarborough Heights, at a distance of five miles from Little York, to report that he had seen many United States ships sailing westward on Lake Ontario. Major-General Roger Sheaffe had been for some time expecting an attack, and he at once sent out orders to assemble the militia and to bring in all Indians available for the defence of the town. He had only a small force of regulars in the Garrison,—a company of the Glengarry Fencibles, and a company of the Newfoundland Regiment. There happened to be in the town at the time two companies of the King's Regiment (the 8th) on their way from Kingston to Fort George. The total number capable of being brought into the field, including the militia and the Indians, was about 600 men.

York was the capital of Upper Canada and had been since 1796. The Parliament Buildings were situated near the Lake, not far from the southern end of the street still called Parliament Street. The structure was composed of two wings, 100 feet apart, each measuring 25 by 40 feet. The central part of the building, planned by Simcoe, had not yet been erected, nor, indeed, was it ever completed.

Little York did not look very much like a capital in 1813. It was built entirely of wood, the houses being situated on three or four streets near the eastern end of the harbour. The present Simcoe Street was the western limit of the inhabited portion. From Simcoe Street to the Old Fort was a mile of oak forest. Beyond the Fort, even to the Humber, the shore of the lake was heavily wooded. About a mile west of the Fort there was still standing the old French fort, Rouillé,

WHEN TORONTO WAS SACKED



OLD BLOCK HOUSE, FORT TORONTO

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

simply a landmark of the past,—the site of which is marked by a monument to-day in the grounds of the Canadian National Exhibition. The town limits to the north went little beyond the present Queen Street. All the vast area north of Queen Street, where dwell to-day more than half a million people, was a dense forest, still frequented by wild animals.

At the time of the American invasion the population numbered about 600. Most of these were women, children, and old men, for all the able-bodied men, capable of bearing arms, had for over a year belonged to the militia. There was in the little town at the time a man whose name soon became a household word throughout Upper Canada,—Rev. Dr. Strachan, afterwards the first Bishop of Toronto. He, at the age of 34, had moved from Kingston to Toronto, with his wife and children, only the year before.

Early in the morning of April 27th the enemy vessels, 16 in number, were discovered to the west of "The Island", moving in towards the mouth of the Humber, led by the "Madison," a new ship lately built at Sackett's Harbour. A strong east wind had driven the hostile fleet beyond the entrance to the Harbour. At eight o'clock the Americans began to land near the old French fort; and by ten o'clock all their fighting men, about 2,500, were on shore.

To meet the enemy General Sheaffe first sent out Major Givens and the Indians. The redskins were sharp-shooters and did effective firing from behind the trees. When Givens attempted to lead them in a body against the foe, many of them ran away. It should be remembered that they were not Iroquois, but Indians of the district, Chippewas and Mississaugas. A few hundred Mohawks, with their terrible war-yells, would without doubt have scared the Americans, as at Beaver Dams a few weeks later.

The regulars were now brought into action. Captain McNeale of the King's Regiment was early killed while leading his company. A detachment of the King's,

WHEN TORONTO WAS SACKED

with some militia, charged and repulsed a column of the enemy advancing by the lake shore. The Glengarry corps fought valiantly, contesting every foot of the Yankee advance. Meanwhile, a heavy fire from the enemy ships was trying to silence the York Battery and to destroy the Block House and the Barracks. To meet the fire of a dozen or more 32-pounders from the ships near the shore, Sheaffe had only three 12-pounders and two old condemned guns. When the travelling battery at the Fort blew up and killed a number of men, the defence was so crippled that a retreat from the Fort was ordered. The troops were slowly withdrawn towards the town. Then Sheaffe sent back orders to blow up the Grand Magazine, a stone building near the lake. This order was carried out most clumsily and did much harm to the defenders as well as to the invaders. The American brigadier Pike and 260 of his men were killed or wounded, and quite 50 of the British met a similar fate. Some authorities will have it that the explosion was the result of an accident, but General Sheaffe's official report of the action says: "I caused our Grand Magazine to be blown up"; and in his later report he adds: "The troops were withdrawn towards the town and the Grand Magazine was at the same time blown up." This explosion is said to have been heard in Oshawa, 33 miles away.

Sheaffe now ordered all the troops of the line to retreat on the road to Kingston. He himself with his wounded aide rode on ahead, as fast as their horses could carry them. Before departing he commissioned Lieut. Col. Chewett and Major Allen, both of the York militia, and also Rev. Dr. Strachan, to capitulate and make the best terms possible.

After crossing the Don bridge the regulars burned it down, to prevent the enemy from pursuing. About five miles out of the town Sheaffe met the light company of the King's Regiment (the 8th) on its way to Fort George. Of course, in the circumstances, this

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

company, which might by arriving earlier have saved the situation in York, turned about and accompanied Sheaffe to Kingston.

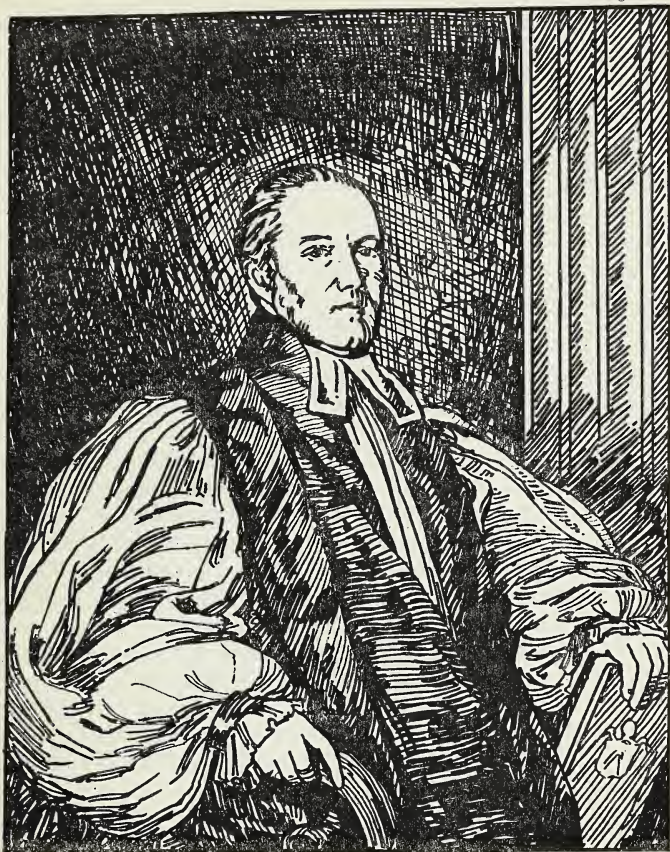
By 2.00 P.M., the American flag was floating over York.¹ By 4.00 P.M., the American general, Dearborn, was in thorough control of the capital of Upper Canada, that is, all of it which had not been destroyed.

The conditions of the capitulation were mainly two: All British troops were to surrender as prisoners of war; all public stores were to be given up. The militia who surrendered, 36 officers and 204 rank and file, were afterwards released on parole. While the surrender was in progress, Sheaffe's orders to burn all naval stores and a new ship on the stocks were carried out, which caused the enemy to complain bitterly. The "Duke of Gloucester," in the harbour for repairs, was seized by the Americans. The new ship, the "Prince Regent," had left York for Kingston only three days before.

The conditions of surrender were not accepted by General Dearborn till next afternoon; and the inhabitants of the town in the interval were subjected to every kind of annoyance and insult. Indeed, Dearborn, angry at the terrible magazine explosion, had threatened to burn every house in the place, and he probably would have carried out his cruel threat had not Dr. Strachan intervened. The courageous rector even went on board Commodore Chauncey's flagship to protest against the indignities to which the people of York were being exposed. The Parliament Buildings and all public offices were burned. The public library and nearly all the books it housed were destroyed, several hundred volumes being carried off. The American pillagers even entered private houses and seized everything valuable. They also plundered the church and carried away the church plate. It is only fair to say that Commodore Chauncey regretted these barbarous

¹ At that time the Stars and Stripes had only 15 stars and 15 stripes, the former being arranged in a cluster and not in straight lines as to-day.

WHEN TORONTO WAS SACKED



THE REV. JOHN STRACHAN

doings and even sent back the stolen plate and two boxes of books.

In August of the following year the British avenged the destruction of York by advancing upon Washington in force and destroying by fire the Capitol, the Navy

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

Yard, the house of President Madison, the Treasury and the War Office.

York was evacuated by the Americans on May 2nd, but, on account of contrary winds, all the enemy vessels did not leave the harbour for a week. Chauncey carried the United States troops to Niagara, where the siege of Fort George was in progress.

On Saturday, July 31st, Commodore Chauncey, vexed at the American defeats of June, at Stoney Creek and at Beaver Dams, and also at his inability to wrest Burlington Heights from the British, made a second capture of York, with his 13 war vessels. There was no one this time to oppose him. His men landed, burned the barracks and storehouses and carried away from private homes all the flour that could be found. They also broke open the jail and freed all prisoners. The second burning of York made a blaze so huge that it was seen at Niagara. Next day, on Sunday, August 1st, the enemy again landed. Three armed boats also went up the Don and seized five cannon and eleven boats, along with shot and stores. The vessels of the enemy then made off, some to Niagara, and the rest to Sackett's Harbour.

The victories of the Canadians during the summer of 1813 proved to be the turning point of the war. Little York soon returned to its peaceful pursuits. Never since that anxious summer has the American flag displaced the Union Jack on the public buildings of the provincial capital.

CHAPTER LXXII

TRANSPLANTING SCOTS IN CANADA

THE ship-load of Scottish folk who put out to sea from the port of Helmsdale in 1813 was not the first party which sailed for Canada under the benevolent oversight of "Thomas Douglas," fifth Earl of Selkirk. Ten years before, in 1803, three sailing ships had carried 800 of his colonists to Prince Edward Island. In 1804 about twenty families of the Prince Edward Island colony were settled at Baldoon, in the county of Kent, near Lake St. Clair. In 1805 Selkirk purchased the Indian township of Moulton, near the mouth of the Grand River, Upper Canada, but that experiment at colonization was unsuccessful. In 1811 this energetic nobleman bought from the Hudson's Bay Company 110,000 square miles of land and at once sent out his first Red River colony of 105 men. In 1813 about fifty people, including women and children, made the long journey from Scotland to Red River to join their relatives and friends. But it was the "Prince of Wales," sailing from Stromness in the Orkneys, which carried to Canada the famous Kildonan settlers,—97 men, women and children. The party had been brought in a small coaster from Helmsdale in Sutherlandshire to Stromness; and they were very glad when they found themselves amid the greater comforts of the large ship which the Hudson's Bay Company had provided for them in that northern port.

After the "Prince of Wales" had sailed out into the west, the settlers made haste to inspect the ship's register. They were chiefly from the parish of Kildonan, and the list of passengers contained such well known names as Matheson, MacBeth, Bannerman, Sutherland, and Gunn. Already these hardy Scots had bright visions of a new Kildonan arising on the banks of the Red River.

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

The voyage of the "Prince of Wales" proved to be none too happy. The weather was rough, and worse than wind and waves was the ship fever that soon attacked many of passengers. The name of one woman who made that voyage shines bright in the story of the settlers. Catherine McPherson nursed the sufferers in their cabins, under the direction of the ship's surgeon, Laserre, a nephew of General Brock. Despite the ministrations of the surgeon and of Kate McPherson there were several burials at sea. There would have been many more but for the nurse's unremitting attentions. She was, indeed, the good angel of the whole party during all the trials and struggles of the ensuing six months.

The "Prince of Wales" reached Hudson Bay in October; but for some unexplained reason the captain steered towards Fort Churchill, a hundred miles north of the chief centre of the Hudson's Bay Company,—York Factory. So the adventurers had to winter in that bleak region. As the fever had lowered the vitality of its victims, several more of the party succumbed in the winter camp, among them Laserre himself. Kate McPherson, we are told, nursed the surgeon and all the other sick with loving care. Fortunately during that long winter there was an unlimited supply of food, especially of fish and fowl. Partridges were unusually abundant in the district that season.

After the tedium of winter about half the party became impatient, and in April, under the leadership of Archibald Macdonald, undertook to walk over the snow on snowshoes to York Factory, a few of the men carrying the provisions on sledges. A piper was taken along to cheer them on the way. After a few days the weaker of the women wavered in their march, but Kate McPherson's clear voice and kind eyes and stout heart worked miracles among them and they were able to push ahead.

Arriving early in May at York Factory they saw no reason why they should not proceed southward

TRANSPLANTING SCOTS IN CANADA

toward their new home, without waiting for the rest of the party. The breaking up of the ice in the river at an earlier date than usual encouraged them to start.



SELKIRK NAMING KILDONAN

They were soon rowing in their rude flat boats up the Hayes River. The route was a trying one with numerous rapids and portages. The boats, too, were heavier than canoes and the strongest men often sank by the

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

camp fires in the evening utterly fatigued. At last after making over thirty portages, they reached Oxford House, on Holy Lake. From that point they advanced a hundred miles to Norway House, the centre of the great fur-bearing region, on the northern arm of Lake Winnipeg. After resting a day, they moved down the eastern shore of the lake to Fort Alexander. Before the end of June they arrived at Colony Gardens, near Fort Douglas, now in the great modern city of Winnipeg. The second contingent of the party did not arrive till late in August.

The next three years were years of trouble and even disaster for the Selkirk colonists. That sad chapter in the history of the Red River Colony came to an end in the month of June, 1817, when Lord Selkirk himself saw for the first time the ribbon-shaped farms of his people on the banks of the Red River. All the settlers were called together one day by the father of the colony and cheered by his manly presence and most sympathetic address. The sentence of his speech which thrilled them most was undoubtedly this: "The parish shall be called Kildonan from your old home in the north of Scotland; here you shall build your church."

Of all the people who listened to Lord Selkirk that day in June none was more keenly interested, we may be sure, than Catherine McPherson, who two years earlier had become Catherine Sutherland, wife of Alexander Sutherland, one of the settlers who had come to Canada in the "Prince of Wales." This noble woman lived to be eight-six years old, surviving her husband by only a few months. Their only son, John Sutherland, was appointed, in 1871, to the Senate of Canada by Sir John A. Macdonald. To this day the great-grandchildren of the brave Selkirk settlers delight to dwell upon the deeds of kindness and mercy performed on sea and land by the Lady of Kildonan.

CHAPTER LXXIII

LOST IN THE REALMS OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN

FROM Greenhithe on the Thames there sailed on May 19th, 1845, the famous ships, "Erebus" and "Terror," on an expedition for the discovery of a North-West passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific. These vessels had just returned to England from Sir James Ross's expedition to the Antarctic. If the ships were famous, much more were the officers whom they carried. Captains Crozier and Fitzjames had sailed to distant seas and were widely known for brilliant feats on sea and land. The commander of the expedition, with its 129 officers and men, was the most illustrious sailor of his age—Sir John Franklin, knighted sixteen years before on account of his achievements in more than one of the distant outposts of Britain. A mere catalogue of the adventures of this English hero, born at Spilsby in Lincolnshire, would fill several pages.

He had fought as a midshipman in the battle of Copenhagen, in 1801, before he was fifteen. Under his distinguished cousin, Matthew Flinders, he had aided in the exploration of the coasts of Australia, nearly losing his life in the wreck of the "Porpoise" on a coral reef. It was he who had charge of the signals on board the "Bellerophon" in the battle of Trafalgar. In 1808, as lieutenant, he served in the "Bedford" on the Brazilian coast. In 1814 he was mentioned in despatches for his gallantry in the expedition against New Orleans. In 1821, in command of an overland expedition from Hudson Bay, he descended the Coppermine River from its sources to its mouth and then traced the course of the Arctic coast eastward for 550 miles. In 1826 he commanded a second overland expedition in British North America, descending the Mackenzie River and tracing the Arctic coast for over 400 miles westward. A few years later for his services in the Greek War of Independence he was signally honoured by the King of Greece. In 1836 he became

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

governor of Van Diemen's Land (now Tasmania), holding that post for seven years. With a record thus long and brilliant, Sir John Franklin had no difficulty in securing able associates and a picked crew for his last great adventure.

As the two stout ships rode at anchor in the Thames, they were inspected by scores of curious folk, for there had been installed some new naval equipment which excited wonder and admiration. Apparatus for heating and ventilation was exhibited to all visitors; and, still more wonderful, each vessel carried a steam engine of twenty horse-power, to supplement the sails in a calm. Great quantities of stores were loaded into the ships,—enough to support the expedition for three years. With the two ships went a transport vessel as far as Greenland, to carry additional supplies. All England with hopes heard that Franklin had started on his greatest undertaking,—to find a way through mountains of moving ice from Baffin Bay to Bering Strait.

The letters which Franklin and his men sent back to England from Greenland by the returning transport all breathed a tone of cheer and confidence. On July 12th the two ships put out from the west coast of Greenland to make their way through Baffin Bay to Lancaster Sound. On July 26th they were seen by a whaling ship near the opening of the Sound. From that day nothing was known of their subsequent movements for fourteen long years.

When a year passed and no word came to England of the fate of the explorers, and when a second year brought no message from the frozen north, people began to wonder whether all was well. There was as yet no great anxiety, for Sir William Parry had spent two winters in the Arctic ice (1821-23), and Captain John Ross, with his nephew, Sir James Ross, had returned safe after four winters (1829-33). When, however, the summer of 1848 came, a great fear began to spread as to the "Erebus" and the "Terror." If the adventurers were alive, their stock of food must have been exhausted and starvation must be facing

LOST IN REALMS OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN

them. A call soon arose all over Britain: "Franklin must be found and rescued!" Then began to sail from the Thames that long series of expeditions despatched in search of the lost seamen. By water and overland no fewer than twenty-one parties searched on Hudson Bay, in Bering Strait, in Lancaster Sound, down the Mackenzie and the Coppermine, over hundreds of miles of ice and snow and desolate wastes; but no sign could be found of the lost men.

In 1851 the first trace of the missing ships was at last found. On Beechey Island, on the north side of Barrow Strait, some searchers found traces of Franklin's winter-quarters of 1845-46,—the remains of a large storehouse, a workshop, and an observatory. Odds and ends of various kinds were discovered, including six hundred empty cans that had held preserved meat. Three graves were found here, bearing upon their head-boards the names and ages of those who had died that winter. Near a cape of the island was a cairn built of stone, but no records could be found in it.

Four years later, in 1855, further tidings came from the frozen seas. Dr. John Rae, in the year before, had travelled overland from the north-west shores of Hudson Bay to the coast of the Arctic. He had met some Eskimos who had told him that a few years earlier they had seen forty white men hauling a boat southward along the west shore of King William's Island; and that later in the same year they had found the bodies of the whole party lying on the ice a short distance to the north-west of the Great Fish River. They also had said that they had come upon an overturned boat, under which several frozen bodies were found, near one of which were a gun and a telescope. A great quantity of relics were handed over by the Eskimos to Dr. Rae,—guns, compasses, forks, spoons, and many other articles. A small silver plate had engraved upon it the legend: "Sir John Franklin, K.C.B." and a spoon with a crest bore the initials, F.R.M.C.,—those of Captain Crozier.

THREE CENTURIES OF CANADIAN STORY

In the year 1855 a factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, named Anderson, went overland to the mouth of the Back or Great Fish River. He found on Montreal Island and near it many relics of the tragedy. Chips and shavings indicated that the Eskimos had in this place broken up the boat which the forty men had been seen dragging to this point.

Through the personal efforts of Lady Franklin, who exhausted her fortune in the search, another attempt was made in 1857 to wrest from the grim Arctic ice-fields further news of the lost heroes. The command of this expedition was accepted by Captain M'Clintock, who had accompanied three of the government expeditions, sent out in search of Franklin. Not till 1859 did M'Clintock's sledging parties find what they were searching for. Then from the Eskimos in Boothia many relics were recovered by purchase,—a naval button, six silver spoons, six forks, a silver medal, a gold chain, knives made of the iron and wood of the wrecked vessel found on the west coast of King William's Island, and bows and arrows of the same material. Near the scene of the wreck were afterwards discovered skeletons and remains of articles which plainly indicated what had happened. Above all in importance, a cairn was found which contained a precious document, discovered by Lieutenant Hobson. The paper was dated May 28, 1847, two years after the "Erebus" and the "Terror" had left England. This was its record: "H. M. Ships *Erebus* and *Terror* wintered in the ice lat. $70^{\circ} 5' N.$ long, $98^{\circ} 23'$ west, having wintered in 1845-46 at Beechey Island after having ascended Wellington Channel to Lat. 77° and returned by the west side of Cornwallis Island. Sir John Franklin commanding the expedition. All well."

That did not end the record. A year later the cairn had apparently been re-opened, and a message in fine writing by another hand had been written around the edges of the original document: "H.M. Ships *Erebus* and *Terror* were deserted on the 22nd of April, 5 leagues N.N.W. of this been beset since 12th Sept.

LOST IN REALMS OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN

1846. The officers and crew consisting of 105 souls under the command of Captain F.R.M. Crozier landed here in Lat. $69^{\circ} 37' 42''$ Long. $98^{\circ} 41'$." On one edge of the paper were found these sad words: "Sir John Franklin died on the 11th of June 1847 and the total loss by death to the expedition has been to date nine officers and fourteen men. F.R.M. Crozier, Capt. and Senior Officer. James Fitzjames, Captain H.M.S. *Erebus*." In one corner of the paper are the final words: "and start to-morrow 26th for Back's Fish River."

A great number of relics which marked the route of Crozier's men were found along the shore of King William's Island,—pick-axes, shovels, compasses, a medicine-chest, a heap of clothing four feet high, five watches, and five or six books,—among them a copy of "The Vicar of Wakefield" and a copy of "Christian Melodies." Strange to say, some tea and 40 pounds of chocolate had not been used.

All modern maps indicate the spot, north-west of King William's Island, where Franklin's ship was caught in the ice-floes and where he died in his 62nd year. It is remarkable that the date of his death, June 11th, is the first of the twenty days during which the sun does not set in this latitude. There was, therefore, no gloom in the vast boreal spaces when Franklin closed his eyes in death. Round and round the horizon the red sun pursued his steady course, not setting for three weeks after Franklin breathed his last. The face of Nature, aglow with perpetual brightness, seemed to declare that the great explorer had begun another voyage in a world less sad. Such, indeed, is Tennyson's fancy, proclaimed in those beautiful lines which may be read on Franklin's cenotaph in Westminster Abbey:

"Not here! the white North has thy bones; and thou
Heroic sailor-soul,
Art passing on thine happier voyage now
Toward no earthly pole."

INDEX

A

Abercrombie, General, 280
 Abraham, Plains of, 232
 Acadians, Expulsion of, 217-222
Active (frigate), 261
 Agouhanna, 15
Aide (vessel), 20
 Allen, Major, 321
 Ainslie, Thomas, 266
 Algonquins, 39, 46, 88, 129
 Allouez, Father, 147, 149
 Andastes, 78, 79
 André, Major, 274, 276
 Annapolis, 31
 Arnold, Benedict, 272-277
 Athabaska, 252

B

Baffin, William, 60
 Baffin Island, 19
 Baggattaway (game), 248
 Barren Lands, 252
 Beauport, 232
 Beaver Dams, 310
 Beechy Island, 331
 Belette, Captain, 265
 Bella Coola River, 299
 Bellefontaine, Evangeline, 221
 "Black Robes", 123, 124
 Blackwater River, 299
 Boerstler, Colonel, 307
 Bois Blanc, 301-306
 Boston Armada, 203-207
 Bouchette, 265
 Boullé, Helene, 49
 Boullé, Eustache, 52
 Bourdon, Madame, 137
 Brant, Joseph, 268-271
 Brock, General, 302
 Broke, Captain, 312
 Brûlé, Étienne, 46
 Buade, de, (see Frontenac)
 Bylot, Robert, 57

C

Cabot, John, 1
 Cabot, Sebastian, 3
 Caen, de, 95
 Cahiagué, 77, 86

Calumet (chant), 156
 Cape Diamond, (Quebec), 190, 233
 Carhagouha, 86, 87
 Carignan Regiment, 140, 153
 Carleton, Guy, 223, 232, 259, 263-267, 268, 273, 283
 Carleton, Lady Maria, 259-262
 Carrier Indians, 299
 Carroll, Charles, 278
 Carroll, John, 278
 Cartier, Jacques, 5, 10, 12
 Cataragui, 151
 Catherine, Mother, 136
 Cavelier, Robert (see La Salle), 167
 Cayugas, 154
 Champlain, 24, 29, 35, 90, 92, 97
 Champlain, Lake, 39, 46, 117
 Charnisay, 112-117
 Chase, Samuel, 278
 Chateau St. Louis, 187
 Chauncey, Commodore, 322-324
 Chawchinahaw, 253
 Chebucto, 213-216
Chesapeake (vessel), 312-317
 Chewett, Colonel, 321
 Chippewas, 238, 248
 Chipewyans, 254
 Columbus, 1
 Coppermine River, 252, 329
 Copper Indians, 257
 Cornwallis, Edward, 216
 Couillard, Madame, 52
 Couillard, William, 97
 Coureurs de bois, 177-181
 Crees, 146
 Crozier, Captain, 329

D

Dablon, Father, 147, 148, 149
 Daulac, Adam, 127-132
 Dearborn, General, 322
 Delawares, 239
Dering, (vessel), 197
Discoverie (vessel), 55
 Dollard (see Daulac), 127
 Dollier, Father, 141
 Donnacona, 8
 Dorchester, Lord (see Carleton, Sir Guy).
 Douglas, Thomas (see Selkirk).
 Durantal, 85, 89

INDEX

Du Lhut, Daniel, 180
Duval, Jean, 35

E

Earthquake, the Great, 133-136
Easton, Colonel, 263
Edgar (vessel), 204
Egg Islands, 204
Elizabeth, Queen, 20
Erebus (vessel), 329
Eries, 26, 120
Eskimos, 60
Etherington, Captain, 248

F

"Father of British Canada", 267
Fell, (vessel), 266
Fishot, 17
Fitzgibbon, Lieutenant, 307
Fitzjames, Captain, 329
Five Nations, 117, 127, 151-154, 172-176
Fort Alexander, 328
Fort Bourbon, 195
Fort Chipewyan, 290, 294
Fort Churchill, 252
Fort Crèvecoeur, 167, 171
Fort Dauphin, 212
Fort Detroit, 238, 241
Fort Douglas, 328
Fort George, 307
Fort la Reine, 211
Fort Malden, 302
Fort Maurepas, 210
Fort Nelson, 182, 198
Fort Orange, (Albany, N.Y.), 121
Fort Paskoyac, 212
Fort Prince of Wales, 252, 254, 255, 258
Fort Rouge, 211
Fort St. Charles, 210
Fort St. John, 112
Fort St. Joseph, 169
Fort St. Pierre, 209
Fort William, 287-289
Franklin, Benjamin, 278-282
Franklin, Sir John, 329-333
Fraser's Highlanders, 237
Frobisher, 19
Frobisher Bay, 19
Frontenac, Count de, Louis de Buade, 151-156
Frontenac Fort, 151-156, 170

G

Gabriel (vessel), 19
Galinée, Father, 141-145
Georgian Bay, 71

Givens, Major, 320
Gladwyn, Major, 242-247
Glengarry Fencibles, 318
Golden Knight, 19
Grand Banks, 17
Grand Portage, 209
Grand Pré, 218
Great Slave Lake, 256, 258, 291
Great Bear Lake, 292
"Great Divide", 297
Greene, Henry, 55
Greenland, 19
Griffon (vessel), 161-166

H

Halifax, founding of, 213-216
"Happy Return" (vessel), 182
Hampshire (vessel), 197
Hayes River, 327
Hearne, Samuel, 252
Hébert, Marie, 52, 97
Hébert, Louis, 97
Hennepin, Louis, 157-160, 161, 163
Henry VII, 2
High-haired Indians, 87
Hill, "Jack", 203
Hochelaga, 8, 12
Holland River, 78
Howe, Colonel, 235
Hudson, Henry, 55-60
Hudson, John, 55-60
Hudson's Bay Company, 181, 182, 183, 185, 186
Hudson's Bay (vessel), 197
Hull, General, 302
Humber River, 78
Huronion, 68-72, 86-89
Hurons, 39, 46, 71, 73, 82, 83-89

I

Iberville, Pierre le Moyne d', 195
Intendant, 139
Iroquois, 24, 39, 74, 79-81, 127-132, 172-176
Iroquois League, 172-176
Island of Orleans, 93
Isle of Demons, 17
Isle of St. Ignace, 265

J

James Bay, 57
Jesuits, 128
Joliet, Louis, 143, 144
Jonois, Father, 251
Juet, Robert, 55-60

INDEX

K

Kelsey, Henry, 182-186
Kildonan, Colony, 325-328
King William's Island, 331, 333
Kirke, David, 92
Kirke, Louis, 90, 92
Kirke, Thomas, 92, 95
Knox, Captain John, 233

L

La Butte, 242
La Grande Baie (Green Bay), 165
La Jemeraye, 209
Lake George, 40
Lalemant, Charles, 101, 103
Lalemant, Gabriel, 101
La Motte, 157
La Salle, 141, 142, 151, 161-166, 167-171
La Tour, Charles de, 112-117
La Tour, Madame, 112-117
La Vérendrye, 208-212
La Vérendrye, Jean-Baptiste, Pierre, François, sons of former, 209
Lawrence, Governor, 218
Lawrence, Captain, 312-316
Le Ber, Jeanne, 199-202
Le Ber, Jacques, 199
Le Blanc, René, 221
Le Caron, Joseph, 68, 71, 86, 87
Le Jeune, Father, 32, 103, 104
Le Moyne, Charles, 195-198
Le Moyne, Pierre, 195-198
Le Moyne de Longueuil, 155
Leroux, 291
Lescarbot, Marc, 12
Leslie, Lieutenant, 248
Long House, the, Iroquois, 172-176
Long Sault, 128
Louisburg, 213, 223
Lowther, Katherine, 223, 225
Luc (pilot), 163, 165, 166

M

Macdonald, Archibald, 326
Mackay, Alexander, 295
Madeleine, (de Verchères), 191-194
Madison, (vessel), 320
Maisonneuve, Chomedey, Paul de, 106, 118
Mance, Jeanne, 118, 119
Marquette, Jacques, 145
Marsolet, Nicholas, 46-48
Mathew (vessel), 2
Matonabbe, 256

McKenzie, Alexander, 290-294, 295-300

McKenzie River, 254
M'Clintock, Captain, 332
McNeale, Captain, 320
McPherson, Catherine, 326, 328
Medicine Feast, 124, 125
Michael (vessel), 20
Michilimackinac, 165, 180
Miamac Indians, 214
Mississauga, 320
Mohawks, 116-121, 154
Monckton, 230
Montagnais, 41, 46
Montcalm, 230, 237
Montgomery, 273, 274
Montmagny, 119
Montmorency Camp, 227, 232
Moraviantown, 306
Morrison Island, 65
Mount Royal, 14, 16
Murray, James, 226

N

Natel, Antoine, 36
Navarre, Robert, 239
Neptune, (vessel), 223
Niagara Falls, 157-160
Nibachis, 63
Nipissings, 69, 146
Norsemen, 1
North-West Company, 287-289, 290
Norton (Governor of Hudson's Bay Company), 254
Norway House, 328
Notre Dame des Victoires, 206

O

Ojibways, 238, 248
Old Fort (Toronto), 318, 319
Oneida Lake, 79
Oneidas, 154, 173-176
Onondagas, 74, 122, 154, 173, 176
Onontio, 149, 151-156
"Order of Good Cheer", 29
Otinawatawa (Indian village), 142
Otoucha, 71
Ottawa River, 61, 107
Ottawas, 69, 145, 165, 166
Oxford House, 328

P

Palmier (vessel), 195
Parsnip River, 296, 297
Peace of Paris, 238

INDEX

Peace River, 291
Pelican (vessel), 197
 Penetanguishene Bay, 71
 Perrot, Nicholas, 146
 Petun (Tobacco) Indians, 87
 Phips, Sir William, 189, 190
 Pike Brigadier, 321
 Pike Lake, 256
 Plains of Abraham, 232, 273
 Point Levis, 232, 272
 Point Pelée, 170
 Point St. Francis (Long Point), 163
 Point St. Ignace, 165
 Pointe-aux-Trembles, 266, 273
 Pontiac, 238-247
 Port Razoir, 283
 Port Royal, 29, 112
 Prescott, Colonel, 263
 Prickett, 60
Prince of Wales (vessel), 325
Profond (vessel), 175
 Puisseaux, 119

Q

Queen Charlotte (vessel), 305
 Queenston Heights, 306

R

Radisson, Pierre, 116-121, 123-125
 Rae, Dr. John, 331
 Red River, 288
 Red River Colony, 325, 328
 Richelieu River, 39, 128
 Roche, Marquis de la, 27
 Roberval, 17
 Rollet, Marie, 97
 Rouillé (fort), 318

S

Sable Island, 27
 Sac Indians, 248
 Sachems, 174
 Saguenay River, 24
 Saint Clare, 163
Saint Clement (vessel), 114
 Saint Helen's Isle, 50
 Saint-Lusson, 146-150
 Saunders, Admiral, 226
 Schuyler, Philip, 278, 282
 Seal River, 254
 Secord, James, 307
 Secord, Laura, 307
 Selkirk, Lord, 288, 289
 Senecas, 154, 158, 161, 172-176
 Serigny, 195
 Seven Oaks, 288
Shannon (vessel), 312-317
 Shawnee Chief, 304

Sheaffe, Roger, 318-322
 Shelburne, 283-286
 Sillery, 235
 Six Nations, 171-176
 Slocum, Captain, 312
Sphinx (vessel), 213
 St. Louis (Chateau), 187
 Ste. Marie du Saut, 145, 146-150
 Strachan, Bishop, 320-323
 Sulpitians, or Sulpicians, 141, 144
 Sutherland, Catherine (see McPherson)

T

Tadoussac, 24, 37, 95
 Talon, 140, 146
 Tecumseh, 301-306
 Teiaigon (Toronto), 157
Terror (vessel), 329
 Testu, 35
 Tessouat, 63
 Thayendanega (Brant), 268-271
 Thunder Bay, 288
 Toronto (sacked in 1813), 318-324
 Totems, 174
 Townshend, 230
 Tracy, Marquis de, 280
 Tuscaroras, 173

U

United Empire Loyalists, 283
 Ursuline Nuns, 156

V

Valcour Island (Battle), 280
 Verchères, Madeleine de, 191-194
 Vignau, Nicholas, 61-67
 Ville-Marie de Montreal, 106
 Vimont, Father, 119, 120
Violent (vessel), 195
 Voyageurs, 181

W

Walker, Sir Hovenden, 203
 Wapoots, 169
Wasp (vessel), 195
 Watt, Lieutenant, 313, 315
 Whale Island, 294
 White House (at Montmorency), 228-232
 Winslow, Colonel, 218
 Wolfe's Cove, 273
 Wolfe's Will, 223-227
 Wyandots, 238

Y

York Factory, 326
 York, Little, (Toronto), 318
 Young Brides, 137-140

University of Alberta Library



0 1620 0941 2287

A18002

